THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
nded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Norman Rockwell

Gerald Stanley Lee — Edward N. Hurley — Wallace Irwin — Arthur Train
Sinclair Lewis — Neville Taylor Gherardi — Frederick Orin Bartlett

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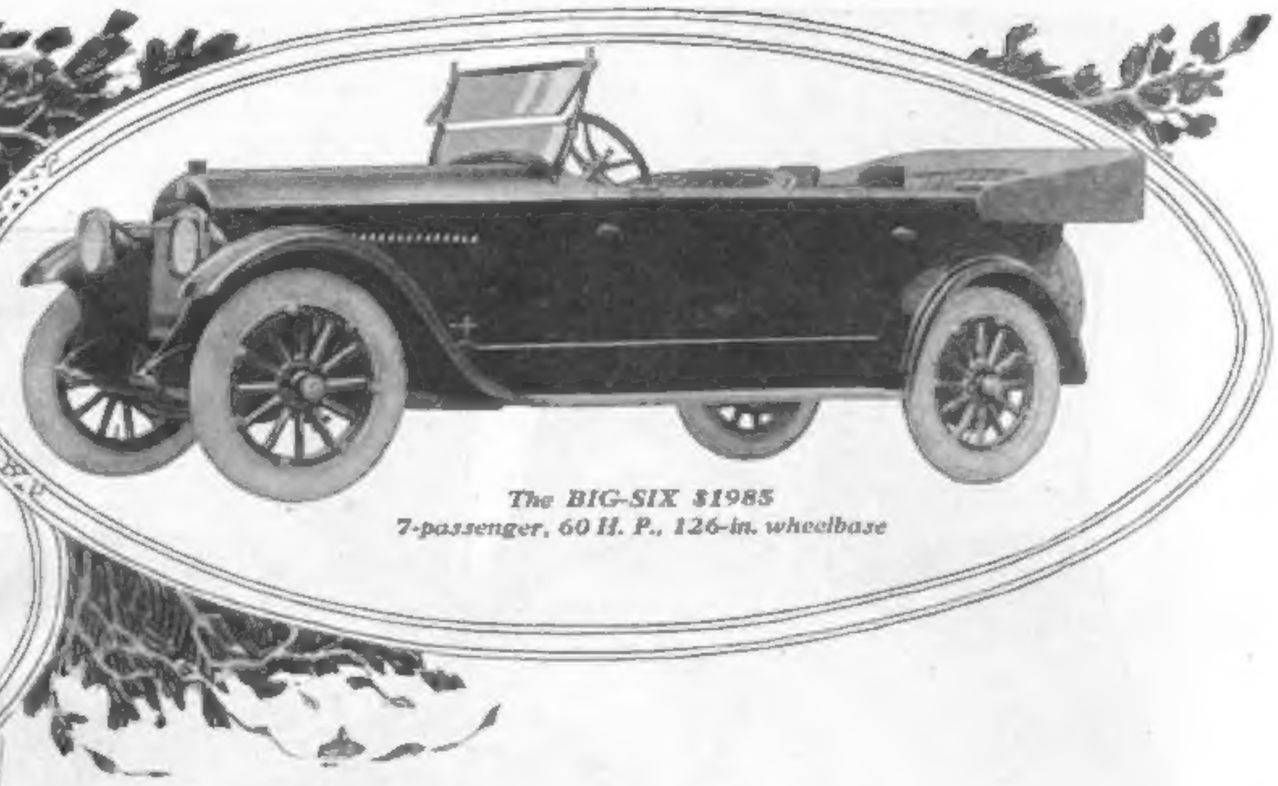

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OPEN SESAME

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS with a good deal of pride that Larry Young, following his twenty-first birthday, registered as a citizen of New York and later cast his first vote there. He felt this privilege to be in the nature of an indorsement of the fact that he was no longer a small-town man but an integral part of the big, brilliant, vibrant metropolis that still made his head whirl. When he returned to Benton that year for his summer vacation he stopped overnight at the local hotel instead of going directly home, for the sake of inscribing in the register—and so putting it on permanent record—the brief line: "Mr. Larry Young, New York City."

As a result of this change of residence, however, it became necessary for him, in the swift developments of the next twelve months, to fill in his draft-registration card from New York City. But that was merely a perfunctory detail, as in his life the whole war was for that matter. It was three thousand miles away for one thing, and he did not read the papers for another. After getting up in the morning he had scarcely time to swallow his breakfast and reach the store at eight. Here his duties in the gentlemen's furnishing department kept him busy until night. Then—it was then he began to live.

It had always been said in Benton that Larry should have been born with money. This was not upon the supposition that he would then have distinguished himself in great and noble philanthropic enterprises, but solely because he so genuinely enjoyed all that money buys. He liked the sight and feel and taste of things. Before he left town he had already acquired a reputation for dress that led many to expect confidently that he would eventually find his true vocation on the stage. He had an uncle, killed at Gettysburg, who had shown promise in that direction.

But whatever dramatic instinct Larry had, it appeared to be fully satisfied in his present sphere. He was receiving more money than ever before, and he found the work agreeable. It gave him pleasure to be surrounded with the high class of goods that he handled—many of them importations. It gave him also an opportunity occasionally to pick up odd things at cost. It was not everyone who could wear as Larry could those extreme styles which remained at the end of a season, but as Madame Murphy, who before the war had been the Paris buyer of ladies' costumes, said: "Larry has the boulevard air."

"When a Man Goes to Fight for France, France Leaps to Meet Him. I am So Glad for You, Monsieur"

He was tall and straight and thin and had the hands of a pianist. The lines in his face—it was curiously pale—were good except that the mouth might be criticized as not too firm. His eyes were a dark brown that was almost black, and so was his hair. He had good teeth, white and even, and he showed them when he smiled. This was often, though when in repose his expression was inclined to philosophic melancholy. At odd times he had been mistaken for an actor, a musician, a poet, a dope fiend and a gambler. He considered all these blunders equally flattering. In various ways they led to the verge of many interesting adventures. Now he was involved in a real one.

At the close of a fair summer's day—the day ended for Larry not with the setting sun but with the close of his department—he hurried out with his fellow workers, but quickly detached himself from them and made his way, after several turns and a long walk, to his room. This was merely a place to dress and sleep in—more especially a place to dress in.

He selected his clothes this evening with even a little more than his usual care. He chose his freshly pressed white-flannel trousers and white yachting shoes. With those he wore a blue Norfolk jacket over a gray shirt with a white cravat and outing collar. His new Panama and a light bamboo stick completed a costume that would have done for Newport or the Rialto.

He unlocked his trunk and, from a roll of money which represented the savings of a year, took two ten-dollar bills. Then he carefully relocked the trunk and went out. He walked hurriedly until he came to Fifth Avenue; here he fell into a more leisurely and confident pace until he reached a cross street in the neighborhood of the Seventies, where he paused a moment, glanced in both directions and then continued up the Avenue.

In all essentials, except that of the crude facts, he was of this Avenue. Instead of being filled with either awe or envy by the castled stone houses at the left, he passed them with as easy a sense of intimacy as though the doors awaited only the open sesame of his fancy. One of them actually did swing wide as he approached, and he stood aside to allow a woman—a beautifully draped woman with magnificent hair—to pass and enter her limousine. She glanced up as though to smile in recognition, realized her pardonable mistake in time and went on. But as she speeded down the Avenue she turned a second time, to glance from the window in the rear. He saw her do it and was not surprised.

It was only two evenings ago that he had been strolling in this very neighborhood and another type from one of these houses had glanced up at him—a trim, Parisian type with daring black eyes and a saucy chin and the pertest nose he had ever seen. That time it was he who turned as she passed, but she had turned too. The humor of the incident impressed them both at the same moment and they smiled. Then she kept on down the Avenue and he followed, marveling at his own courage, for he had never ventured so far as this. Not wholly by design he caught up with her and was about to pass when a mischievous look in her dark eyes stopped him, and with his heart pounding he raised his hat.

"Good evening!" She laughed in response as though it were a joke.

She allowed him to continue with her the matter of a dozen blocks and then to return with her, for it seemed she had only ventured out for a breath of air—had stolen out, as he gathered. Near the big house he had hoped that she would dare again on the morrow, but she shook her head doubtfully.

"One must not dare too often."

"Then the night following?"

"If it is possible."

"At seven?"

"No; it must be later than that."

Surely, he thought, because dinner would not be finished by then.

But if she would dare—before dinner; if she would dine with him somewhere?

She had started at that and studied his eyes. Then she had replied again: "If it is possible."

To-night Larry continued as far as the park and there sat down to wait. She had told him the other evening curiously little about herself—not even her name; and yet he felt as though he knew a great deal about her, as he did about her home. One did not need to know the inmates of any one of these great houses to picture in a general way what they must contain. A glimpse of a butler at the door with a stretch of brilliantly lighted hall back of him as milady came out was enough. It was certain there were more servants and more brilliantly lighted rooms filled with what one saw in the shop windows along the Avenue—filled with whatever one chose to fill them. That was the only difference between their rooms and his room. He was limited in his choice and they were not. Once upon the street that difference was not so marked.

That was why, once upon the street, he had been able to look, quite unawed, into the dark eyes of her who had stepped from one of these castles into his life as from a fairy book. All that separated her from him at any time was a short flight of steps and a door. A nod and a man might compass those obstacles in a few seconds. Every time he had strolled in this direction since he first came to New York he had waited expectant, honestly expectant, as a woman waits from seventeen to twenty.

Larry was holding himself back a little. In these last two days he had kept his imagination in leash. The first meeting might have been an accident, and he did not choose to make the disappointment any more acute than necessary if nothing more came of this. He was very careful of himself even in his thoughts. Indeed, when all was said, his thoughts were the chief part of him.

As the appointed hour neared, however, he found his imagination running free. Taken by herself this unknown was quite the most fascinating woman he had ever met. Compared with those he saw daily in the store, both behind the counter and in front—a man gains a wide experience there in a year—she was like a star to a candle. Above his

head at that moment there were a million stars. But she was like a single star—like the pole star. He thought that if ever she walked past those other women—and he saw hundreds of them daily behind and before the counters—the others would cease to be more than animate figures. He recalled several whom at various times he had thought beautiful, and now he was half ashamed of himself. That morning Miss Mallory in passing his department had smiled. She was an august blonde with trimmings. He had noted her passive points of distinction.

But she he had met last night was actively beautiful. Her eyes were not merely charming in themselves but they expressed charm; her small, straight nose was not merely a perfect feature but an expressive part of her whole face; and her lips were sensitive living things.

Dimly he felt that it was just this refinement of detail that came of breeding. It was so in blooded horses, he knew. His father had once owned a Morgan.

He rose and though it was only half past seven came back to the trysting place near the Seventies. The few people in sight were going about their business—stupid business. The big house was lighted and the curtains drawn so snug that one felt the occupants were jealous of sharing with the world even as much of their home as might escape in yellow rays through the chinks. But on the second floor there was a curtain not drawn so tight. This must be her room, he thought. She might be there dressing for him. He moved away that he might not embarrass her and walked down the Avenue.

Larry walked with his shoulders well back and a jaunty swing of his stick and a self-confidence that came of this slender connection with the big gray house. This particular building was assuming identity. This particular section of the Avenue was taking on individuality. She was dressing for him. He walked with a boulevard air.

He turned back as his watch showed eight, and as he did so he saw the front door open cautiously; saw her slip out and run down the steps as though fearful of being seen.

Instead of stopping when she came to him she whispered in passing "Follow me."

He obeyed. Had she led him on across the city—across the world—he felt he would still have followed. She turned the first corner sharply and, a little out of breath, waited with flushed cheeks.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I was afraid I should be seen."

That she dared this danger for him was enough to quicken his blood. The excitement of the adventure added something new to her eyes. He hurried her a little as though the danger still existed—hoping it still existed because it added a fresh zest to her. But after a few steps she refused to be hurried.

"Where are we going?" she asked suddenly.

"Wherever you say," he answered.

She frowned at that. She was not accustomed to having the selection of a dining place left to her. He was quick to notice his mistakes. He corrected himself—grasping at the first name that entered his head.

"We will go to Sherry's."

He had often passed the big café.

"That will be very nice," she nodded. "A quiet spot in a corner, *n'est-ce pas?*"

He thought he had caught the trace of a foreign accent the other evening, but he had not been sure.

"You speak French?" he asked.

"But yes, m'sieur," she replied. "My mother was French. And you?"

"I'm afraid I've forgotten what little I knew," he answered. At one time he had known a few French-Canadian idioms gleaned from the lumbermen who came to Benton.

"Then you must practice," she suggested with a smile.

On the way to Sherry's she amused herself and him by having him repeat sentences after her. He thought it would be very easy for him to learn. At any rate it gave him something to call her. He called her "mam'selle," and that relieved him of a certain awkwardness resulting from not knowing her name.

Before entering the big dining room mam'selle paused and hastily surveyed the others there. Then it was she who explained to the waiter where she wished to sit, and he bowed low in response to her wishes and led the way to a secluded table. She noticed that m'sieur was not at all disturbed at being recognized, and that pleased her. He walked beside her proudly.

In ordering the dinner Larry acquitted himself creditably by the simple process of letting the waiter tell him what was especially fine that evening. The latter even discreetly suggested the wine—a claret of a good vintage.

"It's a Go," the Stranger Agreed. "An' I Think I'm Just the Boy Wot Can Put it Over. You're Game?"

On the table a light beneath a crimson shade suffused the woman opposite him in a warm glow. To Larry the whole scene was like an act from a play in which by some magic he found himself participating. After the first surprise he recovered from what was akin to stage fright and sensed himself subtly blending into the drama.

The situation roused his dramatic instinct, and timidly at the start but with more confidence as he went on he played up to her.

He did not originate his part. It was she who gave him his cue. He really felt himself—a sublimated self perhaps but still in all essentials himself—until little by little he began to realize something of the man he was in her eyes. His clothes were responsible for her conception perhaps—his clothes and his dreams. For after all, what he did was only to blot out the past and jump into the future. What he pretended he might yet be.

And she listened so wonderfully, so satisfactorily. It seemed as though all through the meal she could not hear enough. Always she gave him his cue.

"You do not live much in New York?" she suggested at the beginning.

"Only off and on," he answered.

"Ah, you have traveled! One can see that."

"Yes—a little," he replied modestly.

"You have hunted?"

"A good deal," he nodded as he caught the light in her eyes.

But it had been mostly in the Far North—because recently he had read a book with that setting. And though he had no intention of doing so he began to elaborate, using the material he had found there, with certain changes to make it conform more naturally to what he thought he might have done in the same circumstances. It was more as a leisurely young man of the world that he hunted, with an eye always for the picturesque and romantic.

He was glad when as the waiter began to serve the claret she allowed him to come back to his country place outside New York—the country place where Vandecar actually lived. It was not far from Benton, and Larry knew it inside and out, partly from what he had seen himself and the rest from the stories of the neighborhood. Often when hunting rabbits as a boy he had stood on the hill above and looked down upon the fine estate wistfully. Now for the moment he really owned it. He rode the big brown gelding in the early morning and came back for a game of tennis and plunged into the swimming pool and lounged about the grounds, giving directions to his gardeners; and fished the mountain brooks in the afternoon, to return tired to the house in the evening. After all, it was what he might have done—perhaps a little less strenuously—had he been Vandecar. It was what most anyone with such an estate would have done.

He came to town occasionally, he concluded, for an afternoon at the club or an evening at the theater, but he was always glad to be back.

"Only," he added as Vandecar might have added, "after this—I don't think I'll be so glad to get back."

"M'sieur!" she exclaimed, looking down.

They had reached the ice. Larry was glad, for he felt his cheeks flushed. He was not accustomed to wine—to say nothing of such eyes.

"Now, mam'selle," he said, "let us talk about you."

"Ah—me!" she replied with a deprecating shrug of her slight shoulders. "What is there of interest in a woman's life?"

"There must be much."

"Not much is allowed."

"But your days are filled with something."

"Yes—or nothing."

"You've always lived in New York?"

"*Ma foi*—no! That would be too terrible."

She spoke more lightly.

"I have lived a great deal in Paris," she confessed. "It was there I went to school. Then—the family came here."

"Yes?" he encouraged.

"We live where you see in the winter; we go to Newport in the summer. It is stupid. We are staying a little later this year because Monsieur Vandecar ——"

"Vandecar?" he interrupted. "Your name is Vandecar?"

She looked frightened at the slip she had made. With his eyes upon her she grew pale.

"Don't worry," he begged of her. "I—I will forget if you want. To be fair I will give you my name. It is Young."

But still she was frightened.

"Mam'selle," he pleaded, "I will know you always only as mam'selle."

"But ——" she began.

"Your ice is melting, mam'selle," he reminded her.

There was no need for him to ask anything more about her. This Vandecar, her father, must be the uncle of young Vandecar of Benton. He was the richer of the two brothers who had quarreled in their youth and whose families now never spoke to each other. The name of Horace Vandecar was one to conjure with. No wonder the daughter had glanced about the dining room before entering. No wonder she sat with her back to the other guests. It was to distract her attention that Larry allowed the conversation to turn again to himself, but even that was only partly successful. It was not until they were outside that she fully recovered her gayety. He suggested a taxi—uneasily because he was not sure he had enough money left to pay for it—but she shook her head. "It is a treat to be able to walk at night," she assured him.

"I always walk," he said.

"You men—you are so free," she exclaimed.

"But you are free too."

She glanced at him mischievously.

"Only if I steal out the door when no one is looking."

"You must steal out often then."

"You will always be waiting for me?"

"Always when you let me know," he answered seriously.

"Monsieur is very gallant."

"I—I don't call it that."

The night and the wine and her eyes were making him bold. At a crossing he mustered sufficient courage to take her arm. It was soft and he felt the warmth of it through her sleeve. Even after the supposititious menace of passing automobiles no longer existed he kept his hand there and she permitted this. It quickened his imagination to a supreme height.

"My man," he said, "has a room in town. A note addressed to me there will always find me."

He stopped a moment beneath an electric light and fumbled in his pocket.

"I have no card," he explained. "But here is an envelope. It will do."

He had happened to find a letter from home. He handed her the envelope and it furnished, if that were necessary, a full substantiation of the fact that he had given his right name. She took it and folding it into a small square slipped it away.

"Mam'selle has only to tell me the time and the place, and wherever I am I will come."

"Just to know that will relieve me of ennui, I am sure," she replied.

He looked to see if she were making a joke of this. He could not tell.

"I mean it," he assured her.

She glanced up quickly and gave him her eyes a second.

"Does monsieur think I doubt him?"

"Only," he breathed, "because it seems too good to be true."

They had reached her home and she extended her little gloved hand. "Adieu," she smiled.

"Good night."

"Let me hear you say 'Adieu.'"

"Adoo," he stammered.

"No—not like that. Adieu. A-dieu."

He caught her pronunciation perfectly this time.

"Adieu," he said.

She congratulated him with a pressure of her fingers that was like more wine. He raised those fingers to his lips—as somewhere he had seen it done on the stage.

"Ah!" she sighed. "You have the soul of a Parisian."

Then quickly she ran up the stone steps, hiding in the shadows until the butler opened the door.

When Larry awoke the next morning this did not turn out to be merely a dream as at first he feared. It was all true—every incident of it. He had a thousand proofs. The very air he breathed was fragrant with her. His memory was filled with a hundred beautiful pictures of her. He carried them with him to his work and they remained with him until night. It made the day short, but it made the next evening long. He remained in his room and reviewed every incident over and over again up to the moment she had disappeared through the dark door. So it was for the next three days, and then he received from her one morning a note. It was scribbled hastily on a sheet of paper bearing a gold letter V.

"Cher Monsieur Young," it read: "I should like to feel free again. To-night at eight if that suits your convenience. Perhaps it will be better if you wait round the corner."

It was signed "E." He dressed in blue that night and wore his gray Fedora and chamois gloves and black enameled shoes. He had once seen young Vandecar in just such clothes. He opened his trunk and this time took out three ten-dollar bills. He thought nothing about it at all except that he did not wish to be left again after dinner with only silver. Yet he had exercised a good deal of self-denial to save this matter of two hundred and fifty dollars. Among his fellow employees he had even acquired a reputation for meanness. But little their humdrum minds could grasp the dreams he had.

Mam'selle was dressed that night in a frock so charming that even Madame Murphy would have looked twice. It was of blue silk with much dainty draping—short enough to reveal her trim ankles but not short enough to be ugly.

"I was not sure," she greeted him as he came forward.

"After my word?" he flushed.

"You men ——" she began.

But when she saw she really hurt him she was genuinely disturbed. As though to make amends she took his arm impulsively, with a sudden sense of intimate confidence.

"Let us not go to Sherry's to-night, but to some quiet place," she said.

"If you would only choose!" he begged.

"*Eh bien*—I will guide you, *mon enfant*."

With a gentle pressure at this corner and another at that she did it so successfully that he seemed to find the Café Bovin himself. It was a friendly place where, for a dollar only, a very good table d'hôte was served. He liked it from the first, because she entered without fear and because he was not bothered with ordering and because there was nothing whatever to distract his attention from her. And she seemed in every way more natural—more her own gay self. This left him freer, so that he carried himself with less constraint—more as a carefree but thoughtful man of the world. But toward the close of the dinner he was leaning forward and looking deep into her dark eyes with his own alight. This heightened her color and made her hurry her black coffee. And it made her take deep breaths of the night air when they started home. And it made her somewhat abrupt with her adieu.

But however the evening ended for her, it was as nothing compared with the way it ended for Larry. He had not walked a block before, like some unexpected celestial revelation, the truth came to him—he was in love with her! This was not merely a romantic dream; it was reality. It was a singing, glorious reality, but nevertheless a reality. It had to do with him as he was and with her as she was. It had to do with her out here in the night. It had to do with the stars, but also with the earth beneath the stars. He loved her with a passion he had not known to be within him. He loved her so that he wanted her until the joy of his need was like pain.

In a golden daze Larry made his way back to his room. He stood before the mirror of his scarred quartered-oak bureau and stared at himself as though expecting that he would show some change. It was he, looking somewhat flushed and excited, but still he, who stared back. But also it was someone else. He did not resemble in the slightest Vandecar—except in being tall and slim, as many men in a thousand are—and yet he saw something of Vandecar there. It was upon this he seized. It saved him from the bitter truth. After all, what did Vandecar have that he himself did not have? The matter of a few hundred thousand dollars. That seemed little at this moment. Money does not count where love is.

And Larry had seen in her eyes, in the wondrous depths of her eyes, a spark which he was sure could be blown into a flame. Even that might not be necessary. Love is not always a fire, slow-burning like a fuse. Sometimes it is a spark in powder. Perhaps the next time he saw her he would find that the spark had reached the powder. The next time—the thought of it kept him awake most of the night. It kept his eyes afire all the next day.

When Larry left the store at five he found a group at the exit excitedly studying the evening paper and stopped a moment to see what it was all about. Moynihan, who was reading, glanced up and saw him.

"What's your number, Larry?" he asked.

"What number?" he inquired.

"The draft list is out."

Larry reached in his pocket indifferently and looked at his card. He read the number and Moynihan ran his finger down a column. At one place he stopped.

"Give me that again," he said.

Larry repeated the number.

"They've got you," laughed Moynihan. "What d'you know about that!"

Larry's mind seemed numbed for a little while. Instead of going back to his room he walked straight on in the direction he happened to be facing. He bumped into several people—a corpulent gentleman, who damned him for a fool; a middle-aged lady, who looked back at him pityingly; a homeward-bound stenographer, who tossed her head scornfully. Automatically each time he raised his hat and went on, unseeing. Because someone shoved him a little to the right at a corner he turned that way and kept on. A newsboy partially roused him by thrusting a paper in front of him with a shout. He bought the paper, opened it and ran his eyes down a column of figures. The number was still there. He tossed the paper aside and followed a man ahead of him into a bar. He ordered a whisky because the other man did, though he had never drunk any in his life. It burned his throat, but he rather enjoyed the sensation. In a few moments it seemed to bring life back to his brain. He began to think once more. He sat down at a table and ordered another drink, leaning forward, his hands hanging loosely between his knees.

The thing did not seem possible even now. It was as absurd as though he had received a warning from the Black Hand. He had nothing to do with such matters. He knew no more about war and soldiers than he knew about murder and the police. They both existed, but they were both equally foreign to his life. Someone had made a mistake as occasionally the wrong man is arrested. That was it; someone had made a mistake. He left his drink and going out bought another paper. Again he looked and again he found his number.

He walked on aimlessly once more, trembling with nervous terror. He felt as though he were being pursued, and glanced frequently over his shoulder. He was tempted to run, but there was no place to run to. A man could not get away from this—this thing which had reached out of the unknown and tapped his shoulder. It had eyes in every street, every ward, every city, every state, every country. The farther away from home a man went the more the eyes to watch him. He knew that. He could no more escape his lot than he could escape death. The parallel could be carried farther; a man admits the daily possibility of death in a cheerfully vague way, as yesterday Larry would have admitted the possibility of being drafted;

(Continued on Page 66)

Stetson Made the Presentation Speech, and Larry Looking Like a Ghost Tried to Reply. "Thanks," He Muttered. "I—I Don't Deserve It"

ADVERTISING A COUNTRY

By Gerald Stanley Lee

DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

IF I COULD I would pay people ten cents a word to read what I am going to say on this page.

I would pay them ten cents a word more to believe it when they read it.

Perhaps after they have tried believing it and tried doing something about it and tried how believing it makes them feel day by day about this war, they will many of them pay me my twenty cents back.

Believing it makes subscribing and oversubscribing to the Liberty Loan mean more. One gets more out of it and out of reading the papers day by day, and out of fighting the Germans on the home front.

I believe this war is going to end with a snap.

I am not saying it is going to end soon.

But it is going to come to a corner. And when it comes to the corner it is going round it quick.

The corner of this war is the German mind.

The war turns on making the Germans afraid.

They are afraid already.

They are merely more afraid of Ludendorf and the Kaiser than they are of Foch.

This makes investing fifty, sixty or seventy billion dollars in licking the Germans much easier and plainer. It makes us know we are going to do it.

The most material thing in this war is a spiritual fact about Germans. It is what is going to decide it.

Germans are born licked. And it's because Ludendorf and the Kaiser have licked them and kept them licked that the Germans like them.

When we begin to ludendorf the Germans and when we once start up being their Ludendorf for them they will be meek in a minute.

The way to feel right about this war and to keep sane, quiet and terrible to Germans is to quit judging them by ourselves.

If you are fighting Americans or Englishmen or Frenchmen and tell them that they are beaten and make them believe it the fight just begins. You will have to fight Americans to their last baby if you tell them they are beaten. The more they believe you the worse it is for you.

But let the Germans in this war know that they are beaten, or even that they are going to be beaten, and they will look at you earnestly with their blue eyes and then help you do it. This is why we have to beat them.

We cannot afford to be in the same world with a people who like being beaten like this, with anyone coming along who may beat them and make them beat us. The only safe thing to do is to rush in at once, have it over with and beat them ourselves. The one specific thing this war is about is that the Germans want to know that they can be licked.

Visions That are Defeating Germany

NOTHING else can be done by this country or by the world until this desire, this world-yearning of the Germans to be licked, has been attended to.

It seems to me that this is a very plain fact about the Germans and a very important fact to buy bonds with.

Any man who has ever had a streak of being a boy knows how this is.

The Germans have never grown up. They are sophomoric. They are like any bad little boy who goes about whipping everybody. The moment he is whipped he is a saint with a snap.

It is not principles the Germans are fighting for in this war. They are fighting to see which is which. They are fighting to arrange a new World's Who's Who.

The main thing about the typical German is that he wants a thing comfortable and simple and orderly. He wants one thing or the other. He knows just one rudimentary desire. He insists with people on being meek and obedient to them or on having them meek and obedient to him.

It offends him not having meekness and obedience being attended to.

What the matter is with the German now is that he cannot bear to keep on year after year living with a world all round him full of people who think they are his equals. A German always talks up or talks down to people, never across. He cannot bear to be an equal himself, and he cannot bear to have people all round who do not want to bother to order him round and who will not let him order them.

America has enough to do in this war without, on top of all the other things, letting herself be fooled about the Germans. The way to whip the Germans is to have a vision—all of us, every day, every hour—to fight with—of what the Germans are like.

And a vision, too, of what we—God helping us—must prove to be like.

The amazing record of the Germans in this war is based on the German people's having had a succession of visions. The visions were nearly all wrong visions; but because they were visions and because the people were possessed by them their visions—even incredible visions—have nearly come true. The Germans are a terrible people because they are a possessed people. They are possessed by visions. They have sublime conceptions of terror. They were wrong in supposing conceptions of terror would work outside Germany.

They were wrong in not seeing that with our psychology they would work exactly the other way.

But this is the only sense in which they were wrong. They were right in their great main driving idea of what it is that makes a nation irresistible and unconquerable. They were right in their idea of having seventy million people inoculated every day and every night of all their lives with a vision of their country.

This war on the part of Germany is a stupendous act of creative imagination about Germany and the place of the German and of the German kind of vision in the world.

The only possible way America can hope to overcome Germany is to have more creative imagination about America and about the place of America and of the American kind of vision in the world than the Germans have about Germany.

When Lloyd George took hold of the munitions program in England and tried to begin to advertise to the munitions people that they must do more, they said they were doing all they could. When he drove them to it with the vision he had of Germans marching on London, which other people in England did not have, the munition workers told Lloyd George that twice as much was the best they could do.

After a few weeks of Lloyd George's advertising his vision to them the munition workers were doing, and doing as a matter of course, precisely sixteen times as much. Lloyd George took his definite vision of what England could hope for if they did sixteen times as much, and put it alongside a definite vision of what England would have to fear if they did not.

The way to win this war is to ring out to the people, as on great bells, necessary hopes and necessary fears—the hopes and the fears a hundred million people must have and have quickly if they are to win it.

What is it that in advertising our country to the people we want to advertise? What is our vision of whipping the Germans? What on the whole do the million people, more or less, who are trying to sell bonds to the ninety-nine other millions want to present in the way of visions for their country to win the war with? Which visions will oversubscribe the loan best?

I am making a few rough notes in this article for other people to pick from, and to put if they like, as they go from door to door, with theirs.

Psychological Teamwork

IF I WERE a god and all I had to do, to do a thing, were to think of it, the first thing I would do for this nation in this war would be to put up a billboard—a huge, single billboard for it—say on the Rocky Mountains, put on it five hundred words I want everybody to believe, ring all the church bells, turn on all the extra lights of the planet for five minutes so everybody could see it and read it. Then I would have a hundred million people—three thousand miles of them, all breathing together and thinking the same thought together. Then everybody would go to bed, and we should get up a new nation in the morning. The nearest substitute I can think of for this, since I have not a push button to turn on the chandelier of a continent with, to touch a hundred thousand church bells, and make the people look up together the same wonderful infinite minute at the same billboard on the Rockies—the nearest substitute for this is what I am proposing to consider in this article.

It seems to me that anybody must admit it is a good idea—what I would do if I were a god.

The single thing that is the matter with the idea is that the fact of my not being a god is not allowed for. But that is a detail.

All that I have to do to carry the idea out is to consider scientifically the difference between me and a god, modulate the way a god would do it into the way a man would do it, and go ahead.

Instead of doing it in the easy shiftless way a god would probably—by passing his hands over a hundred million people's eyes—it would have to be studied out how a man with his less showy, more plodding but certain and scientific way could accomplish the same purpose.

The main point about the idea is: Is it a good idea or is it not a good idea for America in winning this war to set up some capable permanent arrangement for having a hundred million people have the same thought at the same time, five minutes a day? Is it worth while for America to be supplied with a piece of furniture—an ordinary convenience for having a hundred million people for the same five minutes once a day think the same hundred-million-man-power thought? If it is worth while we will arrange it. If not we will drop it.

The two limits that are imposed on us by our not being gods and not being able to do things in godlike swoops are the limit of space and the limit of time.

Here we all are spreading our living out three thousand miles between two oceans, living the same day together. All that it is necessary to do to have one hundred million

people do psychological teamwork for five minutes in the evening together is for them to agree to it and fix their clocks. This gets over the time difficulty. The space difficulty—the human limitation we have of not being able to see offhand the same five hundred words in a kind of national limelight on top of Pike's Peak the same five minutes in the same evening—is got over by having full-page advertisements in thousands of evening papers—twenty million copies, twenty million miniature billboards in their own houses for a hundred million people to look up at the same evening; and, besides this, twenty million people out of a hundred million people sitting in the dark at moving-picture houses could all gather round the foot of the Rocky Mountain billboard upon the screen—all the vast, lonely, dotted, darkened, scattered crowds of them across the country under the night sky, tucked under their hundred thousand funny little roofs, would all be thinking together the same thought, breathing together the same breath, three thousand miles apart.

Everybody in New York has seen large happy audiences of busy people rushing along Broadway, all stopping, all looking at nothing together because one man stood on the curbstone vaguely and looked at it. Any man by quietly throwing his head back a minute can take a couple of thousand people, if he wants to, stop them full-head-on on Broadway any day, and make them perfectly happy looking at nothing together.

What I want to do is to take this instinct people have of looking at nothing together so long as they can look together, and use it. What I want to do is to take this sheer, vast, ineffable, inexplicable joy people seem to have when they are all doing the same thing together, no matter what—this fascination or spell or force of gravity of looking in crowds—this boundless force and vast waste of attention we live in—and make a hundred million people for five minutes all look together at the German Army on the ground and in the sky, and at their own hearts and the fate of a world.

The Nation's Billboard

WHAT I want to do is to crumple the country up into one village, say every night for one week, to win this war, and to look at what we shall do with it.

I ask any man: Is it or is it not a good idea?

If it is, the Liberty Loan Publicity Committee has the national machinery to carry it out, if it likes.

What I am hoping to see demonstrated in the course of the next few weeks is the value of a national conspiracy, or breathing together, of our American advertising men in advertising this war to the people. The experiment has never been tried of having a hundred million people looking over each other's shoulders and reading the same words in a thousand cities at the same time every day for a week.

I venture to believe that if we began doing it Monday night we should all find ourselves in a new country next Sunday morning. Even if the five hundred words were very poor and inadequate anybody would want to read them.

At the top of the full page with five hundred words on it everywhere I would say:

THIS IS THE NATION'S BILLBOARD THIS EVENING. A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE ARE STANDING BY YOU READING IT. A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE ARE HAVING—UP HERE ON THIS BILLBOARD—THE SAME MINUTE THE SAME THOUGHT THREE THOUSAND MILES WIDE.

PERHAPS YOU WOULD RATHER NOT MISS READING IT?

I am proposing this as one of several ways of advertising the Liberty Loan: That we assemble and get ready and set up and work a few minutes a day every day for a week for America what might be called a simultaneous machine—a kind of drive of listening. I am proposing it not merely because of the immediate psychological effect that the bare announcement of a silence by a hundred million people to put five hundred words in would have upon the people, not merely because of the way a silence by a hundred million people would make a hundred million people feel strong and strange together—conscious of one another's presence for the first time in a world, but because of the effect afterward, because of the accumulated, culminating heaping up of the mood of a people it would give us, because of the national pile driver of attention we should get on the same little five hundred words.

When a man knew, he would know everybody knew. He would be attending a national sacrament of knowing. He would feel what he knew being multiplied a hundred million fold.

If a hundred million people could be got to do anything together next Saturday night at half past seven sharp—if a hundred million people would all get up just where they are and at half past seven o'clock all say "Boo!" together, it would be foolish, but at the same time it would have something a little sublime and a little wonderful about it. And of course if what we want in this present crisis of the world is some better word for a hundred million people to say together than "Boo!" there are at least a hundred thousand men who would be glad to have the chance to see if they could select one that would be better than "Boo!"

The copy for this billboard on the Rocky Mountains to be used one week should consist of a series of seven advertisements. The copy should be in seven acts or scenes, each making a point by itself and each emphasizing the idea by bringing it to a head at the end.

If ever there was a time when this country needed to be advertised, even if one could do it in only a kind of broken and wistful way, it is now.

I keep thinking of the things that are being advertised round me every day, every night, and of how people seem to need them so much less than they need their country. I wish a certain chewing gum that everybody knows all about would let me have during the next six weeks, say, one night a week, its little streak of sky on Broadway that it pays thousands of dollars a year for, to put my advertisement of my country up on—a little advertisement of what my country could do if its attention were called to it, to win this war three years quicker.

The chewing gum ought to do it, I think.

Winning the war three years quicker would be worth it.

I would not ask too much of the chewing gum. I know that the things the crowds in the street pay all this money to be told about are dear to them. They don't want to be interrupted in being told about them.

I ask only for the chewing gum's streak of sky, the chewing gum's chance at the people of New York, during the next six weeks, one night a week, to take three years off the war. The other six nights in the week it could go back to chewing gum.

Probably getting the attention of people in New York to this war is going to struggle along in time.

People for the most part do not seem to feel as I do that winning this war, like winning anything else in this world, is a matter of advertising it to people.

How Bass Fight Carp

I HAVE not unnaturally turned to a chewing gum in the matter because I see, as anybody can of course, that our chewing gums in this country really believe in advertising. I have argued that if a chewing gum—a hard-headed matter-of-fact chewing gum—has found out and proved that a little streak of sky in New York is worth thousands of dollars to it because you and I go by—if a chewing gum has an almost religious faith like this in what advertising can do, it would understand perhaps my asking it if it would mind setting the chewing gum aside for one night a week and letting me advertise winning the war three years quicker on it.

This is one of the ads I would put up, the one night a week the chewing gum let me:

WINNING THE WAR THREE YEARS QUICKER
One Man to Another
DID YOU EVER SIT DOWN TO A TABLE
and with an ordinary knife and fork in fifteen minutes
EAT HALF A TON OF FISH?

Perhaps you will guess on the way to the theater how to do it.

Perhaps you will guess on the way to the theater what winning the war three years quicker has to do with eating half a ton of fish.

On the third page of any theater program anyone can find what there is not room for up here.

WINNING THE WAR
THREE YEARS QUICKER
One Man to Another

Did you ever sit down to a table and with an ordinary knife and fork in fifteen minutes eat half a ton of fish?

I saw a man at the club the other night doing it, or as good as doing it. He was making a good square meal of shad roe.

The shad he disposed of—that he chucked summarily out of existence while I watched him—if placed head to tail on Broadway would have stretched from Madison Square to The Times Building.

This may not seem offhand to have much to do with winning this war three years quicker, but it has.

Did you ever think why, in the tremendous war now raging in the rivers of America between the carp and the black bass and all the other decent fish in this country, the carp are getting the best of it?

The black bass and the other fish fight a carp by letting him grow up and get big and hard to lick. Then they go for him and lick him. They fight carp by killing off the carp one at

(Continued on Page 33)

Their New Job

THE WILLOW WALK

When He Lighted a Cigarette It Made Him So Dizzy That He Was Afraid He Was Going to Fall. He Had to Sit Down on the Curb

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

FROM the drawer of his table desk Jasper Holt took a pane of window glass. He laid a sheet of paper on the glass and wrote, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." He studied his round business-college script, and rewrote the sentence in a small finicky hand, that of a studious old man. Ten times he copied the words in that false pinched writing. He tore up the paper, burned the fragments in his large ash tray and washed the delicate ashes down his stationary washbowl. He replaced the pane of glass in the drawer, tapping it with satisfaction. A glass underlay does not retain an impression.

Jasper Holt was as nearly respectable as his room, which, with its frilled chairs and pansy-painted pincushion, was the best in the aristocratic boarding house of Mrs. Lyons. He was a wiry, slightly bald, black-haired man of thirty-eight, wearing an easy gray flannel suit and a white carnation. His hands were peculiarly compact and nimble. He gave the appearance of being a youngish lawyer or bond salesman. Actually he was senior paying teller in the Lumber National Bank in the city of Vernon.

He looked at a thin expensive gold watch. It was six-thirty, on Wednesday—toward dusk of a tranquil spring day. He picked up his hooked walking stick and his gray silk gloves and trudged downstairs. He met his landlady in the lower hall and inclined his head. She effusively commented on the weather.

"I shall not be here for dinner," he said amiably.

"Very well, Mr. Holt. My, but aren't you always going out with your swell friends though! I read in the Herald that you were going to be star in another of those society plays at the Community Theater. I guess you'd be an actor if you wasn't a banker, Mr. Holt."

"No, I'm afraid I haven't much temperament." His voice was cordial, but his smile was a mere mechanical sidewise twist of the lip muscles. "You're the one that's got the stage presence. Bet you'd be a regular Ethel Barrymore if you didn't have to look out for us."

"My, but you're such a flatterer!"

He bowed his way out and walked sedately down the street to a public garage. Nodding to the night attendant, but saying nothing, he started his roadster and drove out of the garage, away from the center of Vernon, toward the suburb of Rosebank. He did not go directly to Rosebank. He went seven blocks out of his way, and halted on Fandall Avenue—one of those petty main thoroughfares which, with their motion-picture palaces, their groceries, laundries, undertakers' establishments and lunch rooms, serve as local centers for districts of mean residences. He got out of the car and pretended to look at the tires, kicking them to see how much air they had. While he did so he covertly looked up and down the street. He saw no one whom he knew. He went into the Parthenon Confectionery Store.

The Parthenon Store makes a specialty of those ingenious candy boxes that resemble bound books. The back of the box is of imitation leather, with a stamping simulating the title of a novel. The edges are apparently the edges of a number of pages of paper. But these pages are hollowed out, and the inside is to be filled with candy.

Jasper gazed at the collection of book boxes and chose the two whose titles had the nearest approach to dignity—Sweets to the Sweet and The Ladies' Delight. He asked the Greek clerk to fill these with the less expensive grade of mixed chocolates, and to wrap them.

From the candy shop he went to a drug store that carried an assortment of reprinted novels, and from these picked out two of the same sentimental type as the titles on the booklike boxes. These also he had wrapped. He strolled out of the drug store, slipped into a lunch room, got a lettuce sandwich, doughnuts and a cup of coffee at the greasy marble counter, took them to a chair with a tablet arm in the dim rear of the lunch room and hastily devoured them. As he came out and returned to his car he again glanced along the street.

He fancied that he knew a man who was approaching. He could not be sure. From the breast up the man seemed familiar, as did the customers of the bank whom he viewed through the wicket of the teller's window. When he saw them in the street he could never be sure about them. It seemed extraordinary to find that these persons, who to him were nothing but faces with attached arms that held out checks and received money, could walk about, had legs and a gait and a manner of their own.

He walked to the curb and stared up at the cornice of one of the stores, puckering his lips, giving an impersonation of a man inspecting a building. With the corner of an eye he followed the approaching man. The man ducked his head as he neared, and greeted him, "Hello, Brother Teller." Jasper seemed startled; gave the "Oh! Oh, how are you!" of sudden recognition and mumbled, "Looking after a little bank property."

"Always on the job, eh!"

The man passed on.

Jasper got into his car and drove back to the street that would take him out to the suburb of Rosebank. As he left Fandall Avenue he peered at his watch. It was five minutes of seven.

At a quarter past seven he passed through the main street of Rosebank, and turned into a lane that was but little changed since the time when it had been a country road. A few jerry-built villas of freckled paint did shoulder upon it, but for the most part it ran through swamps spotted with willow groves, the spongy ground covered with scatterings of dry leaves and bark. Opening on this lane was a dim-rutted grassy private road, which disappeared into one of the willow groves.

Jasper sharply swung his car between the crumbly gate posts and along the bumpy private road. He made an abrupt turn, came into sight of an unpainted shed and shot the car into it without cutting down his speed, so that he almost hit the back of the shed with his front fenders. He shut off the engine, climbed out quickly and ran back toward the gate. From the shield of a bank of alder bushes he peered out. Two chattering women were going down the public road. They stared in through the gate and half halted.

"That's where that hermit lives," said one of them.

"Oh, you mean the one that's writing a religious book, and never comes out till evening? Some kind of a preacher?"

"Yes, that's the one. John Holt, I think his name is. I guess he's kind of crazy. He lives in the old Beaudette house. But you can't see it from here—it's clear through the block, on the next street."

"I heard he was crazy. But I just saw an automobile go in here."

"Oh, that's his cousin or brother or something—lives in the city. They say he's rich, and such a nice fellow."

The two women ambled on, their chatter blurring with distance. Standing behind the alders Jasper rubbed the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other. The palm was dry with nervousness. But he grinned.

He returned to the shed and entered a brick-paved walk almost a block long, walled and sheltered by overhanging willows. Once it had been a pleasant path; carved wooden benches were placed along it, and it widened to a court with a rock garden, a fountain and a stone bench. The rock garden had degenerated into a riot of creepers sprawling over the sharp stones; the paint had peeled from the fountain, leaving its iron cupids and naiads eaten with rust. The bricks of the walk were smeared with lichens and moss and were untidy with windrows of dry leaves and cakes of earth. Many of the bricks were broken; the walk was hilly in its unevenness. From willows and bricks and scuffled earth rose a damp chill.

But Jasper did not seem to note the dampness. He hastened along the walk to the house—a structure of heavy stone which, for this newish Midwestern land, was very ancient. It had been built by a French fur trader in 1839. The Chippewas had scalped a man in its very dooryard. The heavy back door was guarded by an unexpectedly expensive modern lock. Jasper opened it with a flat key and closed it behind him. It locked on a spring. He was in a crude kitchen, the shades of which were drawn. He passed through the kitchen and dining room into the living room. Dodging chairs and tables in the darkness as though he was used to them he went to each of the three windows of the living room and made sure that all the shades were down before he lighted the student's lamp on the gate-legged table. As the glow crept over the drab walls Jasper bobbed his head with satisfaction. Nothing had been touched since his last visit.

The room was musty with the smell of old green rep upholstery and leather books. It had not been dusted for months. Dust sheeted the stiff red velvet chairs, the uncomfortable settee, the chill white marble fireplace, the immense glass-fronted bookcase that filled one side of the room.

The atmosphere was unnatural to this capable business man, this Jasper Holt. But Jasper did not seem oppressed. He briskly removed the wrappers from the genuine books and from the candy-box imitations of books. One of the two wrappers he laid on the table and smoothed out. Upon this he poured the candy from the two boxes. The other wrapper and the strings he stuffed into the fireplace and immediately burned. Crossing to the bookcase he unlocked one section and placed both the real books and the imitation books on the bottom shelf. There was a row of rather cheap-looking novels on this shelf, and of these at least six were actually such candy boxes as he had purchased that evening.

Only one shelf of the bookcase was given over to anything so frivolous as novels. The others were filled with black-covered, speckle-leaved, dismal books of history, theology, biography—the shabby-genteel sort of books you find on the fifteen-cent shelf at a secondhand bookshop. Over these Jasper pored for a moment as though he was memorizing their titles.

He took down The Life of the Rev. Jeremiah Bodfish and read aloud: "In those intimate discourses with his family that followed evening prayers I once heard Brother Bodfish observe that Philo Judæus—whose scholarly career always calls to my mind the adumbrations of Melanchthon upon the essence of rationalism—was a mere sophist ——"

Jasper slammed the book shut, remarking contentedly, "That'll do. Philo Judæus—good name to spring."

He relocked the bookcase and went upstairs. In a small bedroom at the right of the upper hall an electric light was burning. Presumably the house had been deserted till Jasper's entrance, but a prowler in the yard might have judged from this ever-burning light that someone was in residence. The bedroom was Spartan—an iron bed, one straight chair, a washstand, a heavy oak bureau. Jasper scrambled to unlock the lowest drawer of the bureau, yank it open, take out a wrinkled shiny suit of black, a pair of black shoes, a small black bow tie, a Gladstone collar, a white shirt with starched bosom, a speckly brown felt hat and a wig—an expensive and excellent wig with artfully unkempt hair of a faded brown.

He stripped off his attractive flannel suit, wing collar, blue tie, custom-made silk shirt and cordovan shoes, and speedily put on the wig and those gloomy garments. As he donned them the corners of his mouth began to droop. Leaving the light on and his own clothes flung on the bed he descended the stairs. He was obviously not the same man who had ascended them. As to features he was like Jasper, but by nature he was evidently less healthy, less practical, less agreeable, and decidedly more aware of the sorrow and long thoughts of the dreamer. Indeed it must be understood that now he was not Jasper Holt, but Jasper's twin brother, John Holt, hermit and religious fanatic.

II

JOHN HOLT, twin brother of Jasper Holt, the bank teller, rubbed his eyes as though he had for hours been absorbed in study, and crawled through the living room, through the tiny hall, to the front door. He opened it, picked up a couple of circulars that the postman had dropped through the letter slot in the door, went out and locked the door behind him. He was facing a narrow front yard, neater than the willow walk at the back, on a suburban street more populous than the straggly back lane.

A street arc illuminated the yard and showed that a card was tacked on the door. John touched the card, snapped it with the nail of his little finger, to make certain that it was securely tacked. In that light he could not read it but he knew that it was inscribed in a small finicky hand: "Agents kindly do not disturb, bell will not be answered, occupant of house engaged in literary work."

John stood on the doorstep till he made out his neighbor on the right—a large stolid commuter, who was walking before his house smoking an after-dinner cigar. John poked to the fence and sniffed at a spray of lilac blossoms till the neighbor called over, "Nice evening."

"Yes, it seems to be very pleasant."

John's voice was like Jasper's; but it was more guttural, and his speech had less assurance.

"How's the book going?"

"It is—it is very—very difficult. So hard to comprehend all the inner meanings of the prophecies. Well, I must be hastening to Soul Hope Hall. I trust we shall see you there some Wednesday or Sunday evening. I bid you good night, sir."

John wavered down the street to a drug store. He purchased a bottle of ink. In a grocery that kept open evenings he got two pounds of corn meal, two pounds of flour, a pound of bacon, a half pound of butter, six eggs and a can of condensed milk.

"Shall we deliver them?" asked the clerk.

John looked at him sharply. He realized that this was a new man, who did not know his customs. He said rebukingly: "No, I always carry my parcels. I am writing a book. I am never to be disturbed."

He paid for the provisions out of a postal money order for thirty-five dollars, and received the change. The cashier of the store was accustomed to cashing these money orders, which were always sent to John from South Vernon, by one R. J. Smith. John took the bundle of food and walked out of the store.

"That fellow's kind of a nut, isn't he?" asked the new clerk.

The cashier explained: "Yep. Doesn't even take fresh milk—uses condensed for everything! What do you think of that! And they say he burns up all his garbage—never has anything in the ash can except ashes. If you knock at his door he never answers it, fellow told me. All the time writing this book of his. Religious crank, I guess. Has a little income though—guess his folks were pretty well fixed. Comes out once in a while in the evening and pokes round town. We used to laugh about him, but we've kind of got used to him. Been here about a year, I guess it is."

John was serenely passing down the main street of Rosebank. At the dingier end of it he turned in at a hallway marked by a lighted sign announcing in crude house-painter's letters: "Soul Hope Fraternity Hall. Experience Meeting. All Welcome."

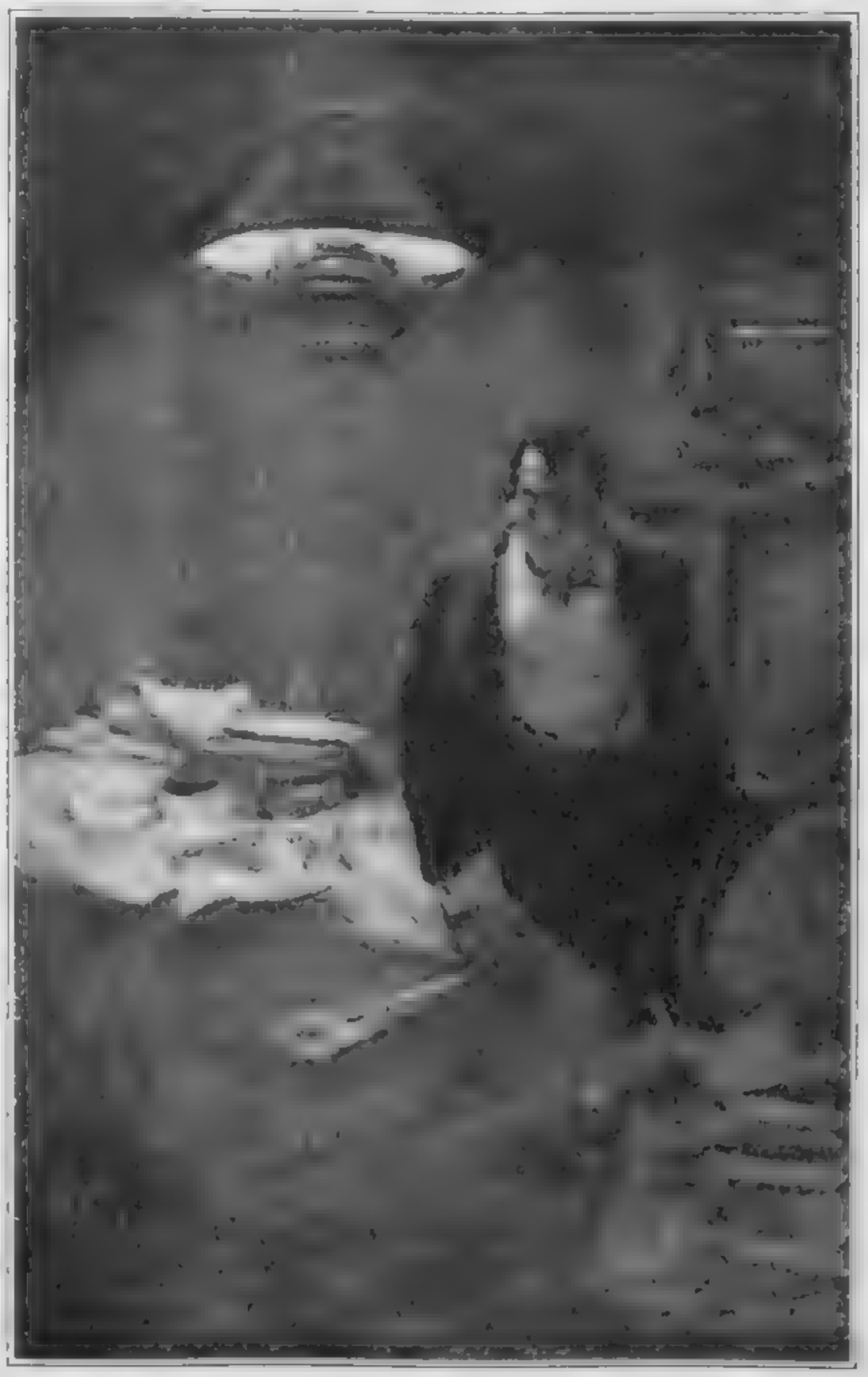
It was eight o'clock. The members of the Soul Hope cult had gathered in their hall above a bakery. Theirs was a tiny, tight-minded sect. They asserted that they alone obeyed the scriptural tenets; that they alone were certain to be saved; that all other denominations were damned by unapostolic luxury; that it was wicked to have organs or ministers or any meeting places save plain halls. The members themselves conducted the meetings, one after another rising to give an interpretation of the scriptures or to rejoice in gathering with the faithful, while the others commented "Hallelujah!" and "Amen, brother, amen!" They were a plainly dressed, not overfed, rather elderly and rather happy congregation. The most honored of them all was John Holt.

John had come to Rosebank only six months before. He had bought the Beaudette house, with the library of the recent occupant, a retired clergyman, and had paid for them in new one-hundred-dollar bills. Already he had gained great credit in the Soul Hope cult. It appeared that he spent almost all his time at home, praying, reading and writing a book. The Soul Hope Fraternity were excited about the book. They had begged him to read it to them. So far he had read only a few pages, consisting mostly of quotations from ancient treatises on the prophecies. Nearly every Sunday and Wednesday evening he appeared at the meeting and in a halting but scholarly way lectured on the world and the flesh.

To-night he spoke polysyllabically of the fact that one Philo Judæus had been a mere sophist. The cult were none too clear as to what either a Philo Judæus or a sophist might be, but with heads all nodding in a row, they murmured: "You're right, brother! Hallelujah!"

John glided into a sad earnest discourse on his worldly brother Jasper, and informed them of his struggles with Jasper's itch for money. By his request the fraternity prayed for Jasper.

The meeting was over at nine. John shook hands all round with the elders of the congregation, sighing: "Fine meeting to-night, wasn't it? Such a free outpouring of the Spirit!" He welcomed a new member, a servant girl just come from Seattle. Carrying his groceries and the bottle of ink he poked down the stairs from the hall at seven minutes after nine.



It Was a Warning! He Quaked. Would He Never Leave This Place of Brooding and of Fear?

At sixteen minutes after nine John was stripping off his brown wig and the funereal clothes in his bedroom. At twenty-eight after John Holt had again become Jasper Holt, the capable teller of the Lumber National Bank.

Jasper Holt left the light burning in his brother's bedroom. He rushed downstairs, tried the fastening of the front door, bolted it, made sure that all the windows were fastened, picked up the bundle of groceries and the pile of candies that he had removed from the booklike candy boxes, blew out the light in the living room and ran down the willow walk to his car. He threw the groceries and candy into it, backed the car out as though he was accustomed to backing in this bough-scattered yard, and drove off along the lonely road at the rear.

When he was passing a swamp he reached down, picked up the bundle of candies, and steering with one hand removed the wrapping paper with the other hand and hurled out the candies. They showered among the weeds beside the road. The paper which had contained the candies, and upon which was printed the name of the Parthenon Confectionery Store, Jasper tucked into his pocket. He took the groceries item by item from the labeled bag containing them, thrust that bag also into his pocket, and laid the groceries on the seat beside him.

On the way from Rosebank to the center of the city of Vernon he again turned off the main avenue, and halted at a goat-infested shack occupied by a crippled Norwegian. He sounded the horn. The Norwegian's grandson ran out.

"Here's a little more grub for you," bawled Jasper.

"God bless you, sir. I don't know what we'd do if it wasn't for you!" cried the old Norwegian from the door.

But Jasper did not wait for gratitude. He merely shouted: "Bring you some more in couple days," as he started away.

At a quarter past ten he drove up to the hall that housed the latest interest of Vernon society—the Community Theater. The Boulevard Set, the "best people in town," belonged to the Community Theater Association, and the leader of it was the daughter of the general manager of the railroad. As a well-bred bachelor Jasper Holt was welcome among them, despite the fact that no one knew much about him except that he was a good bank teller and had been born in England. But as an actor he was not merely welcome: he was the best

amateur actor in Vernon. His placid face could narrow with tragic emotion or puff out with comedy; his placid manner concealed a dynamo of emotion. Unlike most amateur actors he did not try to act—he became the thing itself. He forgot Jasper Holt, and turned into a vagrant or a judge, a Bernard Shaw thought, a Lord Dunsany symbol, a Susan Glaspell radical, a Clyde Fitch man-about-town.

The other one-act plays of the next program of the Community Theater had already been rehearsed. The cast of the play in which Jasper was to star were all waiting for him. So were the worried ladies responsible for the staging. They wanted his advice about the blue curtain for the stage window, about the baby-spot that was out of order, about the higher interpretation of the rôle of the page in the piece—a rôle consisting of only two lines, but to be played by one of the most popular girls in the younger set. After the discussions, and a most violent quarrel between two members of the play-reading committee, the rehearsal was called. Jasper Holt still wore his flannel suit and a wilting carnation; but he was not Jasper; he was the Duc de San Saba, a cynical, gracious, gorgeous old man, easy of gesture, tranquil of voice, shudderingly evil of desire.

"If I could get a few more actors like you!" cried the professional coach.

The rehearsal was over at half past eleven. Jasper drove his car to the public garage in which he kept it, and walked home. There, he tore up and burned the wrapping paper bearing the name of the Parthenon Confectionery Store and the labeled bag which had contained the groceries.

By Candle Light He Prepared His Austere Supper—Dry Toast, an Egg, Cheap Green Tea With Thin Milk

The Community Theater plays were given on the following Wednesday. Jasper Holt was highly applauded, and at the party at the Lakeside Country Club, after the play, he danced with the prettiest girls in town. He hadn't much to say to them, but he danced fervently, and about him was a halo of artistic success.

That night his brother John did not appear at the meeting of the Soul Hope Fraternity out in Rosebank.

On Monday, five days later, while he was in conference with the president and the cashier of the Lumber National Bank, Jasper complained of a headache. The next day he telephoned to the president that he would not come down to work—he would stay home and rest his eyes, sleep and get rid of the persistent headache. That was unfortunate, for that very day his twin brother John made one of his infrequent trips into Vernon and called at the bank.

The president had seen John only once before, and by a coincidence it had happened that on this occasion also Jasper had been absent—had been out of town. The president invited John into his private office.

"Your brother is at home; poor fellow has a bad headache. Hope he gets over it. We think a great deal of him here. You ought to be proud of him. Will you have a smoke?"

As he spoke the president looked John over. Once or twice when Jasper and the president had been out at lunch Jasper had spoken of the remarkable resemblance between himself and his twin brother. But the president told himself that he didn't really see much resemblance. The features of the two were alike, but John's expression of chronic spiritual indigestion, his unfriendly manner, and his hair—unkempt and lifeless brown, where Jasper's was sleekly black above a shiny bald spot—made the president dislike John as much as he liked Jasper.

And now John was replying: "No, I do not smoke. I can't understand how a man can soil this temple with drugs. I suppose I ought to be glad to hear you praise poor Jasper, but I am more concerned with his lack of respect for the things of the spirit. He sometimes comes to see me, at Rosebank, and I argue with him, but somehow I can't make him see his errors. And his flippant ways ——!"

"We don't think he's flippant. We think he's a pretty steady worker."

"But his play-acting! And reading love stories! Well, I try to keep in mind the injunction 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' But I am pained to find my own brother giving up immortal promises for mortal amusements. Well, I'll go and call on him. I trust that some day we shall see you at Soul Hope Hall, in Rosebank. Good day, sir."

Turning back to his work the president grumbled: "I'm going to tell Jasper that the best compliment I can hand him is that he is not like his brother."

And on the following day, another Wednesday, when Jasper reappeared at the bank, the president did make this jesting comparison; and Jasper sighed: "Oh, John is really a good fellow, but he's always gone in for metaphysics and Oriental mysticism and Lord knows what all, till he's kind of lost in the fog. But he's a lot better than I am. When I murder my landlady—or say, when I rob the bank, chief—you go get John; and I bet you the best lunch in town that he'll do his best to bring me to justice. That's how blame square he is!"

"Square, yes—corners just sticking out! Well, when you do rob us, Jasper, I'll look up John. But do try to keep from robbing us as long as you can. I'd hate to have to associate with a religious detective in a boiled shirt!"

Both men laughed, and Jasper went back to his cage. His head continued to hurt, he admitted. The president advised him to lay off for a week. He didn't want to, he said. With the new munition industries due to the war in Europe, there was much increase in factory pay rolls, and Jasper took charge of them.

"Better take a week off than get ill," argued the president late that afternoon.

Jasper did let himself be persuaded to go away for at least a week-end. He would run up north, to Wakamin Lake, the coming Friday, he said; he would get some black-bass fishing, and be back on Monday or Tuesday. Before he went he would make up the pay rolls for the Saturday payments and turn them over to the other teller. The president thanked him for his faithfulness, and as was his not infrequent custom invited Jasper to his house for the evening of the next day—Thursday.

That Wednesday evening Jasper's brother John appeared at the Soul Hope meeting in Rosebank. When he had gone home and had magically turned back into Jasper this Jasper did not return the wig and garments of John to the bureau but packed them into a suitcase, took the suitcase to his room in Vernon and locked it in his wardrobe.

Jasper was amiable at dinner at the president's house on Thursday, but he was rather silent, and as his head still throbbed he left the house early—at nine-thirty. Sedately, carrying his gray silk gloves in one hand and pompously swinging his stick with the other, he walked from the president's house on the fashionable boulevard back to the center of Vernon. He entered the public garage in which his car was stored.

He commented to the night attendant: "Head aches. Guess I'll take the bus out and get some fresh air."

He drove away at not more than fifteen miles an hour. He headed south. When he had reached the outskirts of the city he speeded up to a consistent twenty-five miles an hour. He settled down in his seat with the unmoving steadiness of the long-distance driver: his body quiet except for the tiny subtle movements of his foot on the accelerator, of his hands on the steering wheel—his right hand across the wheel, holding it at the top, his left elbow resting easily on the cushioned edge of his seat and his left hand merely touching the wheel.

He drove in that southern direction for fifteen miles—almost to the town of Wanagoochie. Then by a rather poor side road he turned sharply to the north and west, and making a huge circle about the city drove toward the town of St. Clair. The suburb of Rosebank, in which his brother John lived, is also north of Vernon. These directions were of some importance to him: Wanagoochie eighteen miles south of the mother city of Vernon; Rosebank, on the other hand, north, eight miles north, of Vernon; and St. Clair twenty miles north—about as far north of Vernon as Wanagoochie is south.

On his way to St. Clair, at a point that was only two miles from Rosebank, Jasper ran the car off the main road into a grove of oaks and maples and stopped it on a long-unused woodland road. He stiffly got out and walked through the woods up a rise of ground to a cliff overlooking a swampy lake. The gravelly farther bank of the cliff rose perpendicularly from the edge of the water. In that wan light distilled by stars and the earth he made out the reedy expanse of the lake. It was so muddy, so tangled with sedge grass that it was never used for swimming; and as its only inhabitants were slimy bullheads few people ever tried to fish there. Jasper stood reflective. He was remembering the story of the farmer's team which had run away, dashed over this cliff and sunk out of sight in the mud bottom of the lake.

Swishing his stick he outlined an imaginary road from the top of the cliff back to the sheltered place where his car was standing. Once he hacked away with a large pocketknife a mass of knotted hazel bushes which blocked that projected road. When he had traced the road to his car he smiled. He walked to the edge of the woods and looked up and down the main highway. A car was approaching. He waited till it had passed, ran back to his own car, backed it out on the highway, and went on his northward course toward St. Clair, driving about thirty miles an hour.

On the edge of St. Clair he halted, took out his kit of tools, unscrewed a spark plug, and sharply tapping the plug on the engine block, deliberately cracked the porcelain jacket. He screwed the plug in again and started the car. It bucked and spit, missing on one cylinder, with the short-circuited plug.

"I guess there must be something wrong with the ignition," he said cheerfully.

He managed to run the car into a garage in St. Clair. There was no one in the garage save an old negro, the night washer, who was busy over a limousine, with sponge and hose.

"Got a night repair man here?" asked Jasper.

"No, sir; guess you'll have to leave it till morning."

"Hang it! Something gone wrong with the carburetor or the ignition. Well, I'll have to leave it, then. Tell him —— Say, will you be here in the morning when the repair man comes on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, tell him I must have the car by to-morrow noon. No, say by to-morrow at nine. Now don't forget. This will help your memory."

He gave a quarter to the negro, who grinned and shouted: "Yes, sir; that'll help my memory a lot!" As he tied a storage tag on the car the negro inquired: "Name?"

"Uh—my name? Oh, Hanson. Remember now, ready about nine to-morrow."

Jasper walked to the railroad station. It was ten minutes of one. Jasper did not ask the night operator about the next train into Vernon. Apparently he knew that there was a train stopping here at St. Clair at one-thirty-seven. He did not sit in the waiting room but in the

darkness outside on a truck behind the baggage room. When the train came in he slipped into the last seat of the last car, and with his soft hat over his eyes either slept or appeared to sleep. When he reached Vernon he went off the direct route from the station to his boarding house, and came to the garage in which he regularly kept his car. He stepped inside. The night attendant was drowsing in a large wooden chair tilted back against the wall in the narrow runway which formed the entrance to the garage.

Jasper jovially shouted to the attendant: "Certainly ran into some hard luck. Ignition went wrong—I guess it was the ignition. Had to leave the car down at Wanagoochie."

"Yuh, hard luck, all right," assented the attendant.

"Yump. So I left it at Wanagoochie," Jasper emphasized as he passed on.

He had been inexact in this statement. It was not at Wanagoochie, which is south, but at St. Clair, which is north, that he had left the car.

He returned to his boarding house, slept beautifully, hummed in his morning shower bath. Yet at breakfast he complained to his landlady of his continuous headache, and announced that he was going to run up north, to Wakamin, to get some bass fishing and rest his eyes. She urged him to go.

"Anything I can do to help you get away?" she queried.

"No, thanks. I'm just taking a couple of suitcases, with some old clothes and some fishing tackle. Fact, I have 'em all packed already. I'll probably take the noon train north if I can get away from the bank. Pretty busy now, with these pay rolls for the factories that have war contracts for the Allies. What's it say in the paper this morning?"

Jasper arrived at the bank, carrying the two suitcases and a neat, polite, rolled silk umbrella, the silver top of which was engraved with his name. The doorman, who was also the bank guard, helped him to carry the suitcases inside.

"Careful of that bag. Got my fishing tackle in it," said Jasper to the doorman, apropos of one of the suitcases, which was heavy but apparently not packed full. "Well, I think I'll run up to Wakamin to-day and catch a few bass."

"Wish I could go along, sir. How is the head this morning? Does it still ache?" asked the doorman.

"Rather better, but my eyes still feel pretty rocky. Guess I been using 'em too much. Say, Connors, I'll try to catch the train north at eleven-seven. Better have a taxicab here for me at eleven. Or no; I'll let you know a little before eleven. Try to catch the eleven-seven north, for Wakamin."

"Very well, sir."

The president, the assistant cashier, the chief clerk—all asked Jasper how he felt; and to all of them he repeated the statement that he had been using his eyes too much, and that he would catch a few bass at Wakamin.

The other paying teller from his cage next to that of Jasper called heartily through the steel netting: "Pretty soft for some people! You wait! I'm going to have the hay fever this summer, and I'll go fishing for a month!"

Jasper placed the two suitcases and the umbrella in his cage, and leaving the other teller to pay out current money he himself made up the pay rolls for the next day—Saturday. He casually went into the vault—a narrow, unimpressive, unaired cell, with a hard linoleum floor, one unshaded electric bulb, and a back wall composed entirely of steel doors of safes, all painted a sickly blue, very unimpressive, but guarding several millions of dollars in cash and securities. The upper doors, hung on large steel arms and each provided with two dials, could be opened only by two officers of the bank, each knowing one of the two combinations. Below these were smaller doors, one of which Jasper could open, as teller. It was the door of an insignificant steel box, which contained one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars in bills and four thousand dollars in gold and silver.

Jasper passed back and forth, carrying bundles of currency. In his cage he was working less than three feet from the other teller, who was divided from him only by the bands of the steel netting.

While he worked he exchanged a few words with this other teller.

Once as he counted out nineteen thousand dollars he commented: "Big pay roll for the Henschel Wagon Works this week. They're making gun carriages and truck bodies for the Allies, I understand."

"Uh-huh!" said the other teller, not much interested.

Mechanically, unobtrusively going about his ordinary routine of business, Jasper counted out bills to amounts agreeing with the items on a typed schedule of the pay rolls. Apparently his eyes never lifted from his counting and from this typed schedule which lay before him. The bundles of bills he made into packages, fastening each with a paper band. Each bundle he seemed to drop into a small black leather bag which he held beside him. But he did not actually drop the money into these pay-roll bags.

(Continued on Page 58)

BERLIN DAYS

By Neville Taylor Gherardi

IN THE early days of my stay in Berlin, while my husband was naval attaché there, I became much interested in the German invalid insurance system. I had heard of a hospital and home, located in a pine forest, some twenty miles from Berlin, which was built with insurance money and kept for consumptives. It was a wonderful place, beautifully planned and built for civilians with the white plague. We went and saw it during the war. It had been transformed into a military hospital, pure and simple, and the consumptives were turned out and sent home to shift for themselves. This home was one of the social institutions I had admired so much until I saw that it was nothing more nor less than a military precaution in case of need, built by these poor, simple people's money.

One day a man in soldier's uniform came into our soup kitchen very far gone with consumption. I asked him why he didn't go to some such home as the one just described, and he told me that, as he was too far gone for future military service or useful work, the government officials would do nothing for him. The meal he was eating was from his wife's meal ticket, as we did not provide for soldiers.

There were all sorts of characters in our soup kitchen, first and last. I remember one woman who thought herself very fine and tried to impress us all. We didn't pay any attention to her, so then she tried to attract our attention by saying that she would kill herself, and was much disgusted when we did not seem to care. After that she tried being helpful, and we really grew quite fond of the feeble-minded old thing.

An old man asked me if I could lend him some books to read, having seen me give books to the children of the kitchen. I told him I had nothing in German suitable to a grown person; whereat he answered: "I would rather read English; and I love Dickens, Thackeray and Scott." When I asked him where he had learned to read English he said: "Why, I served through the Civil War with Lincoln and am an American citizen." It was true, for he was receiving a pension from our Government at that time.

This Cartoon, Which Appeared in the German Paper Simplicissimus, Under the Title "The Unholy Three Kings," and With the Caption "How Brightly Shines for Us the Morning Star," is the Sort of Publication Which Fed the People Up to Hating America

In May, 1915, my husband and I visited Ambassador and Mrs. Penfield, staying a few days in their beautiful home in Vienna. We found the Austrians a far more sympathetic people than the Germans. They are gayer, lacking the severity of the Germans, and are far more mannerly; but they are now entirely in the hands of the Germans, for they cannot get on without them. The Germans themselves love to say that they are the steels in the corsets of the Austrians, which is naturally galling. There is no love lost between them, as the Germans have the upper hand and bully them.

In this connection I recall a talk I had with a lady in waiting to Princess Stéphanie. This young lady had accompanied the Princess to Germany on a visit made before the war. They had been to Kiel Week, visited various places in Germany and spent some days in Berlin. She said: "Yes, Germany is wonderful in its orderliness and I have never seen anything so clean as the streets of Berlin; but somehow it depresses me, and when we came to the station platform, after passing the border into Austria again, I felt like running up and embracing the first unkempt Austrian Jew I saw standing there." Princess Stéphanie, now Princess Lonyay, came in one morning and sat with us in the lovely garden of the embassy. She must once have been a beautiful woman and is handsome now in a stately way, but she has had a hard life and shows it. Her first husband being son of Francis Joseph, she was at one time Crown Princess of Austria; but after the death of her husband, under "mysterious circumstances" known to all, she led a retired life until she gave up all other titles to marry Count Lonyay, to whom, I understand, she is devoted. Lonyay has, since the war, been given the title of prince. The poor woman is Belgian, which must be very sad for her in these war days. She is a nurse and head of a hospital on her own estate.

I went through a big hospital in Vienna, and it seemed strange to hear the soldiers speaking so many different languages. I didn't get far with German. They told me that most of the men could not understand each other, such are the numerous languages of Austria-Hungary.

One day at the Penfields', Slatin Pacha, formerly governor of the Sudan, told some interesting tales of his life as prisoner in the Sudan. To those who read his book, Fire and Sword in the Sudan, describing his captivity following the death of Gordon and the surrender of Khartum, his hardships are well known. I must confess that up to that time I had not read it, and it seemed only a reasonable question to ask if during all those years of captivity he suffered from lack of exercise.

"Dear lady!" he said. "When you consider that I was the running footman to clear the way before the Mahdi's chariot for many years, you must imagine I did not suffer for lack of exercise."

Slatin had started life as a telegraphist in Egypt. His life has been a marvelous romance. At the beginning of the war he was vice governor of the Sudan, under General Wingate, and therefore was in British-Colonial employment. He held his position, though an Austrian subject, because he knew more of, and had more influence with, the savage

tribes of Sudan than any other living man, because of his natural ability and force of character, and the experience of his years of captivity. He was greatly admired and respected by the British, who intimated that after the war he again would be employed. At the outbreak of the war he happened to have returned to Austria on leave, and had just been married to a young wife, who was with him.

Nowadays in Europe one talks quite naturally about the little animals that walk on the men in the trenches. I saw in the hospital in Vienna how they kept them out. All patients are received in a big iron building, where all their garments are removed and the patients scrubbed with disinfectants, the badly wounded are put on stretched rubber instead of into tubs to disinfect them, then wrapped in sheets and taken into the hospital. The clothes are then passed through a high-temperature room, which kills all life in them, after which they are repaired, cleaned and ready for the man again when he is well. There are buildings large enough to disinfect a whole train at one time after it gets back from the Russian Front.

In Vienna we went to a big charity concert for the Turkish Red Crescent Society, which corresponds to our own Red Cross, and which all the neutral missions attended. When we were obliged to stand with the whole audience while they played the Turkish national air I felt much the same unreality in my situation as I did when I had to go into mourning for the Queen Mother of Sweden during my early days in Berlin.

Not very long after the outbreak of war we took three of our children for a little trip to Schandau, a small village in Saxony on the banks of the rushing Elbe. We had tried to give the children an outing at the seashore, but found that there was no place to which we could go by the sea without being suspected of underhand seeking of naval information. So we tried this little place in the country where, though every inhabitant in the village seemed to realize that we were foreigners and stared at us and suspected us on that account, we passed a few restful days. Finally, as usual, we had to hurry back to Berlin because a submarine crisis came up—the Arabic, I think—which required my husband's presence and also made a break seem imminent.

The children had great fun at a swimming bath in the river. The river rushes by at such a tremendous speed here that you cannot swim against it at all, so you jump in at one end of a platform and let the tide rush you down to the other end, where you grab a rope and jump out again; or are caught by an attendant if you are swept by.

My children had all been taught to swim in Berlin at one of the regular swimming institutes, as they call them, where they had been thoroughly instructed during many lessons. Finally they had to swim for a quarter of an hour without stopping, and also a measured distance without stopping, after which they were considered to have passed their tests and received a certificate saying that they were what are known as "Free Swimmers." This certificate was stamped by the government and had to be shown at all bathing places before they could go into deep water. Here at Schandau they had to qualify again as being able to hold their own against the stream. It was really good sport, though violent.

Early Days of the Food Shortage

THE walks about the country and up into the hills of what is called Saxon Switzerland were really lovely, but there again we could not go very far without getting special passes, as we were near the Bohemian border of Austria. Here stricter supervision was exercised than on other borders because of the anxiety about the Czechs, who were suspected of disloyalty, and free intercourse over the border was not countenanced. Though Bohemia is part of Austria the Czechs are not in sympathy with their overlords of the Central Powers, and well do the rulers of Austria-Germany know it. Repression has been practiced on them with brutal strength since the beginning of the war.

The Germans were always uneasy about communication being established.

We had made a trip to Hamburg a few months before the war when a German man we had met took us in a launch out to see the harbor. Hamburg is the leading trading port on the Continent and wonderfully arranged, with an outer harbor where ships stay without having to go through the Customs if they are going out again. Numerous Hamburg-American liners were there, including the Vaterland, which was not yet completed; and there seemed to be literally thousands of vessels, from sailing ships to the biggest liners, and something coming or going all the time. I was much impressed with the enormous activity of it all.

When I went back after the war had been going on for two years or more it seemed unbelievable that all this was dead; no commerce of any kind going on, and even the people in the streets seemed without interest or ambition. Our consul general took us to the opera one night and had

Mr. Penfield and Princess Stéphanie

a member of the foreign office of Hamburg with us, a man of good family and of means apparently, but terribly thin and wasted-looking. Our host told us afterward that he was dying of consumption, largely because of the lack of any nourishing food. He told us himself that the doctors said to him that he must have milk and eggs and other nourishing food, but as they were not to be had he shrugged his shoulders and said: "I must just do without." It was quite evident that he meant: "I must just die."

In this rich land of ours when you see anyone dying for lack of something, no matter how poor he is, you feel that something can be done—the hospitals, charity organizations or some person can help; but over there you may know of many people who are dying for lack of something that there is no means whatsoever of procuring for them, and they are doomed. It takes the fighting spirit out of the people, even at the Front, when they get back and realize these things.

When they began restricting the buying and using of materials all sorts of queer laws came up that one would never have thought of. The exact width of a woman's skirt was arranged; how long a coat she could wear over that skirt; on men's clothes restrictions were placed on extra pockets, the lapels on coats, and the turned-up pieces on trousers at the bottom, such as white-flannel trousers sometimes have; and all this, of course, in addition to arranging the number of suits that one should have.

A lady asked me once what you could buy in the shops, and I told her the only things that you saw much of were hand-embroidered Bulgarian sofa cushions. They seemed about the only things left that one could buy without permission. Of course, gloves of either cotton, wool or leather were restricted. Shoes were almost impossible to get, and then generally had a kind of paper sole which was useless.

I remember having a pair of shoes half-soled for my husband and, when they went to pieces at once, the shoemaker said: "Well, he must have worn them in the wet"; which I said I supposed he had. He said: "Of course those soles won't stand water."

There was one big grocery store in Berlin where before the war every delicacy could be got, and it was interesting to watch the stock diminish each month, or week even, of the war. Starchy foods—flour, beans, and so on—soon were not to be bought at all. Then sugar began going; and after sugar was gone sirups and jams went; then candy, cake and chocolate disappeared; until finally you could look with the greatest care but could not find in the shops one thing left that had sugar in it. We paid four and five dollars a pound for the last candy that there was, but after that the shops were all closed. Then fats, of course, were not to be had. One of the last things left was pâté de foie gras, at sixteen and eighteen marks for the tiniest box; but people will pay anything for food when it becomes scarce, and even things like that were grabbed at once.

Tinned vegetables were some of the last things you could buy; but finally they were taken off the market during the summer and rationed out on the card system during the winter. You got so used to being told that things had jumped up one mark or two marks from day to day that it never occurred to you to complain. The only things left in the shops were substitutes of all sorts, which were usually most unpalatable and had very little nourishment in them. They were made entirely according to government recipes, allowing just so much of this and that, and I always had a horror of what might be in them. My servants ate horse meat, and were very proud one day to bring in some crows that they had managed to buy. They say small dogs were eaten, but fortunately I never saw them.

Of course tea and coffee practically disappeared. One person could buy one-tenth of a pound of tea, done up in a little package that reminded one of sachet powder. Coffee, of course, was burned corn or some other substitute. The poor you could see any day in the park, picking up acorns, which was what they used for coffee.

American Food in Berlin

IT REALLY would have been very funny, if it had not been pathetic, to see a group of women, no matter how rich or how poor, the moment they got together relating where they had discovered some place to buy a little bit of something that was left over, and women detaching themselves from the group to sneak out and buy what they had just heard of before someone else got there. This literally happened among the people we knew. I remember vividly one afternoon seeing an Austrian official stuffing his pockets with sugar from Mr. Gherardi's tea table when he thought no one was looking—but he didn't put it back, I noticed, when he found that I saw him. There was a little American shop which kept up for some time and had many things—which the Germans, of course, did not recognize with our labels—such as hominy, maple sirup, tinned sweet potatoes, pumpkins, shortening, cereals, pork and beans—all most valuable, which they did not know of.

Several times after some German lady had had these things at my house for lunch or tea I found, on going to the stores next morning, that immediately after leaving my house she had bought all that was left of something I had told her about.

The change in attitude of some of the people I was thrown into contact with at the beginning of the war and then at the end of our stay there was characteristic to a marked degree of the classes that they represented.

The wife of a general who was at one time governor of Brussels and now commanding an army, an American by birth, was at the beginning of the war most friendly to all of us, though intensely pro-German and tremendously proud of her distinguished and handsome husband. She was fairly bursting with pride at the success of the German armies in Belgium, and I remember getting a note from her late one night to tell me with joy of their having occupied Antwerp. Then as the war dragged on she grew very bitter toward America, and intensely disagreeable about and to members of the embassy, disapproving loudly of the attitude of our country as to munitions, to such an extent that we were obliged to avoid her.

A few weeks before we broke with Germany we asked her and her husband to a Christmas-tree celebration—as we had the other years we had been in Berlin—with no idea that they would come, but not being willing to make an exception of them at that time, and were intensely surprised in the middle of the afternoon to see this big general come walking in in full uniform. Everything being done for some reason in Germany, we felt that he was one of the people who was hoping that we would not break relations, for he made himself most agreeable and stayed quite a long time.

When it was settled a few weeks later that we were to leave, this poor woman came to me to tell me good-by and send messages to some of her relations. Her attitude was totally different. She kept begging me to tell the people in America that the Germans were not the barbarians they were called, and said over and over again: "Oh, if we could only have peace! Peace of any kind and at any price!"

The attitude of realizing how the outside world was beginning to despise them because of their brutality was showing more and more in that class. They were continually asking us: "Do you really think that the dislike of us will go on after the war?" And in so many people that I met I saw that longing for peace—peace at any price! Among the poor and working classes I think I can fairly say that that was the only attitude I saw toward the end. They had suffered enough, but there seems no help for people who have allowed themselves to be treated like slaves for so many years that they are unable to realize that they can turn if they will.

The attitude of a certain class toward peace was shown one day by a woman of distinguished Austrian family, connected by marriage with Prince Bismarck's family, who spoke apparently as she had heard things discussed by the men she was connected with. She said how foolish it was of England to go on, when if she would stop then negotiations might be made that would be fairly satisfactory to her; but if she went on, the moment peace was declared Germany had only to build submarines enough and then could really starve England out with great ease, which would be only a matter of time. This shows their intention of keeping this thing up always, even if there is a peace. This impressed me, as the woman was connected with many prominent German and Austrian families.

Not long before war started we took several delightful trips about Germany by motor. In April my husband had to go down to Meiningen, the little capital town of Saxe-Meiningen, and good weather having set in we decided to motor down. It was a lovely trip, for south of Berlin there are hills and rolling country instead of the bleak, flat landscape of North Germany. Passing through Leipsic, where we stopped to see the great book and printing exposition then open, we came to Weimar, with its sweet, old-fashioned charm, then through the dark Thuringian Forest by way of Oberhof, the popular winter resort.

Petty Princelings and Their Airs

MEININGEN itself is a bit of quaint, old-fashioned Germany. We stopped at a little hotel just opposite the villa of the present Duke of Meiningen, who was then the heir to the dukedom. His wife is sister of the Emperor. Their residence is no finer than an ordinary country house in England or America, but was called a palace, and they lived there in as much state as if they were really great royalties instead of inconspicuous heads of a tiny land controlled in every move from Berlin. A friend of mine used to visit this court each summer, and her descriptions of the forms and ceremonies of their everyday life showed them to be as rigid as those of the greater empire. All the guests had to assemble in the salon before meals and wait until the Princess came down, when they must rise and make her a deep curtsy as she entered. They saw her only then or when she received them in formal audience. When my friend left—a woman of high social position herself—she was always given a present—some little ring, which the owner was undoubtedly tired of wearing, or a set of furs somewhat out of date. And yet this woman was much flattered at being asked to stay there. I can see that one visit would be amusing, but to repeat must have been deadly.

This reminds me of meeting at luncheon one day one of the reigning princes of some tiny land—Lippe, I think it was—who came fully an hour late because, as he told us when he arrived, his Minister of War had suddenly died and he had many affairs to arrange. We were all supposed to be much impressed, but I could not help thinking that after all this man had little, if any, more authority than the mayor of one of our smaller cities. The prince spoke German to me and I addressed him with the informal "*Sie*"—you—instead of as "Your Royal Highness." After luncheon I told his aid I had done this because it was so difficult for us Americans to understand all the different ways in which one should address people of high rank, whereat he said that the prince was much amused and that it was so American! Of course I could perfectly well have managed the Royal Highness if I had felt like it.

On a business trip that we took over to Cologne that spring we joined Major Langhorn, who was then our military attaché, and he took us on a delightful run by motor through the Berg Land, which lies to the south of Cologne back from the Rhine. Here we took luncheon at one of the old robber-baron castles, set high up on a hill which rose abruptly from the plain. The Kaiser had lately interested himself in restoring it to its former state as a monument to the old crusader days, and it was now open to the public. Like most German enterprises there is a restaurant connected with it, as a way of making a penny on the side, and we lunched in the old banqueting hall of the knights. It was a wonderful old place, with its high inner and outer walls, keeps, drawbridges, last tower of defense and dungeons. It is a perfect example of its kind and a monument to those early Germans, fathers of the present Kultur, who used their power to rush down from their stronghold and prey upon innocent and defenseless travelers and traders and appropriate their belongings to their own use.

I have been through a great many German palaces and have always heard the housekeeping parts of them were a disgrace. But those parts were never shown. The only one I ever was allowed to see was new and grand. It was in the huge, brand-new palace that the Emperor had had built at Posen, where we were taken with a party to have a private view. After we had been shown everything in the palace that we were supposed to be interested in I asked if we might be allowed to see the kitchens and pantries, which amused my friends very much, but they were delighted afterward to have seen them. I always have a desire to see how things work, and never have I seen such an army of pots and pans in my life, ranged in long rows, according to their size, of every shape and description and of many metals. There were literally thousands of them. Each one was marked with the German arms on one side, and "Imperial Palace, Posen," on the other, each with its own number. The copper, which the Germans use so much, delighted me. All the arrangements were splendid, on a larger and probably a less convenient scale than some of our big modern hotels. I asked if the palace was kept prepared in this way always or if things were carried from one palace to another, for this one is not lived in more than a week of each year. They said everything remained there except a certain amount of flat table silver, which is so arranged in small trays that it does not have to be packed or unpacked, but the trays slide out of cupboards into chests having grooves of the same dimensions, and at the end of the journey fit into cupboards of the same size in the different palaces.

I learned much of the garrison life in Germany and also that of naval stations from the American wives of officers, who talked quite naturally about it before the war. Even afterward I gathered much from the conversation of German women about their lives. Anything like the set rules and customs by which they live is unbelievable to an American. In the first place, the pay is so small that they are usually poor, and every penny counts. I am told that the Emperor out of his private purse sometimes adds eight marks a month to an officer's pay, which just enables him to get along. So one can imagine on what a narrow margin some live.

The Enforced Frugality of Officers

IN ORDER that these officers and their wives will not be discontented at having to live on such small means, those who have more are obliged to live as the poorer ones do. The slightest divergence from the regularly followed path brings immediate criticism from the commanding officer's wife to the women, and if this is not sufficient the officer is ordered to live as is customary for an officer on his pay, and not bring customs into use unsuited to his rank. If he feels like it he may go into town and blow his money in on anyone he likes, to any extent, and no one has anything to say; but where he is officially stationed he must live as those round him live.

While we were in Berlin the officers of a certain regiment were forbidden to take tea in the Esplanade Hotel, the hotel where a great number of nobility came to stay during court functions. There could have been no objection to the hotel—simply it seemed extravagant and therefore it was unsuitable to an officer. For that same reason there are no clubs to which officers go. There is what is called a casino, but it is more like an officers' mess than a club.

When we first arrived in Berlin we went to several large dinners at naval officers' houses, the sort that one would give in America only on most comfortable means, and I had no idea at the time that they gave perhaps two of these in the winter, for which they saved long in advance and

(Continued on Page 73)

Bringing Russian and French Guns Into Berlin Through the Brandenburg Gate Down Unter den Linden, on Sedan Day, September 2, 1914

Why Our Ships Will Now Stay on the Ocean

By Edward N. Hurley

Chairman, United States Shipping Board

A Typical Steel Ship Ready for Service

WHEN the first lot of steel plates for a fabricated ship arrived at one of our big new shipyards on the Atlantic Coast last winter a Lloyds' inspector, familiar with British shipyard methods, came to a Shipping Board engineer in some excitement.

"Would you mind stepping down to look at this material?" he said. "I've never seen anything like it. Every plate arrived, with holes punched in Indiana, and yet when they set up the work every hole fitted exactly. I must say, sir, I consider it extraordinary!"

Probably without knowing it, this worthy shipbuilding expert had encountered one of the two new factors in American shipping that are going to keep our merchant fleet on the ocean. For the first time he had laid eyes upon the product of the American bridge template maker, which is now being applied to shipbuilding with remarkable possibilities in cutting costs.

Both ships and steel bridges are made somewhat like gowns. They are cut out of great steel plates, a quarter inch or more in thickness and sixty feet long, as they come from the rolling mills. A gown is cut by paper patterns, and so are ships and bridges. The dressmaker fits the gown to milady, but the mold-loft experts at a shipyard or bridge shop lay out their structure in paper patterns that give actuality to the design of the ship or bridge as drawn on paper. A shipyard mold loft is a vast room, long and wide enough for building a paper ship in exact size on the floor.

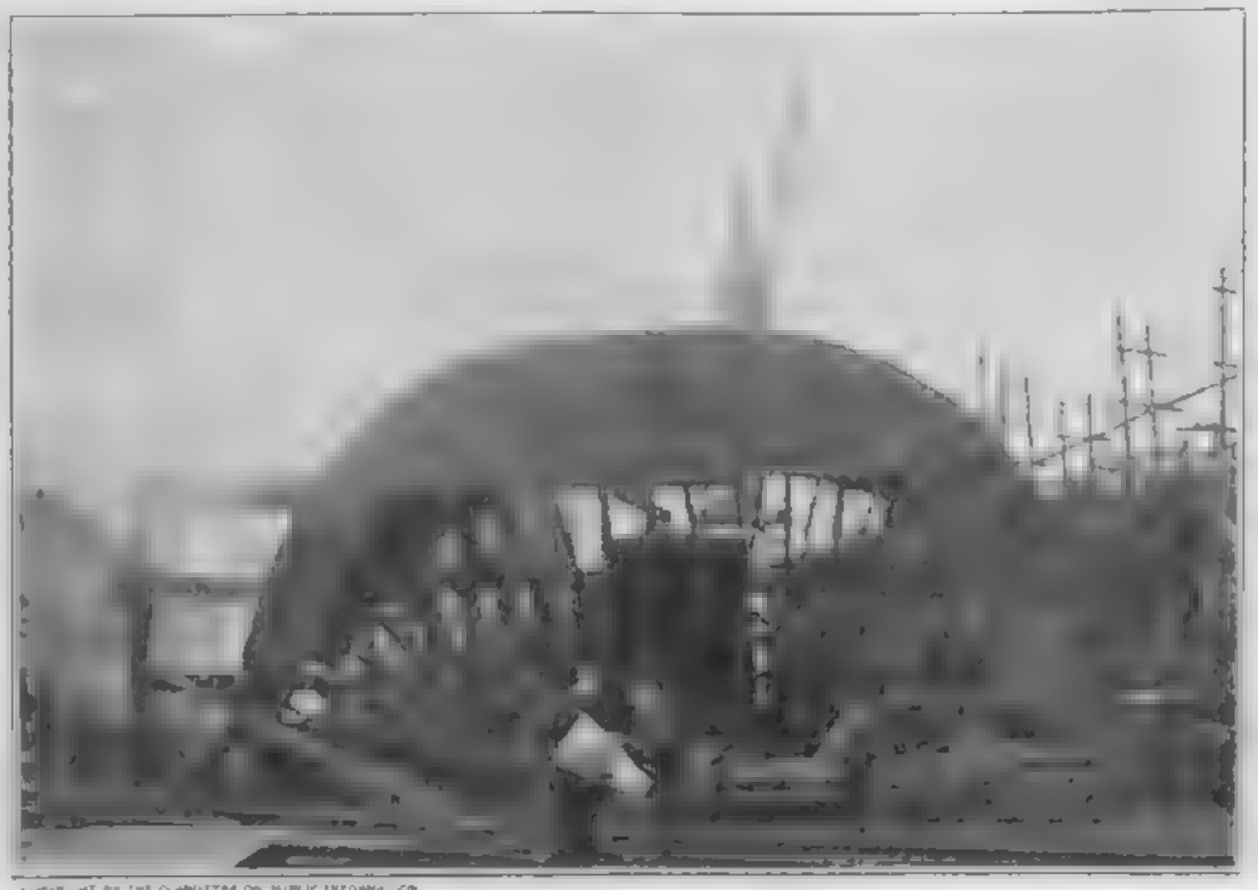
Laying Out the Paper Ship

THIS paper ship is cut up in pieces, just like a dressmaker's pattern. Each piece represents a steel plate. The template maker then fashions his template for each section of the ship. This template is a light wooden frame made to the size and shape of the steel section, and round its edges each hole required to rivet the ship together is indicated, fitting each hole in adjoining plates. When the templates go to the punching shop they serve as patterns for cutting and punching the steel fabric from which ships are made, so it can be riveted together. Ordinarily ships have been cut singly, on the tailor-made idea. Each ship has been an individual design, and all its fabric specially cut and riveted together like a hundred-dollar suit. Patterns for one ship were seldom used for another.

The fabricated ship simply applies the ready-made idea to this industry, with parts cut out as one sees cloth cut in great clothing factories, a hundred layers at once. Thus the original templates for a fabricated ship serve to cut fifty or a hundred ships; or a thousand, should one want to order that many.

Now when this fabricated-ship idea was taken up to speed American merchant shipping for war purposes we advanced the effectiveness of our shipyards at least twenty-five years by availing ourselves of the admirable template methods that have been developed in our bridge industry. American steel bridges are truly wonderful. Ours is a land of innumerable rivers, and to get our railroads across them we have developed steel bridges on standardized lines, with the material cut and punched in great steel shops, ready for quick erection on the site. Over many an American river, and even across our creeks, we have bridges that we take as a matter of course and never think about, but which in Europe would be starred in the guide book—at least for engineering tourists. American bridge building in foreign countries is one of our engineering romances.

The cutting and punching and putting together of steel plates in shipyards had thus far been rather crude work. Not enough study was devoted to accuracy. If the shipbuilder had made templates for a hundred ships instead of one the development of accuracy might have been worth while. In building ships singly he has stuck pretty much to the foot rule and the chalk line. In building steel bridges, however, where a template served as pattern for hundreds of pieces and the bridge was put together thousands of miles from the steel mill, with no facilities for correcting errors in fitting, accuracy became a prime requisite. Therefore the American bridge builder did years ago what shipbuilders should have done. He took his template makers out of dark, cluttered working quarters and installed them in light-flooded rooms. He gave them tools of precision for measuring and cutting templates, and trained them in working to dimensions as fine as those obtaining in any other machine operations. Instead of the cut-and-try standard of the old shipyard, with tolerances of a quarter inch, he demanded accuracy in hundredths.



A Big Bulkhead Ready to Go Into a Steel Ship

So when the fabricated ship was turned to in our war pinch, and unheard of ship manufacturing plants, like Hog Island with its fifty ways, came into being, and eighty per cent of the material for these fabricated ships, all alike, was cut and punched in bridge shops a thousand miles from tidewater, our new merchant shipbuilding industry took over in a day all the accumulated skill, experience and quantity production of the American bridge industry. And that is going to be one of the biggest factors in reducing costs of shipbuilding so that we can compete with cheaper labor in other countries.

This is peculiarly an American refinement in manufacturing. So far as I know no foreign country has anything like our bridge industry to draw upon, even though it adopts the principles of the fabricated ship. Quantity production on American lines involves extensive preparation in the way of special machinery, tools, dies, gauges. There must be not merely accuracy, but one American industry works with another to produce the apparatus for the finished product. There is, in fact, a wide mobilization of the characteristic American manufacturing genius in many lines, and as the characteristic manufacturing genius of England, France, Italy and other countries is different from our own, I venture to predict that we shall hold our place in the building of these fabricated ships, just as we have held our own in quantity production of automobiles, typewriters, adding machines and other Yankee notions.

Energy and Brains Unlimited

IN STUDYING our shipyards during the days of their decadence we used to hope that something might be done to start them on the up-grade once more, and by degrees place them on a footing with the shipbuilding industries of England and Germany. Under war pressure we have suddenly poured into the top of this industry the best manufacturing energy in the country, and absolutely without limit. Our hundred and fifty-odd shipyards working on the merchant marine, building both steel and wood steamers of sizes from three thousand to fifteen thousand tons, represent the diversion into shipbuilding of men and concerns successful in other lines. The steel men and bridge men, the machine builders, the contractors, the lumbermen and others have gone down to the coast, set up their shipyards and applied their own large-scale methods to this new task. They are in competition with one another to demonstrate the efficiency of their particular method or material. What such a pouring in of energy means has already been shown in the breaking of speed records. But that will be only a detail beside the new developments in shipbuilding which will put the industry on firm foundations.

We are not saying much about the cost of our ships to-day, because Uncle Sam's merchant fleet is being built for military purposes, and the first few hundred steel ships turned out by our big fabricating yards will represent wartime costs in labor, materials and transportation, plus the investment involved in setting up these vast ship-manufacturing plants. But when conditions again

become normal, and the shipyards are paid for, there is little doubt in my mind that we shall be able to pay American wages in the shipyards and steel mills, and still turn out fabricated ships at record-breaking prices per ton.

Why not? On the Great Lakes we have been building good ships, big ships, the most efficient ships in the world, at costs per ton that are the despair of foreign shipbuilders. The Hoover and Mason, a well-known ore carrier on the Great Lakes, was built for thirty dollars a dead-weight ton. A fair average price for building medium-size cargo steamers in England in normal times is forty to forty-five dollars a ton, and this type of seagoing ship cost sixty to seventy dollars a ton in American shipyards before the war. The British builders reached their lower costs not so much through lower wages as by specializing on certain types of ships in each shipyard.

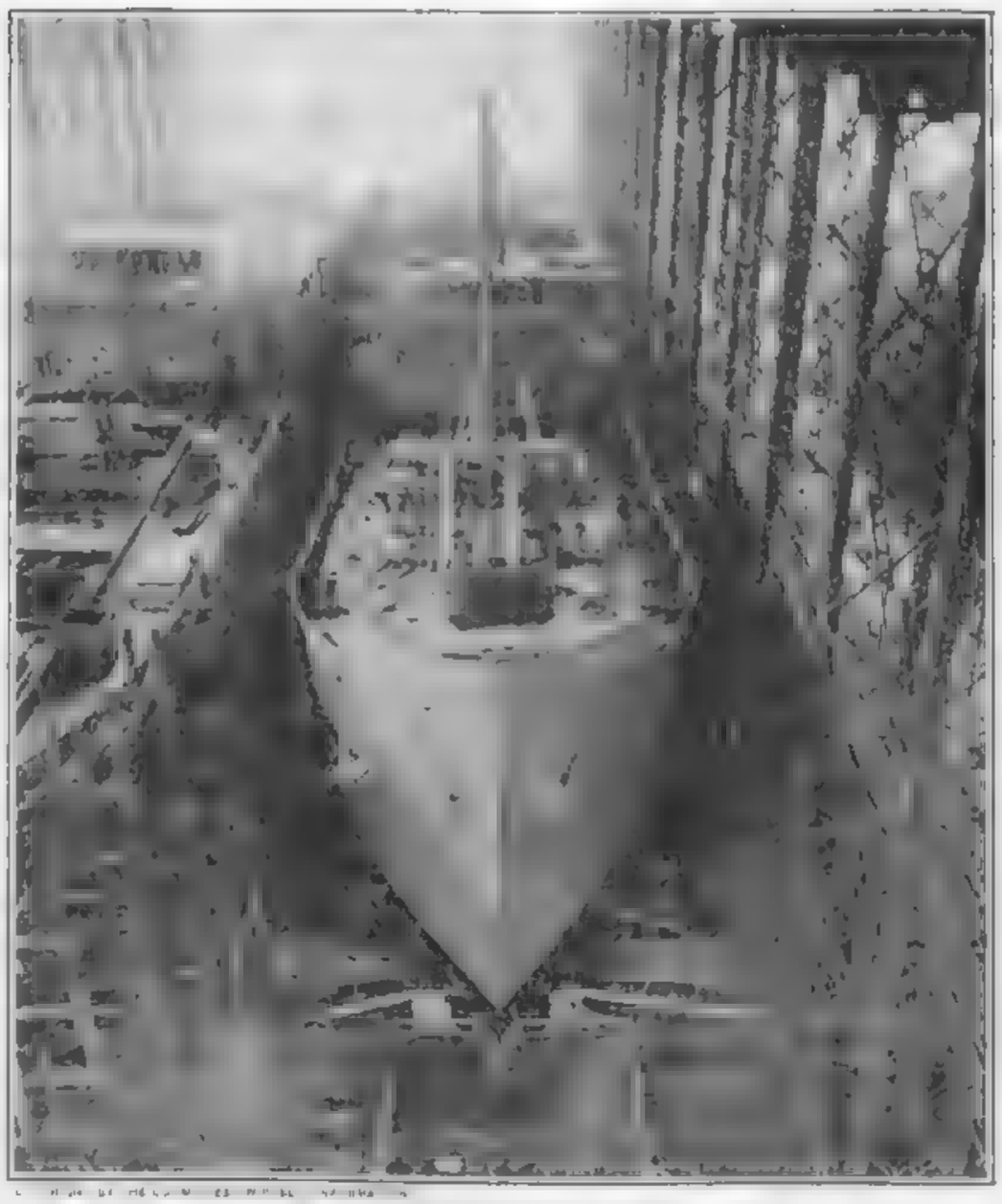
"What is the matter with us, anyway? Why can't we Americans build ships?" asked a steel man interested in a shipyard several years ago.

"Look in your own shipyard and see the answer," was the reply of an engineer. "On one way you are building a ferry boat, on another a tug, on another a yacht, on another an excursion steamer."

On the Lakes we were able to build ships in quantities because we had the traffic for numbers of them, and so the first standard ships in the world were developed there, and vessels like the White Star liner Oceanic have been built in Great Britain of steel plates rolled at South Chicago.

Now that we have the same basis of standardization and magnitude for our ocean-going ships there is good reason to believe that we can build them for forty dollars a dead-weight ton when times are again normal.

Every time Congress investigated merchant shipping during the past generation to learn why the American flag had practically disappeared from the oceans two main reasons were advanced: First, other nations built ships cheaper than ourselves; second, they operated ships more cheaply.



Almost Ready for Launching

Old Obstacles Swept Away

MANY proposals were made for overcoming these difficulties, such as mail subsidies, changes in our navigation laws, and so on. Now that an unforeseen emergency has suddenly put the whole power of American energy behind shipbuilding we see that it was largely lack of this energy and nation-wide interest in ships that held us back—kept us from getting really started on a shipping industry. Now that our business skill is being poured into the particular industry neither of the old difficulties counts. No other nation built ships so cheaply or so well as we in the days when we had a real shipping industry, and no other nation operated ships more economically than ourselves when we put our minds to it in the old days. What happened to our shipping, really, was that American youth found better opportunities on shore than existed at sea after the Civil War, and the great West then drew American energy and imagination.

So long as we endeavored to compete with other nations in the building of ships without applying our characteristic ways of handling things in large units we were bound to fail, for we were playing the shipbuilding game the other fellow's way. Now that we can play it our way, and apply American man power to the problems, there should be no problems.

Suppose we play shipbuilding as we have played iron mining and steel production. If you ask people why we are able to make steel cheap enough to sell to foreign shipbuilders in competition with their home supplies they repeat that old fallacy about America having great natural advantages in iron ore and other raw materials. This is untrue, because our ore deposits on the Great Lakes are eighty miles from vessels, then a thousand miles from Lake Erie unloading points, and one hundred and fifty miles again from Pittsburgh. Against that there is the haul from Spanish iron mines to England of seven hundred and fifty miles, all-water route, plus not more than twenty miles at each end from mine to ship and ship to smelter.

This Spanish route is in a mild climate, and can be traveled all the year round, while our Great Lakes are frozen four months in the year, and the ore must be moved in about two hundred and thirty days. Yet, whereas the ore ships from Spain to England make perhaps ten or twelve trips yearly, our ore carriers on the Great Lakes make an average of twenty-two trips a season. This achievement is entirely one of man power in the American sense—output, per man employed, raised to the highest degree by handling things in great quantities with modern American equipment. It is not a matter of natural advantages at all.

The average production of iron ore per employee of the United States Steel Corporation is about twenty-two hundred tons yearly, whereas the production of the so-called efficient German is only four hundred tons per man.

The Measure of Efficiency

WE SEE this same man power applied in agriculture. The American farmer is constantly being scolded because he does not raise so much food on an acre of ground as is produced by intensive methods in crowded Europe, where land has been scarcer than labor. But the moment you measure the American farmer by the amount of food raised per man working on the land he far outstrips every other farmer in the world. He does this, too, by labor-saving machinery.

So long as we tried to solve the shipbuilding problem by seeing how cheaply we could build a ton of shipping the foreigner always won. But now that we find ourselves in possession of a ship-manufacturing industry we shall see how many tons of shipping a man can build by the aid of American machinery. Playing the game our way, I believe we shall build so many tons per man that there will be no further trouble on the score of cost of ships. Our great fabricated-ship organizations round Philadelphia and New York, backed by the man power and energy of our steel industry, will take care of that.

When it came to the operation of ships we were handicapped in about the same manner—attempting to play the game in the other fellow's way. This problem was always discussed on a basis of cheap labor to sail ships. With abundant opportunities at home in developed industries, no American wanted to compete with foreign seamen on a basis of cheapness—and rightly. For in the days of our greatest shipping success no American ever played the game that way.

Seventy years ago the American ship was known in every port. More than that, it was known to be the smartest

(Continued on Page 38)

Measuring a Low-Pressure Cylinder and Valve-Chest Casting

Showing Use of Template in Marking Location of Rivet Holes on Plate for Steel Ship

A Marine Condenser Fitted With 4000 Small Bronze Tubes

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OH, THIS WAR!

By JOHN COLTON

ILLUSTRATION BY NED RYAN

EVERYONE is tempestuously stirred up over the matter of what the youngest Darrell girl has gone and done, except the Darrell girl herself, who says they may take it or leave it, she should manifest concern. Which is the Darrell girl's way of stating that the affair is no one's business but her own. She is a flippant chit, this Miss Darrell, quite ridiculously pretty, five feet nothing, with eyes on springs, exhaustless toes, a long line of talk perfectly unintelligible to her mother, a good saddle leg, ankles like steel, a faculty for making innumerable engagements and appearing to keep them all, a fund of energy debilitating to contemplate, and the reputation among her friends of being able to get away with murder. "Take it or leave it!" Miss Darrell tells the world. "Take it or leave it!"

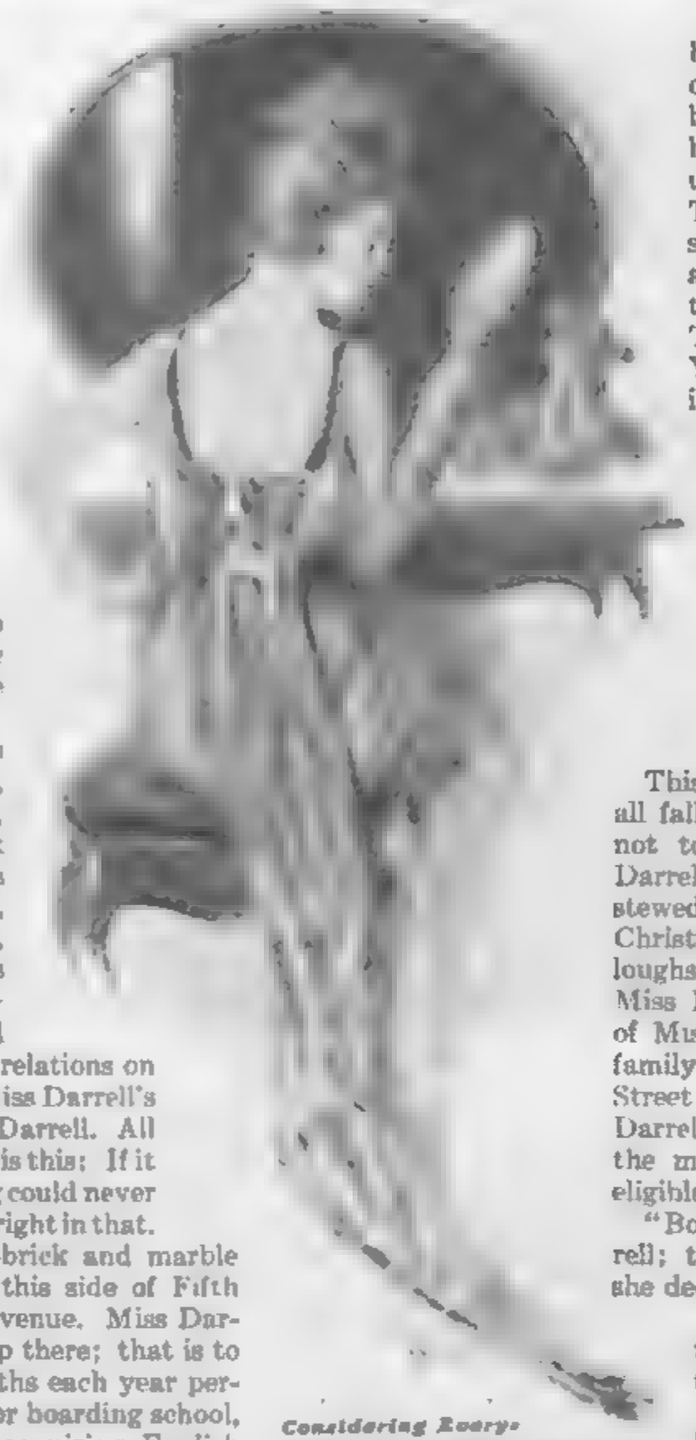
In the matter of what Miss Darrell has gone and done, Miss Darrell's father, Schuyler Remsen Peter Darrell III, blames the leveling and Bolshevik tendencies of the hour; Miss Darrell's mamma blames the Red Cross woman, who to be sure was primarily responsible, as we shall see; Miss Darrell's brothers and sisters blame Miss Darrell herself — it is just what they would have expected of Fredericka, they say; Miss Darrell's relations on her mamma's side blame Mr. Darrell; Miss Darrell's relations on her papa's side blame Mrs. Darrell. All are agreed on one fact, however, and that is this: If it had not been for this wicked war the thing could never have happened. Nor could it. They are right in that.

The Darrells live in that large red-brick and marble house on Sixty-second Street, a little this side of Fifth Avenue, a little that side of Madison Avenue. Miss Darrell, her brothers and her sisters grew up there; that is to say they lived there three or four months each year perhaps, when they were not at Newport, or boarding school, or France, or Tuxedo, or college, or acquiring English accents somewhere or other. Miss Darrell and her sisters were educated at Miss Spence's; Miss Darrell's brothers at Groton and Harvard. Julia and Rosamund came out and got married; Paul and Harold finished college, grand-toured for a year and went down to Wall Street. Fredericka, who concerns us, and who was nineteen last month, made a dazzling début in December, 1916, and had an amazingly plethoric time of it until the April of that year of surge and climax, 1917.

Then, as we know, everything went bump, and the United States got into the war. It was fortunate, according to Mrs. Darrell, that the nation delayed hostilities until Fredericka's first season was so nearly spent. As it was, considering everything, things had not really gone so badly. Save between the hours of four A. M. and eleven A. M., when presumably she did a little sleeping, Miss Darrell had not been inside her home for five months except to change her clothes. She had had in all ten proposals. Separating the sheep from the goats it had resolved down to three of the most eligible eligibles in town, young men whom wary mothers had been setting snares for these several seasons, being excessively desirous of marrying her. Yes, Mrs. Darrell told herself in justifiable pride of her offspring, for such a time of stress, upheaval and uncertainty, things had not gone badly at all.

Miss Darrell's three eligibles went to Plattsburg in June. Before they left they importuned Miss Darrell for her heart and hand for the dozenth time at least, but she gave them no definite answers. She loved them all, she said. Miss Darrell's two brothers went to Plattsburg; so did the husbands of Julia and Rose. The war was becoming a dreadful thing, decided Mrs. Darrell, but one must make one's sacrifices. She began to feel like those bereaved British ladies of title whose pictures one saw in the weeklies, noble, sad-eyed, consecrated to the making of munitions.

During the months of July and August Miss Darrell, enjoying herself variously in Newport, was besieged with letters from the training camp, but she named no man; she loved them all, she said. Visions of a war wedding, with ushers clanking swords, and a cake cut with a saber, faded from Mrs. Darrell's retinas. She had her little visions, Mrs. Darrell had; her little dreams, as it were. Her maternalism found its apex and fulfillment in that her daughters should be the season's first brides. Julia and Rosamund had been, each in turn. It was little indeed to ask of life.



Considering Everything, Things Had Not Really Gone So Badly. Miss Darrell Had Had in All Ten Proposals

But in September, though brides without number had come and gone and everybody was marrying everybody else, things were still unsettled with Fredericka. The eligibles, all commissioned—one in the Q. M., another in the Ordnance, the third in the Supply Troop—were ordered to Yaphank, Fredericka loving them all. They came up week-ends sometimes, and blinked on the Darrell hearth; and Miss Darrell was nice to each in turn. She admired their uniforms, too; but not so much as she did the English and French cuts one saw round the Plaza and the Ritz.

This condition of affairs lasted all fall, Miss Darrell casual and not to be pinned down, Mrs. Darrell quivery, the eligibles all stewed up. With the arrival of Christmas the eligibles got furloughs—likewise the brothers of Miss Darrell and the husbands of Miss Darrell's sisters—and a family party in Sixty-second Street was in order, to which Miss Darrell's mamma bade her bid the most favored of the three eligibles.

"Bother!" thought Miss Darrell; then "I'll ask 'em all!" she decided with a giggle.

Which same she did, in three neat little notes to the Union Club.

Miss Darrell was very busy Christmas Day with a succession of cavaliers. She rose betimes to gallop like mad in the bridle paths with an engaging Russian dragoon, after which she skated furiously with an equally pleasant French captain, after which she lunched long and satisfactorily with a jovial Englishman at the Ritz, after which she visited two war-relief bazaars and sold dolls at a third, after which she adjourned to the Plaza Grill and danced exhaustlessly until it was time to storm into the house to dress for dinner.

Her mother received her breathlessly; her father coldly.

"Where in the world have you been all day, and why didn't you tell me you had asked all three?" demanded Mrs. Darrell in a mouthful. "That makes thirteen at the table, which you know always scares your father to death. . . . And what I would have done I don't know . . . if that Red Cross woman had not telephoned just then . . . would I take a soldier or a sailor or something for dinner? . . . everyone's taking them this year, it seems . . . and I said I would, and there he is!"

"What the others will think when they see him I cannot imagine," remarked Mr. Darrell gloomily.

"Who is he, and where have you put him?" asked Fredericka crisply.

Her mother pointed, without speech.

"Right-o!" said Fredericka, and pushed back the curtains of the little room, wherein, camouflaged by the Darrells' père and mère, was First Class Machinist's Mate Bill Scudder, U. S. S. Texas.

The day had been full of surprises for this young gentleman. Wartime New York was a darb, he told the world. He had that morning arrived in the city, having been in North Sea waters chasing submarines, and the place was so changed that, by the holy hatches, he'd never have known it, born and bred to Amsterdam Avenue though he was. Particularly was he hit 'midships by the revolutionized attitude toward a uniform. In the old days when one joined the Navy and saw the world one scuttled up back streets, when ship ported, in chagrin for the blue jacket on one's back.

There were the ladies who refused to walk out with one until one changed—a certain Mame O'Conner was recalled especially—the little boys who shouted "Gob!" and stylish cabarets, such as Clouty's, which refused to serve a sailor.

As Scudder dwelt upon the to him extraordinary events of the day just passed, contrasting them with those of other days, he came to the belated conclusion, with a chuckle, that it sure was some war! A bird in an astrakhan overcoat, who regretted that an astigmatic eye kept him out of every branch of the service, had toted him round town in a classy runabout and blown him to lunch. He had gone to a matinée on a pass. Later at the League for Our Dear Boys he had danced with a number of New York's fairest blossoms—young women who had their maids and motors waiting, and whose gargling speech Seaman Scudder knew intuitively spelled high society. At the Red Cross he had been inundated with knitted impedimenta, the like of which he had never encountered in the days when the Navy was nevertheless the Navy and a gob was nevertheless a gob, and it was just as cold.

There, too, a kindly old lady on discovering that he had no relations friendly, save a sister, Lulu, in the Bronx, whose address he had mislaid, had sent him hither for Christmas dinner—and, though it was all rather bewildering, here he was safely by the old party with side whiskers at the door—that had been rather a bad moment—sitting in the softest chair in which he had ever sat, in the prettiest room he had ever seen—and now without warning there stood before him the prettiest girl he had ever laid eyes on—well, if not so pretty, strictly speaking, as that Mame O'Conner, certainly classier than she.

Some classy skirt, in short, was Seaman Scudder's mental tabulation of Miss Fredericka Darrell, when he first beheld her.

"Hello—you!" said the skirt, smiling a friendly smile and holding out her hand.

Scudder seized it, scrambling to his feet.

"Ouch!" said the lady.

"Did I hurt you?" gasped the First Class Machinist's Mate in a panic.

"Never mind," said she. "I'm soft. I need hardening!"

Scudder showed his nice teeth in a deprecatory smile. He was a trifle off his bearings, but after one long level and exhaustive look at Miss Darrell he deduced that she was all right. Meanwhile she took him in; her look was as long, level and exhaustive as his had been. Very young, clean, fearful-of-no-man, straight-nosed and lean-flanked was young Scudder, giving her back look for look.

"My word!" exclaimed Miss Darrell. "But you are innumerably tall!"

"Sure!" responded Scudder.

"And broad!" continued the amazing skirt.

He nodded.

"Well," said she after a pause, "there are three little officers in the next room. If they sniff at you spank them, and I will testify at the court-martial that I told you to. Meanwhile excuse me while I dress!"

She dressed meditatively and was only forty minutes late for dinner.

"Where did you come from?" Miss Darrell asked of Mr. Scudder halfway through that festivity; she sat next him and helped him with the forks. "Incidentally eat asparagus with your fingers—I know it's messy but it's done!"

"One prong less!" murmured Scudder gratefully. "What was that you said—where do I come from?" His eyes twinkled. "This very street, it happens." He snickered at the jest. "Amsterdam Avenue," he qualified.

Miss Darrell burst out laughing. Then she began to chant rather queerly:

East is east and west is west, but never the twain did meet,
Until the Kaiser came along and bumped them off their feet!

She was looking at Eligible Number One.

"You certainly do gobble! There is no doubt about it, you do! Also you have a perpetual cold. And your teeth are not very good. Though you slick you hair cleverly you will soon be a little bald," she mused irrationally.

Her eye traveled toward Number Two.

"You are doing your bit in the Q. M., I grant you that; but you are rather unnecessarily serious about it. And you're pretty damn safe, you know it! Anyway you insist on telling jokes I have known all my life, and your hair sticks up in back, and those beetle things you affect don't help your eyes, and you cackle when you laugh!" she mused dispassionately.

Her eye rested without compassion on Number Three.

"There hasn't been an idea in your family since your grandfather died," she muttered. "Besides, you bulge! Oh, you poor boob! He won't ——"

She met the eye of Seaman Scudder.

"You won't have a double chin for twenty years, will you?" she remarked irrelevantly.

After which she sighed and began to squash up perfectly good bread into pellets—as though the Belgians were not starving, as though Mr. Hoover had never existed, as

(Concluded on Page 57)

VENUS IN THE EAST

XII

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BUDDY McNAIR was the object of several newspaper interviews next morning early, and on his way to Tanquay's had the satisfaction of learning from the first afternoon edition that Mrs. Dyvenot's pearl necklace had been restored by a wealthy oil operator named McNamara.

Jass, who had stood at the door of his bedroom and helped him on with his overcoat, had smiled and told him that he was doing very nicely, sir. There was no doubt in the world that Buddy was an apt, nay more, a precocious student. Without any suggestion from his tutor he had picked out a dark-blue lounge suit and a quiet tie to match his shirt. And the idea of being a little late for luncheon was his entirely.

He arrived at Tanquay's a few minutes behind schedule time. But this was a game at which Mrs. Dyvenot beat him without conscious effort.

During minutes that were hours he loafed in one and another of the gilt chairs that bestrewed Tanquay's reception room. The wait drove him to humiliation and despair. It was evident that she was not coming. She had thought over her rash promise, and her feet had cooled upon the threshold of adventure.

Eying each item of the happy throng passing into the dining room—giving to each the stare of morbid melancholy peculiar to him who waits with heart and stomach unsatisfied—he was diverted by the sight of Miss Doris Blint and the beautiful Mr. Hurler. Surpassing modish, both, they came in together and stared round the reception room. Eventually the Blintish eyes, under the carefully barbered brows, wandered his way and rested upon him.

He wasn't at all certain that she intended to speak to him; but he shuffled to his feet on the chance and grinned encouragingly. Whereupon she inclined her artfully decorated head exactly two degrees, and turning to Mr. Hurler indicated a settee in a far corner.

It was apparent that Miss Doris Blint wished no more of Mr. McNair.

But at that moment all other emotions were obliterated in one crushing surge of triumph. Mrs. Dyvenot came in. She had already come through the revolving door before he saw her; and in a friendly spirit she was chatting with the coat boy into whose happy arms her coat had fallen. Buddy McNair trembled to his feet; and he had a feeling that she approached with a hidden smile, just as you feel spring under banks of mountain snow. She wore the same fastidiously simple frock and white collar he had seen upon her in yesterday's enchanted hour. Her inscrutable eyes looked at him from under a wide hat.

"Please don't scold me!" she pleaded, giving him her hand. "I thought that dreadful charity board would never finish."

"You aren't much later than I was," he declared, not to be outdone.

By the hot spot upon the small of his back he guessed where the eyes of Miss Blint and Mr. Hurler were focused like burning glasses.

"It's just given you time to order a table!" she declared. "And of course you haven't."

"Here I've been sitting like an owl on a snake hole!" he confessed, enraptured at her scolding.

"I can always bully Pierre," she smiled as they advanced upon the wide doors of Tanquay's dining room. A little blue-jowled captain of waiters came dancing forward ere her lovely feet had touched the threshold.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dyvenot!" he writhed his pantomime of unworthiness.

"Good morning, Adrien. Don't tell me poor Pierre is ill again."

"Ah, by no means. One moment, Mrs. Dyvenot, if you please, madame."

It seemed to Buddy that every fork in that great flower-strewn space had stopped, poised in entrancement 'twixt plate and lip at her divine appearance. Somewhere harps were twanging and a violin was wailing those complicated indefinite melodies which her presence compelled him to understand. A tall, sallow head waiter with the intelligent brown eyes of a hunting dog came forward with flat-footed dignity. The famous Pierre never permitted himself to hurry, even for Mrs. Dyvenot.

"*Bonjour, madame!*" He addressed her with distinguished courtesy. Followed a series of competitive spoutings in French. Pierre used his hands, Mrs. Dyvenot her shoulders. It was evident that she was scolding him vigorously, for Pierre was distraught, desolated, undone. His hand swept the dining room; he smiled encouragement. Mrs. Dyvenot made nasal sounds of disgust with the restaurant business. She must have scored heavily now and then, for the great head waiter's dark eyes would twinkle and his lips curl to a respectful grin.

"Pierre has evidently lost his sense of proportion," she railed, pouting prettily over at the offender. "Merely because the good tables are all taken he insists on seating us right under the orchestra with one ear in the trombone."

"*Non, non, madame!* Monsieur, it is a small, quiet orchestra. *Mais certainement*, there is no trombone!"

"Oh, well, it's only across the street to Florio's," threatened Mrs. Dyvenot, naming Tanquay's only rival.

"We shall arrange something soon," promised Pierre.

"It's nearly tea time now."

"One moment, madame!"

A Loud-Voiced Herald Shouted Buddy's Name at the Top of the Stairs, Where Stood Mrs. Van Laerens Wearing a Thousand-Dollar Gown in a Way to Conceal Its Value

There was a gleam of hope in the faithful brown eyes as Pierre looked over Buddy's shoulder and smiled. He skidded round to the spot indicated, and when Buddy turned he beheld Tanquay's ambassador in earnest conversation with Miss Doris Blint and Mr. Hurler. Every few moments the enameled Doris would cast a humble but enraptured glance in the direction of Mrs. Dyvenot, who at once became a pinnacle of ice.

"The lady and gentleman have suggested, madame, that you accept the table which they have reserved," proclaimed Pierre, returning with a triumphant smile.

"What do they intend to do for a table?" asked she, never turning toward the philanthropists.

"They have changed their minds, madame. They are going over to Florio's. And they have sent the message that if it is any favor to Mrs. Dyvenot ——"

"I see." Her smile all but broke through this time. "It is very kind of them, I am sure." Miss Blint's bow was now forty-five degrees off perpendicular as the famous beauty faintly acknowledged the debt.

"Very much obliged, Miss Blint!" sang out Buddy, truly grateful.

"Not in the least, Mr. McNair. I'm awfully ——"

Just how awfully she was Buddy never knew, because Mrs. Dyvenot, led by Pierre, was already halfway across the dining room and Buddy was forced to gigantic strides to keep in touch with her advance.

It was a table for four which Miss Blint had so unselfishly resigned, and Buddy was given a chair around the corner with his inamorata, who was now seated and ordering cocktails.

"Have them in right away, Pierre; I'm almost famished. And please don't drown them in vermuth."

"Yes, madame."

Across her menu card she looked over at Buddy and showed the gentlest face he had ever seen. Her eyes, which had opened momentarily like curious flowers, revealed clear hazel lights. And she actually smiled. It came faintly upon her small mouth with its full under lip and that graceful unnamed groove below the nostrils. There was something wisely infantile about the smile; the smile of a changeling who had been smuggled into the nursery by burglarious gnomes. "That sort of people," said Mrs. Dyvenot, glancing toward the door, "is always forcing its favors on one. However, it got us a splendid table."

"I guess Miss Blint was horning in a little bit," agreed Buddy, nevertheless remembering how he had forced his favors on one.

"Oh, you know her?"

The eyebrows went up a hair's breadth.

"I know her father, and I've met her," confessed Buddy.

"Western people, I suppose?"

"Far West. They live on Riverside Drive."

"How amusing."

The snow had covered all her smiles.

"Her father's Pontius Blint, a partner of Bonyear & Cole," explained Buddy, not without a touch of pride. "He's one of the New York managers of my Supercyanide Process."

"She looked a trifle—chemical."

Thus she sucked the winds away from his golden sails.

A waiter put cocktails beside their plates and she was sipping daintily as Pierre himself stood attention by her chair.

"You don't mind my ordering?" she besought him very gently.

"I wish you would. It's the worst thing I do."

Again she directed at Pierre her torrent of French. At intervals the Frenchman gesticulated with his hands, shoulders and face, describing many

curious dishes. Pierre had no sooner gone with his little pad and Buddy had no sooner opened his mouth to speak than Mrs. Dyvenot, glancing away, made a little joyful sound of surprise as a tall, middle-aged man in a homespun suit leaned over the table and wrinkled his parchmentlike cheeks in a smile of recognition. He had hair the color of tow which had been dyed with weak tea, and his straggly mustache of the same color overhung a shapeless mouth with long irregular teeth. Buddy didn't know whether to get up or remain seated.

He decided to keep to his chair just as the tall one took Mrs. Dyvenot's outstretched hand and sang out, "Hello, Sally! You have an amazing way of showing up."

"Plummie, my dear! That's like your unbearable egotism. Other people show up and you stay put, according to your story. Last I heard of you, you had been arrested for vagrancy in Aiken."

"I wish I had. I should have kept warm. Have you seen Gertie? She's over by the orchestra growling louder than the Götterdammerung. Pierre seems to have gone mad."

"The scoundrel tried to give us that table. Have you met Mr. McNair?"

Buddy, who had sat neglected during this conversation, scrambled to his feet and was pleased.

"Mr. Van Laerens," Mrs. Dyvenot explained.

Van Laerens took Buddy's hand, squeezed it once and dropped it as though it had been a poisonous insect, crushed before it could sting.

"Have you poor dears had your lunch in all that babel?" the lovely Sally was asking.

"We've just been drinking it," confessed Van Laerens. "Gertie's swearing at the bass fiddle and threatening to go to Florio's."

"Why don't you come over with us? I know we'd love it."

She gave a sidelong glance at Buddy, who was apparently expected to say something.

"Why don't you?" he coaxed mechanically.

"Now that's ever so kind of you!" The long ugly face with its jagged teeth and scraggly mustache positively softened at the suggestion, but he added by way of qualification: "We're a rotten nuisance."

"Of course you are!" cried Mrs. Dyvenot. "It's always a nuisance pulling people out of the water into life rafts."

"You're famous for that, Sally."

"Run along. If it wasn't for your poor wife I'd leave you where you are, leading the orchestra."

Buddy was now definitely disappointed. Of course the name Van Laerens was fashionable enough to have penetrated as far into the interior as Axe Creek. But Mrs. Dyvenot was all the glory he wanted for that day; and as he resumed his chair her look revealed that she had sensed the cause of his silence.

"You've got to know Gertie Van Laerens sooner or later," she explained with that look of heavenly confidence. "You'll not regret it. She's the most amusing old thing."

His spirit drew another long breath and took the Pleiades at a jump. Apparently Mrs. Dyvenot was already sketching out a social program for him!

Van Laerens shambled back, convoying a middle-aged lady, whose long face and flashing black eyes gave her the appearance of a somewhat skittish and mischievous cab horse. Buddy upset his chair in the act of rising.

"Sally, you dear!" she greeted Buddy's generous guest. "If you hadn't come to the rescue I should have rushed out of the place screaming at the top of my voice."

"Tanquay's is becoming a perfect zoo," Mrs. Dyvenot sympathized as soon as the others were seated.

"About as exclusive as a Fifth Avenue bus. Anybody with a dime can get in; and everybody does."

"Have you ordered?"

"Pierre is sending it over—unless he forgets it. I think the poor old thing is delirious at times."

"Speaking of delirium," Mrs. Dyvenot made this diversion, "is it true about Muzzy Stone?"

"Every word; and I haven't heard what you've heard. He played with the Avengers at Aiken—trained on his own private stock of Scotch. Tom Wheedel was carried off the field in the first period. Polo becomes a dangerous sport when Muzzy plays it. Of course he had to get somebody with a mallet."

"Was Tom badly hurt?"

"Not so very. Fortunately Muzzy hit him in the head." Van Laerens contributed this.

"Are You Sure You Didn't Steal Her Necklace and Give It Back Just to Make Her Acquaintance?"

"That was fortunate! If it had been Tom's highly sensitive tum-tum—that would have been something to put in the papers."

Thus Buddy found himself a duck among swans; floating in the very shadow of their wings, pecking the same food, struggling to understand their song. When the dishes of their various luncheons came on Mrs. Van Laerens set up a brisk wrangling with the waiter over the condition of her potatoes. This brought Pierre hovering round once more; he came just in time to be informed that nobody ever ate at Tanquay's any more. Which was surprising to Buddy because he had been forced to hunch his chair close to the table to avoid the fat lady overflowing the chair behind him.

"Gertie's always mumbling over her food," grinned the jagged Van Laerens. "It gives her dyspepsia and turns our little home into a hell."

"He shuts his eyes like an anaconda and swallows things whole," snapped his wife.

Van Laerens seemed much amused by the idea of the anaconda with the self-closing eyes.

"Gertie has discovered a new species of snake, refuting all previous theories of zoology. It has drooping lids with long lashes, and lives on snails which it gathers along the River of Doubt."

"Let her alone, Plummie!" commanded Mrs. Dyvenot.

"Eat something, Gertie," suggested her husband. "You've no idea how it calms her."

"How is the sole, Mrs. Van Laerens?" asked Pierre, leaning over her as soon as she had tackled the food.

"A mess," she replied smoothly. "I like Tanquay's impertinence—calling this sole Marguery."

"Pierre, bring us all whisky-and-sodas," suggested Van Laerens by way of a truce.

"My word!" Mrs. Dyvenot's unfathomable eyes were staring across space.

"And mine also!" exclaimed Van Laerens, following her gaze.

Middleton Knox, winding his way through the crush, was coming toward their table. The same Jascomb look that Buddy had seen on that weasel's face on the night of the opera was there twofold to-day. To Mrs. Dyvenot and the Van Laerens his mien proclaimed him the worshipful doormat; and it was not until his eyes had rested upon Buddy McNair that he betrayed a certain difficulty in gauging his servility. When Van Laerens had come to his feet and Buddy, all against his will, had followed his example Knox had apparently made up his mind about the interloper.

"Ah, McNair, how do you do?"

His handshake lingered as he went jauntily on: "Whom should I congratulate—the finder or the findee? It's all in the evening papers—half the time your name is spelled right; and by putting the accounts together I am forced to conclude that you own all the cattle, sheep, kerosene, rawhide and timber between the Gila River and the Yukon. At any rate, you're lucky—luckier than Mrs. Dyvenot, I should say."

All eyes were now on the blushing Buddy, the Van Laerens obviously not sure whether or not Mr. Knox was announcing an engagement.

"Mr. McNair found my pearls, you know," Mrs. Dyvenot explained quietly.

"I didn't know you'd lost them," confessed Van Laerens, and his wife looked equally dazed.

"You poor ignorant things never read the papers," taunted the beautiful owner of the necklace.

"Sit down, Middie—if that's what you're going to do," invited Van Laerens.

Knox motioned a waiter, who slid a chair up to the corner between Buddy and Mrs. Dyvenot. Quite bland as to the discomfort he might be causing he began at once to look over the menu card.

"So you found Sally's pearls!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Laerens, turning her horselike face toward Buddy.

"It didn't amount to anything," he assured her.

"I don't agree with you," she insisted in her positive way. "I hope you charged her a whacking reward."

"He was too chivalrous to take a cent," announced Mrs. Dyvenot, in a voice that appreciably raised Buddy's temperature.

"He's a Westerner," chimed Knox from behind his card.

"Are you starting stinging so soon?" asked Mrs. Dyvenot, turning upon the weasel-faced cynic.

"Come now—you don't think me so venomous," he urged quite unmoved.

"No, Middie—not when you're properly crushed. I think you would look sweet if your skin were prettily tanned and draped round a hat the way cowboys wear cobra skins in the Far West. They do, don't they, Mr. McNair?"

"Search me!" said Buddy. "I come from a mining district." What was the use of explaining that cobras didn't grow in Colorado?

"How fascinating!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Laerens, who, just as her husband had predicted, had been calmed by her lunch. "And just where is that?"

"Axe Creek, Colorado; altitude nine thousand two hundred and twenty-six feet."

"In terms of aviation," came in Knox, who was ordering copiously.

"It must be dreadfully stimulating," suggested Mrs. Van Laerens. "It's no wonder there's so much shooting and romantic crime. I suppose they have to do something, poor things. Tell me, were you ever wounded?"

"Once," confessed Buddy.

"I thrill! Tell me more at once! Was it a bullet aimed by a masked bandit?"

"No. It was a brick."

"How sordid."

"Wasn't it? You see they were building a new cyanide mill, and a Portuguese laborer spilled a wheelbarrow load of 'em off a ninety-foot wall. A swamper at the foot of the dump got most of 'em, and never swore again. I got what was left in the shoulder blade."

"Off a ninety-foot wall at an altitude of nine thousand two hundred and twenty-six feet—I have a poor head for figures," drawled Middleton Knox.

"And my temperature went up to a hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit," responded Buddy with a splendid calm.

He at once became the center of interrogation.

"And that was the altitude too?" asked Mrs. Van Laerens with the air of one who is quizzing a captive cannibal.

"Not entirely. You see it was like this: Axe Creek has only one general hospital, and during the dull season they run it with one doctor and a nurse. Her name is Sarah

Jepp—she has a good heart and one glass eye—and when things are slow round the hospital she does odd jobs for her brother, Hadrian Jepp, who is in the undertaking and embalming business. Being a nice girl, full of family affection, it is quite natural that Sarah should have her mind on helping Brother Hadrian's business. But I must admit that it gives her a peculiar bedside manner.

"Well, they took me to the hospital, and Sarah tucked me in. I could see from the first minute that Sarah thought I wasn't doing the right thing by Brother Hadrian. I went on improving right along, and every morning when I woke up stronger Sarah Jepp got gloomier and gloomier. She kept worrying because I didn't have any temperature; and every time I'd open my mouth to swear she'd jab a thermometer between my teeth and leave me while she ran round to Brother Hadrian's shop with a box of silver polish."

Buddy glanced up to catch the effect on his audience. Knox had stopped eating. Both the Van Laerens were leaning forward, taking in his every word. Only Mrs. Dyvenot permitted her glance to stray across the room.

"Come, come!" urged Van Laerens; "don't leave that thermometer there forever, you know!"

"Well, on the fourth day, about noon, she gave me the regular thermometer and disappeared toward Brother Hadrian's embalming parlor. While I was lying there, wondering whether I hadn't better swallow the darned thing and have it over with, in comes Mike, the orderly, with my lunch. It was a regular hospital lunch—cup of cambric tea, rib chop of a humming bird, and a baked potato. I was trying to figure out just how I could absorb the lunch without absorbing the thermometer when I got one of those hunches. Simple enough when I thought of it. I just pulled the thermometer out of my face and jabbed it into the potato. Pretty soon I heard Sarah Jepp coming back, so I got the thermometer under my tongue again as soon as she had opened the door and had come skating toward me with a pill on a tin spoon. First thing she did was to pull out the glass tube, shake it like a sore finger and hold it up to the light, squinting with her one good eye. 'A hundred and seventy!' she screams. 'Let me have your pulse!' I gave it to her, but she wasn't satisfied. 'You haven't got any!' she hollers, and calls in the whole surgical staff. I guess they'd have been holding an autopsy on me yet if I hadn't got tired of it and walked home."

"You've mentioned everything but your walking costume," drawled Middleton Knox.

"I used to get mine ready-made in those days," replied Buddy, imitating his drawl. "Claymore & Co. Ever tried them?"

Knox swallowed a very large mouthful and was silenced for a time. Van Laerens tittered.

"I should think it would pay a motion-picture director to follow you round," Knox at last gained force to say. "Something smeared with rich red blood. There's millions in it. The Wild Man of the Mountain."

"Why don't you try for yourself, Middie?" asked Mrs. Dyvenot ever so sweetly. "Anything with a million in it is supposed to interest you."

"The Wild Man of the Mountain?" asked Knox in that abashed tone he always used for her.

"The Tame Man of the Flat, I should say."

"Consider yourself rolled out," grinned Van Laerens, and winked his watery eye toward Buddy McNair.

Buddy paid the check when the time came. Van Laerens protested that it was an outrage, but made no move toward his money pocket. As for Middleton Knox, he, at the moment the waiter was seen approaching with a slip of paper, excused himself momentarily to pay his respects - nothing more expensive—to some agreeable Mrs. Jack Horner in some far corner of the dining room.

Buddy hadn't the least intention of disputing the red-inked figures he saw on the waiter's slip; and though the luncheon had been brought upon him unawares and had cost him more than a month's board at the Axe Creek House he put it down as a part of his initiation fee to the circle into which Mrs. Dyvenot had introduced him.

The Van Laerens, who were going to a Rigoletto matinée, excused themselves.

"Perhaps there's still an act," she explained in her off-hand way. "And I say, Sally—you're coming to us to-night, aren't you?"

"Why shouldn't I—unless you've some abominable surprise you're keeping."

"Oh, no."

Suddenly she turned her large, square-toothed smile upon Buddy.

"And what are you doing to-night?" she fired point-blank in that New York accent, which was thus far to Buddy a terrific jumble of vowels.

What should he be doing?

"Nothing particular," he artlessly replied.

"Then why don't you come to us?"

Apparently he was being invited to something, therefore he spluttered his grateful acceptance.

"Awfully glad—usual hour—quarter-past eight. See you both then," said she, thrusting forth a large ringed hand.

And the two awkward pillars of the social register got themselves away, leaving Buddy to his enchantress.

"Do you know what we might do with our afternoon?" she asked.

With their afternoon! It was impossible for him to speak his gratitude.

"They're going to a Rigoletto matinée. I've heard it only once this season. Suppose you telephone and see if McSwain's Bureau hasn't got somebody's parterre box on sale. They sometimes have one at the last minute. You might inquire in my name."

Buddy's flying feet took him to the telephone booth, where after preliminaries a smooth voice assured him that a parterre box was vacant and would be held for Mrs. Dyvenot.

His taxi ride with her was a roseate jumble of which he subsequently remembered little, save that in the midst of a miraculous acquaintance she had a way of standing off from him in a world he knew nothing about. He didn't tell her very much about himself, though she was surely sympathetic. But her mind was no easy market of exchange. The frank and boyish Buddy, who all too eagerly would have unrolled his life at her feet, much as an Arabian dealer shows a carpet, found himself ever playing with new reserves. He never seemed to be saying what he wanted to say. He was always afraid that she would not approve or that he wouldn't phrase it well. It kept him in a state of uncomfortable eagerness; and where he was eager she was cool.

They got the tickets at McSwain's Bureau on the way to the Metropolitan, and the price would have paid for another Tanquay luncheon.

"I'm so glad we could get one!" she exclaimed as they were mounting the stairs toward the parterre. "It's so much easier to talk when you're in a box."

(Continued on Page 49)

With His Every Struggle to Get Forward She Was Pulling Him Back. "Don't You Think You'd Better Get Rid of That Glass?" She Asked Uncompromisingly

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Taxes and Bonds

THE popular theory that financing the war by taxation means the avoidance of inflation, while financing it by bonds involves inflation, needs a good deal of qualifying. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the ratio between taxes and bonds has necessarily any bearing on the question of inflation.

A big packing company borrows sixty millions. A big steel company borrows fifty millions. Government is lending million after million to concerns with war contracts. Nearly all the corporations that paid taxes the last fiscal year are borrowing, for increased borrowing is a fixed condition of increased business. If they had paid less taxes they would have borrowed less. When a corporation pays taxes out of borrowed money the result, as regards the sum of outstanding credits, is the same as though it had bought an amount of bonds equal to its tax bill. An opulent citizen recently confessed that he borrowed a million dollars to pay his taxes. As to the greater part of the two billion eight hundred millions of income and excess-profits taxes collected last year, it is doubtful whether it has any important influence on the subject of inflation.

We may pay eight billions of taxes and still have inflation of credit. Nothing can solve that problem except individual determination to spend prudently. The Government cannot devise any scheme of luxury taxes that will prevent all extravagance. Everything the Government can do through its taxing power must still leave the question in its original state of a question for you individually.

The Revolutionary Ideal

ONE plank in the recent platform of the Socialist Party of New York State demands a six-hour workday. Apparently it was adopted on the theory that the Republican and Democratic Parties would indorse an eight-hour day, and the Socialist must go them one better.

Formerly, as every energetic American boy was supposed to cherish an ambition to be President, so making a fortune and retiring to a country estate, like the nobility, was supposed to be the ideal of every ambitious English boy. That idea of getting rich and then loafing for the remainder of life was no doubt adopted extensively here too. But we do not think it prevails very extensively now among energetic business men. Few of them, we opine, would find anything attractive in the idea of spending the latter years of their lives in stupid imitation of a noble loafer.

It is rather odd, when the leisure class has lost or is losing its attractiveness for people who are in the way of achieving it, that idealistic revolution should be making leisure its goal. To convert the whole population as nearly as possible into a leisure class appears to be a socialistic aim. Revolutionary Russia took liberty and loafing as practically synonymous. Idealistic revolution bitterly denounces aristocracy and bourgeoisie, but what it really wants apparently is only a chance to indulge in their weaknesses.

A Side Light

NO DOUBT you remember that the Federal Trade Commission's report on profiteering included copper producers. It said they were making very large earnings, running up to one hundred and seven per cent on the capital investment, the average for twenty-one companies being twenty-four and four-tenths per cent. Probably the impression you derived from that sensational report was that copper producers were profiteering unconscionably; for the report created an impression that unconscionable profiteering was extensively practiced.

But very likely you do not remember or did not notice that within a week after that report was issued the War Industries Board raised the price of copper from twenty-three and a half cents a pound to twenty-six cents a pound—or about ten per cent—and President Wilson duly approved this increase.

The War Industries Board and the President took this action for reasons that they believed to be sound and compelling, and with the single motive of making the copper industry of the country as serviceable as possible to the country's war needs.

But when one branch of the Government makes a report that the casual reader naturally regards as raising an imputation of profiteering in a basic article, and immediately afterward another branch of the Government, with the express approval of the President, raises the price of that article about ten per cent, there appears to be need of better coördination, for certainly increasing the price of copper would be a poor way to correct profiteering, if it existed.

Getting All at Sea

TIME out of mind—loosely speaking—a dollar, consisting of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of gold, nine-tenths fine, has been the shore line by which the ebb and flood of commodity prices have been marked. If we said prices were high we meant it took more dollars containing twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of gold to buy a given article.

Now they are by way of wiping out or altering the shore line. A committee of the world's largest gold producers has been formed to demand a higher price for the product—on the familiar ground that inflation of all other prices has greatly increased cost of production.

From that one might construct a case of the serpent biting its own tail or the engineer hoist by his own petard—in this fashion: Much gold causes prices to rise, which, plus war inflation, makes it so costly to produce gold that the old price of that article must be advanced or fewer grains of gold put into a dollar, which would involve coining a greater number of dollars out of a given quantity of gold, and further inflation and higher prices.

Not that in sober fact it would work out so seriously as that all at once. But in sober fact this vast unsettlement of values has at length given something of a jar to the very foundation of value measurement—the gold dollar, or pound sterling, or franc, or mark.

It is one suggestion as to the extent and violence of the world's present disturbance. When so much is in flux, through causes practically beyond control, those who affect revolutionary ideas naturally wish to get everything in flux and at sea. Other people will feel all the more like holding fast by the old landmarks as far as possible.

Wasted Food

WE SAW excellent potatoes fed to hogs in this year of the world's lean cupboard. A Southern correspondent writes that within sixty miles of him hundreds of acres of potatoes rotted in the ground and great windrows of good onions were left to decay. In various sections and as to various foodstuffs, that has happened since the United States declared war. In other instances growers have not received a return sufficient to cover direct out-of-pocket cost of production.

That is always happening somewhere or other as to some foodstuff or other. The fault is "no market"—meaning that at the place and at the moment when the stuff is ready for shipment there is no way of getting it to the consumer who is ready and willing to pay a fair price for it.

Producers are rather inclined to unload the blame on the middleman. There are many cases in which a good deal of it belongs there. But the big trouble goes beyond that. Only as to certain big lines is the marketing of foodstuffs a really organized, intelligently managed industry. It needs organizing on a plan that goes back to the seed.

In many sections speculative land sharks have induced production on a scale out of proportion to any market which that particular product at that particular place could reasonably hope to reach. About four times out of five the innocent grower looks simply to production and accepts with little question any statement he hears as to marketing. Tilling good soil merely to the end of raising stuff that will rot on it is certainly no way to solve a food problem.

There ought to be far more comprehensive and vigorous organizations to deal with the all-important marketing side, even to giving sound advice on what to plant and discouraging gross overproduction of a particular thing at a particular place.

Our Grip on the Future

MORE than two million vigorous young hands are withdrawn from production, yet we are producing more goods than ever before—at the rate of fifty billions a year, according to the calculations of the Federal Reserve Board. We have sent more than a million soldiers to France. We are turning out a hundred thousand tons of shipping a week. We are piling up munitions. The last fiscal year we paid the Federal Government nearly four billion dollars in taxes and put ten billions into Liberty Bonds.

The big after-the-war question is, How much of that fifty billions are we going to save for peace uses?

The United States is working with an energy and unity unknown since the Civil War. We are compromising our labor troubles. We are minimizing the petty, selfish squabbling of party politics. We are taking the horse-sense cure for the inebriety of extravagance. We are waving the quacks and fakers aside. For the first time since the Civil War the Government of the United States is working energetically with business on the constructive side—meaning by "business" the whole body of activities by which wealth is created. It is exerting its powers to stimulate production and not merely for incidental repressions.

And we are producing wealth at a rate never before sanely dreamed of—not only producing it but applying it on the whole to an intelligent plan. To produce and to save at this rate will result in having the means of solving every social problem that can be solved by economics.

Shall we keep it up? Shall we pull together, work and save after the war as we are doing now? That is the big after-the-war question. One may fairly say: "We have the future in our hands; shall we keep our grip on it?"

We got that grip by striving earnestly for teamwork, by exerting ourselves to minimize our differences and emphasize a common purpose. One big sign of the new war-made alignment is that professional sowers of division are out of a job.

Put Saving First

KEEP hard up. Do not make your war appropriation at the end of the month out of what you have left. Make it the first of the month, and live on what you have left. It is perfectly practicable and by no means so difficult as it may sound before you have tried it. If your income should be reduced twenty per cent you would discover you could still live comfortably on it. Rise in commodity prices since America declared war is equivalent to a reduction of twenty per cent or more in income. Four families out of five have partly or wholly offset it by cutting down consumption of various things and using a cheaper article in place of a dearer.

Three families out of five, attentively examining their outgo, would be surprised to discover how much of it goes for looks, and how easily and comfortably their ideas of a proper appearance may be modified. For example, one excellent housewife found it was not necessary to iron bed linen, underwear and small children's play dresses—the latter sure to be rumpled up half an hour after they were put on.

Four families out of five have discovered that extra demands upon income—the doctor's bill, the installment-plan piano, and so on—are met with little hardship. If you commit yourself to a definite war-saving appropriation, that will be met also. The plain fact is you would do it for a compelling reason—to save your house, or to save your job, or to keep from being sued, or if you were promised a hundred per cent on the money. The war reason ought to be as compelling as any. Make the appropriation and cinch the saving by putting it into war certificates or thrift stamps. A much heavier trial than the country has yet met is coming this fall and winter. The country must do better than it has yet done or be shamed.

UNHOOKING THE HYPHEN

In the Italian Quarter of New York

By ARTHUR TRAIN

FROM where I sit in my office window at the lower end of Manhattan Island I can look across the wind-swept waters of New York Harbor, and seaward through the sunlit winding Narrows up which daily before the war great steamships from all the ports of the Old World, their decks crowded with immigrants, steamed slowly past the Statue of Liberty to their docks along the Hudson. Now the immigrant-bearing ships are few and far between, and in their stead strange cubist pictures checkered in white, sky-blue and pink float up and down like dislocated scenery from the bizarre setting of an ultra-modern play in which it is hard to recognize the staid old-timers of ante-bellum days. Yet the immigrant still comes, albeit in greatly reduced numbers; and New York remains the polyglot marvel of the world.

Babel's Tower Out-Babeled

I USED to think that Tiflis, in the Caucasus, with its one hundred and sixty-seven dialects, held the linguistic record, but investigation discloses that Tiflis has nothing on New York in the matter of dialects. The fact that Tiflis is a little nearer the original town site of the Tower of Babel gave it a long start, but modern transportation facilities have overcome this handicap and New York now out-Babels Babel. Its citizens converse, quarrel and make love in tongues unknown in Asia Minor, and read a multitude of daily, weekly and monthly publications printed in languages other than English. It is of course one of the largest German-speaking cities in the world, and it is the largest Italian-speaking city except Naples. In fact New York may fairly be said to be composed of many foreign cities, not only of different nationalities but of the same nationality, as in the case of the 700,000 Italians either born in Italy or born here of Italian parents and now residing in four well-defined quarters on Manhattan Island.

As I write my eye falls upon a squalid section of roofs, fluttering with strings of particolored laundry in which green and pink predominate. Bounded on one side by the Sixth Avenue Elevated and on the other by the water front there is a section about ten blocks in length known as the Syrian Quarter. Many amusing stories are told of the idiosyncrasies of these ingenuous children of the Levant who in the past have refused and sometimes still refuse to recognize any obligation upon their part to conform to what must seem to them the absurdly paternalistic regulations of the city authorities; for the very house is even now within my ken where Ismael ben Ahmed, a child of the desert, is said to have kept his camel in the attic throughout an entire winter, thus avoiding the necessity of stable hire and perhaps achieving as well a saving of artificial heat.

I cannot vouch for the story, but it is positively asserted to be true not only by Ismael's enemies but also by some of his friends; yet how that camel was ever induced to ascend the winding stairs of the Washington Street tenement or, what perhaps is more astounding, to descend them defies the Occidental imagination. But then, the camel has always been known as a patient animal, and perhaps he stood in the cellar and only utilized the attic for his head.

The Levantine, though always retaining his racial characteristics and residing inevitably in the same district or quarter with his compatriots, exhibits a genius for commercial enterprise little less than extraordinary, which, from the point of view of economics, may be regarded as a sort of assimilation. The guileless native of Beirut who lands at Ellis Island is immediately received into the family of one of his friends or relatives and loses no time in beginning his American business career. Starting as a vender of fig paste, nuts and Turkish condiments he soon graduates as an itinerant peddler of laces and cheap jewelry.

At first he haunts the brownstone areas of uptown dwellings, hawking his goods among the servants. Then shouldering his bundle he trudges up the shores of the Hudson, repeating the process in Yonkers, Ossining, Peekskill, Poughkeepsie and Albany, returning to New York if necessary to replenish his stock, until in a few months he can be seen with his own horse and buggy visiting the farm houses of the Mohawk Valley, and eventually those of the Middle West.

A single season as a peddler often furnishes him with sufficient capital to become a full-fledged merchant of Oriental rugs, and within two or three years after his arrival on our shores he not infrequently appears on upper Fifth Avenue as the proprietor of an Oriental emporium where those who have the wherewithal may purchase anything from a Turkish nargile studded with glass jewels to the magic carpet of Prince Ahmed al Kamel, the Pilgrim of Love.

He now, if he has not done so before, subscribes for one or more of the following publications printed in New York City in his native language: Al-Bayan, Al-Hoda, Al-Kalemat, Al-Shaab and Meraat-ul-Gharb, and thus keeps in close touch with all the gossip of Syrians in America and the news of the Eastern Mediterranean.

A Deadly Insult

THE center or nucleus of these Levantine settlements, whether Greek, Turkish, Armenian or Arabic, is always the native priest.

There are various religious sects, to one of which every Levantine belongs—the Orthodox Greek Church, the Russian Catholic and many others whose chief dignitaries are known as "patriarchs." The feuds between the adherents of these not radically dissimilar theologies used on occasion to be bitter in the extreme.

My first experience with the Syrian colony was when a certain Elias Zrieck, a gigantic Arab standing six feet four in his socks, who, like the aforementioned Ismael ben Ahmed, was a keeper of camels—Elias being thus occupied at Coney Island—felt called upon to avenge an insult to his bishop. It appeared that during a quarrel in a restaurant a certain follower of the Greek Patriarch of Antioch had summoned the police and caused the arrest of an adherent of an opposing sect, who owed allegiance to another patriarch located in another habitation. When the party was assembled before the nearest magistrate one of them—whom we may for want of a better name refer to as Abu Ayub—filled with religious enthusiasm, was indiscreet enough to address to the complaining witness an insult than which the tongue knows nothing more outrageous, namely: "I will spit upon the beard of thy bishop."

This of course created an impossible situation. That evening, while the indiscreet Abu with some of his fellow religionists was eating his supper in the local restaurant, the door was suddenly darkened by the figure of Elias Zrieck.

In the Slavic Section of New York

"Where is he that did say that he would spit upon the beard of my bishop?" demanded the camel driver.

Abu, pale but courageous, rose at the table.

"Behold, I, the son of Ayub, am the one," he replied, unfaltering.

Without a moment's hesitation Elias stepped to the table, grasped Abu by the chin with one hand, placed his left forearm behind his victim's spinal cord and, using what is known as the Liverpool strangle hold, with a quick jerk broke the man's neck. In the midst of the ensuing confusion Elias made his escape, pursued by a few misdirected pistol shots, but was soon apprehended in a neighboring drug store.

And now hearken to the vagaries of the Oriental mind! Abu was dead, Elias had killed him, and twenty Syrian citizens had beheld the nefarious deed. Yet, whereas neck-breaking and strangling might be common enough on the shores of the Mediterranean, these innocent-minded Minor Asiatics, believing that murder was otherwise perpetrated in the United States, and feeling obliged to make as dramatic a story as possible, all came trooping to my office and swore to twenty affidavits, in which they said that Elias had murdered Abu by shooting him through the heart with a revolving pistol. Perhaps in that moment of extreme excitement they actually thought he had.

The Syrians in Court

HAVING retired to Washington Street they decided that the revolver story would not wash, since no one had heard a pistol fired until Elias was departing down the restaurant stairs. Accordingly the next morning they all came back to my office and swore to twenty more affidavits, to the effect that Elias had murdered Abu with a long sharp knife. They had, however, overlooked the facts that Abu's body was at the morgue and that the coroner's physician was even then engaged in performing an autopsy that would reveal the exact cause of death; and when in course of time that official reported that Abu had died of a broken neck, they again returned to my office and unhesitatingly swore that Elias had so murdered him.

It may seem incredible that under these circumstances an American jury would for a moment consider convicting Elias of anything; but the characteristics of the chief personages in the melodrama and the atmosphere surrounding the case were such that in spite of the double perjury of all the prosecutor's witnesses the jury split an even six to six on the question of whether Elias Zrieck should hang.

During the course of the trial many members of the Syrian colony, rich and poor, figured in one way or another as a witness, from a vender of fig paste on Washington Street to an Oriental swell from the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and the Cathedral, who testified to the spotless reputation of the defendant and the shocking character of the deceased Abu.

Prior to the trial I made an effort to delve into the past history and performances of Elias Zrieck. Through the United States consuls in Constantinople, Antioch and Beirut we at length unearthed the fact that he had been guilty of another murder, in his native land—this time of a lady.

The information reached us after many months, and came in the form of a voluminous document inscribed in Arabic and much resembling the result of an inebriated bumblebee falling into an inkwell and then having a fit on a sheet of foolscap. It took several weeks to translate this document, and when at last the task was accomplished it read like a chapter from the Koran. The tale, however, was plain and unvarnished. If I recall rightly, it began something like this:

"And in the —— year of the reign of His Imperial Highness Abdul-Hamid, Sultan of Turkey and Emperor of the Ottoman Empire, and in the —— year of the Hegira, came Elias Zrieck with a party of horsemen, and descended upon the city of Beirut and fought in the streets thereof, and did kill Fatima, the daughter of Abbas."

Well, to make a long story short, Elias had made his escape overseas to more friendly shores, bringing his camels with him, and then after the convenient manner of his native clime had been tried for the murder of Fatima and convicted. As our Government does not, however, recognize the out-of-court conviction of defendants in their absence, Elias, once in America, was free as air as long as he behaved himself; and, as luck would have it, even when he ceased to behave himself the national idiosyncrasies of his countrymen interfered between the long arm of the law and his just fate.

Tyroleans Parading Past a Reviewing Stand in New York

The Foreign-Language Press

YET Elias bore me no ill will, and the following summer when one Saturday afternoon I visited Coney Island and found myself unexpectedly near his camel pen he prostrated himself many times before me and insisted that I should ride gratis upon his favorite steed, perhaps the very camel that had spent the winter in the attic of Ismael, his countryman, on Washington Street.

I have instanced this experience of mine with New York's Levant because it seems to me to illustrate rather vividly the tendency of our foreign populations to stick together, to perpetuate their own languages, customs and ideas in our midst, and to indicate the difficulty that they present to rapid and genuine assimilation.

There are published to-day in New York City alone more than one hundred and fifty foreign-language newspapers and periodicals, which have a combined circulation of more than a million and a half copies. As each is undoubtedly read by at least five or six individuals their influence, moral, educational and political, can hardly be overestimated. Though it is possible that a good many of those who buy these papers, if deprived of them, would read none at all, unless they acquired the art of reading English, it is obvious that the incentive to learn English is greatly diminished.

To-day the New Yorker can purchase locally printed newspapers and magazines in Arabic,

(Continued on Page 24)

Shopping in New York's Syrian Quarter

Turkish Lemonade Venders on the East Side

Above—Greeks in Safe and Sane Parade

The health Thermometer

That is the only one to watch

When your whole body abounds in health and energy you don't care what the mercury says. All weather is good weather when your appetite and digestion are in good working order. That is the important thing.

Start your dinner or supper today with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

There is nothing like it to promote a lively appetite and good digestion.

It is nature's own tonic—the juice of fresh red-ripe tomatoes—blended with choice butter and other nourishing ingredients. It cannot be surpassed for wholesome quality and tempting flavor.

It is all pure nourishment. You have no waste, no labor, no cooking cost. It comes to you perfectly cooked and seasoned. You save fuel. You do not heat up the house, nor yourself.

Serve it as a Cream of Tomato. The United States Department of Agriculture declares that such a soup yields 50 per cent more energy than the same amount of milk.

Or serve it with the simple addition of boiled rice or noodles if you want it still more hearty. This gives you the best part of a nutritious light meal all ready to serve in three minutes.

No need of heavy meat meals in sultry weather. A simple diet is in better accord with the national food program and better for your own health and vigor, too. Now is the time when all Americans should be at their best.

Order it by the dozen. This is the convenient and economical way.

21 kinds
12c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

Armenian, Bohemian, Chinese, Croatian, Finnish, French, German—your choice of forty, with a combined circulation of more than six hundred thousand—Greek, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Lettish, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Ruthenian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish and Swedish! One is overwhelmed at the thought of such a Pentecostal avalanche of printed matter.

And why has not this great heterogeneous multitude of people become better absorbed into the body of our native American population? Why is it still speaking and reading in its own divers tongues? What is going to unhook the hyphen?

It is difficult to generalize upon so vague a subject as the rapidity of assimilation by one nation of members of another. Moreover, it is clear that what is true of one nation may be entirely false as to another. The nearer kin the immigrant's nationality is to our own, naturally, the more easily does he adapt himself to life in this country. Each nation having its own peculiarities and racial characteristics presents its own special problem to the national digestion.

There are four great centers of Italian population in New York City—one of them almost pure Sicilian; and there are in the same way well-defined German, Russian, Polish, Persian, Irish, Syrian, Dalmatian and countless other quarters, the boundaries of which all keep changing as the different tides of population ebb and flow.

That the immigrants of any given nationality should flock together is, of course, perfectly natural. To expect a newly arrived Arab to take up his abode in the French colony adjacent to Washington Square would be hardly rational. The immigrant usually has at least one relative or connection in New York who has preceded him from the old country, with whom he seeks asylum. If he has not he tries at any rate to surround himself with those who can speak his language and understand his needs. If he is able to read, of course he buys or borrows a newspaper in his native language. He is ignorant of American habits, customs and government. He is afraid of police interference, distrusts citizens of other races than his own, and desires the consolations of his own religion, practiced in accordance with the ritual and in the language of the country of his birth. It would be incredible if these forces did not produce precisely the phenomena which are to be observed in New York and other large cities, and in a less degree in almost every town and village in the United States. There is one small mining town in Pennsylvania where thirty-six languages are spoken in thirty-six groups of houses.

Old-Fashioned Immigrants

A striking fact to be observed about the foreign-born inhabitants of New York City, and, in fact, with respect to all foreign immigrants wherever found in this country, is that seventy-five per cent of them remain throughout their lives in the place to which they go immediately upon their arrival, be it Hoboken, Oshkosh or Milwaukee. It seems to require a generation for these Old World people to get out of their systems the conviction that in some way they are bound to the soil where they reside and cannot leave it, a generation for them to realize that they are free to come and go and to take part in the activities, political and otherwise, of the nation at large. Herein lies the great difference between the old immigrant, the man who seeks refuge in America for his declining years, and the boy of twelve, fifteen or eighteen who has life all before him. The older man is set in his ideas. The youth is receptive and pliable.

In the Genoese district of New York City there are said to be houses where the grandfather who came to this country seventy years ago took up his first abode and where his descendants are still living in the same rooms. The families of the old-time immigrants tend to cling together; those of the new to branch out and seek their fortunes elsewhere. The foreigner who joins a colony of his own race in New York does not, however, do so entirely for protection, but for social reasons as well. It is here naturally that he will find comrades to join him in the games of his native country, and to drink, smoke and chat with him at the conclusion of the day's work. Besides, these countrymen of his will lend him a helping hand if he is in hard luck or out of a job, and if he be ill there are doctors who speak his own language, know the diseases to which he is susceptible, and who adapt their remedies and their treatment to suit his national prejudices and preferences.

As the immigrant is ordinarily poor the newly arrived foreigners are naturally restricted to the cheaper sections of the city, and this also tends to hold them in the same locality. Just as the inability of the foreigner to speak English is the reason why he joins the foreign-speaking colony, membership in that colony is the greatest obstacle to his learning to speak English or to his moving away from the place where he has sought refuge.

The political result of this segregation is too obvious to require comment. The hyphenated citizen who speaks no, or at the best imperfect, English has neither political traditions nor ideals, no national inheritance so far as America is concerned. He is an opportunist living for the present and future rather than the past. The readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST do not need to be told that over and over again it has been found impossible to get certain bodies of foreign-born citizens to side with movements for better government, not only owing to interracial jealousies, but because they believe that any change in what they regarded as their political overlords would mean curtailment of their Sunday recreation or other pleasures.

Racial and Family Pride

Racial and family pride creates a natural tendency to retain their customs and traditions in a way to prevent their taking a broad and liberal view of city and, more rarely, of national government as a whole. This has made it easy for them to fall under the domination of leaders of their own nationality, not always to their own advantage and rarely to the advantage of the locality in which they reside. The foreigner, being unable to go to responsible sources regarding his political duties and privileges which he can understand, is obliged to accept such mistaken, misguided or perverted information as is given him by the paid political henchmen having him and his group in charge or by the newspapers printed in his language, most of which, like so many of our own dailies, have a pronounced political bias and are frequently kept in existence by patronage from the party in power. The hyphenated political boss or leader is a familiar figure in municipal politics, and hyphenated agents of like sort are used not only for political but for business purposes as well by saloon keepers, hotel proprietors, bankers and employers of labor generally.

However, the extent to which the foreign voter can be controlled may be easily exaggerated, and the influence tending to segregate him with others of his own nationality is quite as likely to be social as political. There is not much reason to suppose that in New York City the party bosses or native political leaders who avail themselves of and profit by the tendency of their countrymen to keep together make any conscious attempt to prevent assimilation of the groups under their influence into the rest of the population.

Perhaps the best illustration of conscious effort to prevent assimilation is to be found among the Greeks. As most people know, the native Greeks within the Ottoman Empire have never amalgamated with the Turks, their conquerors. They have retained intact their language, their manners and customs, the purity of their blood and their religion. They form a nation within a nation, and their patriarchs, bishops and priests use every influence to keep them so, threatening them with the loss of their religion and its rewards, if not with practical excommunication, if they intermarry with the Turks or use any language other than Greek. Now when the Greek comes to America he comes as one already schooled against any sort of assimilation. No effort on the part of either priests or politicians is needed to accomplish this result, for the attitude of the newly arrived immigrant is one of such mistrust and timidity that the consciousness of his nationality is, at first at least, usually increased rather than diminished.

In order fully to understand the causes that make against the rapid absorption of the immigrant into our population let us select as an example one of the most numerous of our foreign elements and trace those causes to their place of origin—Italy.

There are now more than five million native Italians living abroad—one million and a half in the United States, a hardworking and valuable element, which is very sympathetic—*molto simpatico*—to our national character, and which on the whole is rather easily assimilated. The Italian is honest, thrifty, industrious, friendly and high spirited. He has the "temperament" and gayety that the more northern nations so conspicuously lack. He has built our railroads and our bridges and made our waste places to blossom like the rose. We like him and we need him in our business. Yet superficially it would be difficult to find an immigrant that would appear to offer greater obstacles to absorption.

During the feast of San Rocco, which is annually celebrated on Mulberry Street in New York, particularly at night, the pedestrian can with difficulty for several blocks imagine himself elsewhere than in Italy. Crowds of Italians swarm upon the sidewalks and in the street, absolutely preventing vehicular traffic.

Every festa or club meeting where the Italian language is exclusively spoken is naturally a stimulus to the survival of national self-consciousness and an impediment to assimilation. This subtle influence is perpetuated by the fact that the Italian in New York can buy and read any one of six to a dozen Italian newspapers, weeklies and periodicals with a combined circulation of not less than a quarter of a million. Among them are L'Araldo Italiano, Bollettino della Sera, the Sicilian Eco d'Italia, La Follia, a weekly; Giornale Italiano; and the Progresso Italo-Americano, which boasts a circulation of more than 100,000 copies.

The great influx of Italian immigrants took place during the decade of expansion at the end of the last century, when the railroads were doubling their capitalization, and the United States teeming with activity was draining Europe for laborers. Since 1906 the net Italian immigration into the United States has phenomenally decreased. Thus in 1910 there sailed to the United States 215,587 Italians, while 92,947 returned to Italy, the balance being, therefore, 122,590 in favor of America. The next year, however, there were 182,882 immigrants, while 139,696 returned—a gain for the United States of only 43,186. Italian immigration has always presented certain marked peculiarities, one of which is the tendency of the immigrant to return to his own country as soon as he has accumulated what he regards as a competence, and in any event to return yearly for the purpose of assisting at the harvest in his native district.

Of course there has been practically no immigration from Italy to the United States for the last three years, during which, since war was declared with Austria, more than two hundred thousand Italian reservists and others—who have returned voluntarily at their own expense—have emigrated to their native country. But before 1915 a vast tide of Italians moved annually between America and Italy—the outward flood to America taking place between April and August, and the ebb homeward occurring between October and January.

Americanized Italy

Once an Italian has been to America he is known at home as an Americano and officially to his government as an Italo-Americano. The southern part of Italy has been very largely Americanized by these returning Italians, where about one man in three has been to the United States. Thus there was a constant movement forward and backward, a sort of automatic circulation whereby the Italian came to America, returned to buy his farm, revisited America again to make more money, and again went back, each time becoming more of an Americano than he was before.

I well remember how while motoring in the Apennines, having lost my way on the Passo del'Abetone, I found myself at nightfall in a remote valley. In the pitch darkness beside a roaring mountain torrent on a narrow road forty miles from Lucca I blew out a tire. Unfortunately I found to my dismay that I had lost the key to my tool box, inside which was my jack. While I was searching my wits for a way out of my difficulty a group of villagers silently collected round the car. Suddenly one of them who had been examining my license number exclaimed "Neuva York! You Americano! Americano. How do? What the trouble?"

It appeared that my fellow countryman had worked three years in America, in Harlem, Scranton and San Francisco, and had returned, a multimillionaire in the eyes of his family and friends. After that experience I never felt like a stranger in Italy.

The Italian immigrant when he first comes to America is known to his compatriots as a "cafone." The word is not strictly Italian, but is untranslatable southern dialect. If you ask a black-eyed son of the soil spading among the almond groves why he is working there, like as not he will shrug his shoulders and remark "Ca'ffo'"—which means "Well—simply because! I'm here because I'm here—that's all! Why not?"

In a word, a cafone is a man who is doing something but does not know why he is doing it. It accurately described the old type of Italian peasant who lived a hand-to-mouth existence, the *giornaliere*—day laborer—of Apulia, Basilicata and the Abruzzi, heir to all the traditions of Goth, Moor, Arab and Bourbon. To-day the Italians in America refer to all greenhorns as cafoni, irrespective of their place of origin. It is the generic word for Italian immigrant who has never been to America before—he of the mountain villages of Campania and the Apennine crest of Calabria—the peasant who still lives and rules his life according to traditional customs and stringently patriarchal ideas by virtue of which only the father or whoever may be the head of the clan has the right to sell any of the family property or to select the husband for the daughter.

The Cafone in America

He is a simple-minded fellow, this Calabrian or child of the Abruzzi, essentially a royalist, always ready to follow and to obey. He has no conception of anything but a personal ruler. In Italy he always says "The King has done this or that." After he has landed in America he keeps the same point of view. "Taf-fe" or "Roosy-velto" or "Weilleson is going to do so and so"—not Congress or the Government.

In one respect he is peculiar, for he emigrates only for economic reasons. Other races leave their country for other than purely material objects. The Poles, passing involuntarily under the control of Austrian landowners, rose in a body and emigrated *en masse*. The Jews were and are the victims of persecution, religious and social. But the cafone is seeking only to better his immediate condition; and the fact that he can do so inevitably breaks upon him like a dazzling revelation.

Strutting one day into his village, arrayed in new clothes and brilliant necktie, comes some cousin or friend from a neighboring town who tells him of the wealth of America and how one can earn "ten lire every day in the year!" Imagine such a discovery for a peasant who is earning not more than a lira a day for only a few months out of the twelve! That night the villagers gather at the "cantina" to verify the wondrous tales of this new country and to ply the Americano with questions. Ambition stirs in their souls, and the next week or the week after, in twos and threes or groups of tens and twenties, they start off afoot on their dusty journey to the nearest port, having borrowed, and pawned the clothes off their very backs, to pay their passage to the new El Dorado.

Now when the cafone arrives in this country the strongest instinct that he possesses is his sense of dependence, moral and intellectual, upon those whom he regards as his betters. At home he came and went acknowledging the social superiority of the village loafers who call themselves *galantuomini*—cavaliers, or gallant gentlemen. In point of fact the native *galantuomo* is often a chap who has just enough money or personal graft to enable him to live in idleness. There is no one exactly corresponding to him in this country. His predominant characteristic is his loquacity. He rises in the middle of the day, visits the barber—not to be shaved but to talk; visits the chemist—to talk, visits the doctor—to talk. In the afternoon he takes a siesta and then goes to the casino—the back room of the village inn—to talk politics and drink Chianti. In the evening he talks some more. He and his like are the social swells of the town—the little nobles—*nobili*; the "society men"—*prominenti*. Included in the aristocratic circle are the local doctor, the notary, the mayor and other petty officials.

Now when the cafone emigrates to America the *prominenti* comes along with him, like the bird that always roosts on the back of the rhino. At home the cafone regarded

(Continued on Page 26)

The Industrial Wagon

BUSINESS men in one hundred cities will want to see the new Hupmobile Industrial Wagon on Monday, September 2.

We believe they will recognize at once its splendid fitness for a variety of pressing industrial activities.

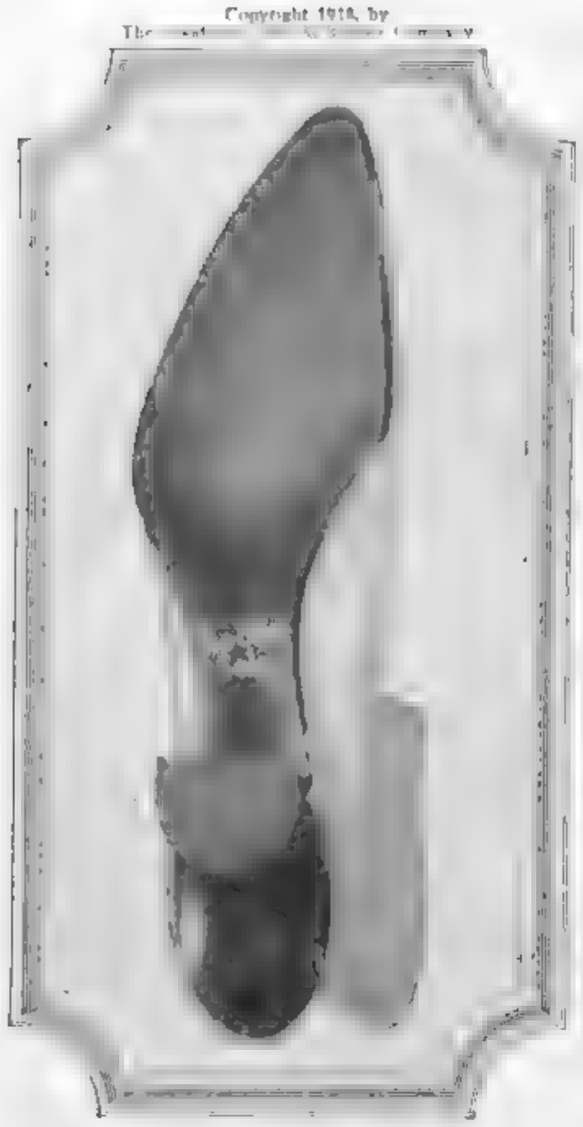
It meets the crying need, which war conditions have created, for a business vehicle embodying *the very qualities for which the Hupmobile has always been noted.*

This strong, light, powerful Hupmobile Industrial Wagon is convertible into various body types, and should solve the war transportation problem for widely diversified interests in country and city alike.

The Hupmobile Industrial Wagon is equipped with a convenient type of demountable top.

Buy *more* War Savings Stamps and help bring victory closer.

Hupmobile



A Suggestion For You

Have your repair Shop put Neōlin Soles or Neōlin half-soles on your worn shoes. This is one way to find out how good Neōlin Soles are.

Neōlin Soles

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Created by Science—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neōlin

See displays in shop windows

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

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him with huge respect, ran his errands, took his advice—in short did what he was told to do; and once in America the *prominente* grasps the opportunities afforded by the new situation and frequently takes advantage of the confiding character of his countrymen to make a good living.

So simple are the cafoni that they distrust even peasants from another valley. They stay together and continue their habit of going to someone from their own native town for instruction as to what to do in every emergency of their lives. Thus in the same quarter or ward, or even in the same street, the cafoni form many groups whose distinction has no ethnical or dialectal difference, but lies only in the fact that one comes from one village and another from another village—located perhaps on the same hillside. At the head of each group you will always find a little *prominente*.

The natural result is that Mister Prominente may exploit his friends for his own benefit, sometimes developing into a grafter as well as a petty political boss.

The cafone has no objection to work—that is his business—but his head had been filled at home and on the steamer with visions of rapid wealth, and thus he too often falls an easy prey to the schemes of those who abuse his confidence.

I recall one Italian *galantuomo* who now enjoys a lucrative position under Tammany Hall who made a fat living off his compatriots by selling them various privileges. He sported suspenders the buckles of which were stamped with the magic words "Mi Favorita" or "The Boss," and so great were his powers of persuasion that he only had to open his vest and display this glittering emblem to convince the cafone that he was the boss of New York. This gallant gentleman sold Battery Park to several of his countrymen for a mere song; as well as the Aquarium—before the fish had been installed—to three separate and distinct strangers—for a fruit store. His *chef-d'œuvre*, however, was the sale of the peanut privilege at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and over a glass of Chianti he may still be induced to tell of it with chuckles.

"Good morning, Mister Cafone," he said. "Do you want something good, eh?"

"Well—yes—'ca'ffo'! What have you got?"

"How would you like the exclusive franchise to vend peanuts upon the greatest bridge in the world?"

"*E 'bbrave!* Can it be had?"

"And why not? Do I not own the bridge? Come!"

So he led the cafone to the New York end of the bridge—and showed him the struggling crowds.

"How does it suit?"

"Splendid! What part may I have?"

"Any you choose. Here by this pillar is the best place."

So Mister Mi Favorita took a piece of chalk from his pocket and marked off a huge square right in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Here you are," said he.

Victims of Compatriots

Then they adjourned to a wine shop, where the cafone paid him a hundred dollars and received a long piece of foolscap covered with red seals and ribbons guaranteeing him the sole right to sell the succulent nut at the place in question. "Given under my hand and seal this day, the first of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five." I tactfully withhold the name appended.

It is difficult for a native American to appreciate the state of mind—the lack of suspicion that made and makes such things possible. It is founded on the tendency inherited through more than a thousand years to regard with awe and respect those who appear to be of superior wealth or position. Anyone with dash and assurance, cleverness and aplomb, elegance of speech and manner fascinates and inspires him with confidence. "*Il tono fa la musica*" says the Italian proverb—"The tone makes the music"; like our own "Manners make the man."

Such experiences tend only to make the cafone cling all the more closely to his fellow townsmen and to join one of the hundreds of petty clubs or societies into which these have united themselves. Their chief function is to raise money for the gorgeous funerals that are characteristic of New York's poorer Italian colony. Incidentally they organize and manage the festas and picnics, which are the only occasions that the cafoni have of getting together *en masse*, and which inevitably involve a great display of fireworks. The *prominente* is ubiquitous at these celebrations, where he stalks round surrounded by his *brasi* like a Roman consul followed by his lictors. From this vain and sometimes immoral class of the *prominenti* spring the *padrones*, among whom are the real vampires of the cafoni. In the days before the war a newly landed emigrant was grabbed by a *padrone* as he left the steamer.

To-day there is little physical violence or criminality, but the crooked *padrone* and *prominente* still manage to get in their work. In many cases the *padrone* has transformed himself into a petty banker who unites in the same person the functions of local financier, steamship agent, grocer, jeweler, money lender, employment agent and ofttimes barber. Sometimes he is a full-fledged criminal, his chief weapon for fraud being the ease with which he can go through bankruptcy. This type of banker when he is dishonest speculates with the savings of his customers, swindles them by exacting large fees as a labor agent, and frequently as money lender charges enormous usury.

The opportunity for graft on the part of these banker grocers will be better understood if it is realized that of the money sent by the Italians in this country $20,000,000 is received by their relatives abroad. The amount actually sent is problematical, but it may be safely asserted that there are several hundred thousand dollars a year that never leave the hands of *banchisti* who receive it in America for transmission to Italy. In a recent law suit Italian Government officials testified that a certain so-called American banking concern which advertised that it would forward money to Italy had not only not sent the specific remittance sued for but had never remitted any sum received by it since its doors were opened to a confiding public.

The Parasitic Class

But the *banchista* is not the only one who lives off the cafone; he has a close competitor in many of the "contract doctors" who agree to cure Mister Cafone, Mrs. Cafone and all the little Cafones of every queer and incurable disease that the medical mind can postulate.

Behind all these flutters the interpreter lawyer, whose business it is to represent the emigrant in any scrape in which the unfortunate finds himself, some among whom purposely lay traps to get him into trouble, and stimulate disputes, quarrels and violence among the families of his friends. Most dangerous if not the most unscrupulous of all is the sort of petty newspaper proprietor who by blackmail fattens on the vanity and timidity of the cafoni, ignorant as they are of their legal rights or how to enforce them.

Thus out of the *prominente* is evolved the *padrone*, and out of the *padrone* the *banchista* with his accompanying crew of doctors, shyster lawyers, undertakers, and crooked journalists, who are united in the determination that no reform and no assimilation with American ideas by which the condition of the cafoni may be bettered shall be brought about, for as soon as the cafoni are able to take care of themselves the influence and to a large extent the livelihood of this group is gone. No less an authority than the great Italian historian, Signor Villari, says that "the Italian emigrant is cut off from any contact with the truly American element, ruled and governed as he is by a horde of adventurers and *camorristi* who maintain the municipal distinctions, divisions, factions and superstitions of his native village."

It is this parasitic class in every foreign element which for its own selfish ends maintains, strengthens and glorifies the hyphen under a fictitious appeal to native loyalty. It is by no means confined to the Italians, though they afford one illustration of how sporadic and localized causes are constantly working to prevent the assimilation of the immigrant who might otherwise become speedily Americanized. Few of us realize that there are to-day in the United States thirteen million foreign-born persons. Half of these—more than six millions—are males of the voting age, but of these only four out of every thousand attend school to learn our language.

One-third of our foreign-born population—or nearly five millions—were born in Germany or in countries allied with Germany. Most of these, German or otherwise, are closely organized in societies

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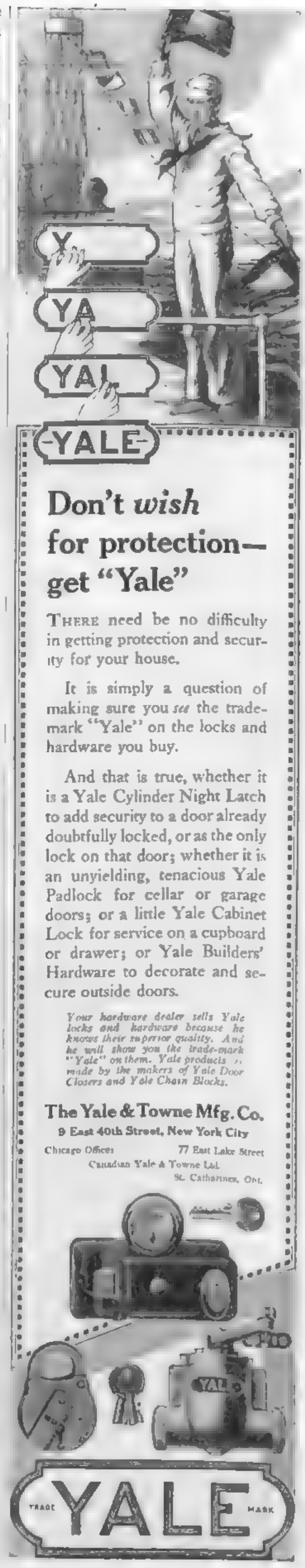

YALE

Don't *wish* for protection—get "Yale"

There need be no difficulty in getting protection and security for your house.

It is simply a question of making sure you *see* the trade-mark "Yale" on the locks and hardware you buy.

And that is true, whether it is a Yale Cylinder Night Latch to add security to a door already doubtfully locked, or as the only lock on that door; whether it is an unyielding, tenacious Yale Padlock for cellar or garage doors; or a little Yale Cabinet Lock for service on a cupboard or drawer; or Yale Builders' Hardware to decorate and secure outside doors.

Your hardware dealer sells Yale locks and hardware because he knows their superior quality. And he will show you the trade-mark "Yale" on them. Yale products are made by the makers of Yale Door Closers and Yale Chain Blocks.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street, New York City
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St. Catharines, Ont.

Borden's

Evaporated Milk

Head of the Class

A strong, sturdy body—a bright, alert mind—these will go far toward putting your boy at the head of his class.

Give your children milk—and plenty of it. Serve them dishes cooked with milk—for milk restores used energy and builds the sturdy body that keeps the mind active.

Borden's Evaporated Milk is pure, full-cream cow's milk, with part of the water removed—nothing added. Convenient to keep, easy to use and so economical that "it cuts the cost of cooking".

"Borden's Recipes"—sent free on request—shows scores of ways to prepare appetizing, nourishing dishes with Borden's Evaporated Milk.

John C. Bailey

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
217 Borden Building
New York

(Concluded from Page 26)

throughout the country to promote the racial or political autonomy of their native lands, as in the case of the seventy thousand Bohemians in New York City—as well as the seven hundred thousand other Bohemians living in other parts of the country—whose national aspirations received a new impetus at the outbreak of the war, suggesting as it did a long-awaited opportunity for freedom from the soul-starving tyranny of the Austrian autocracy and for a free and independent Bohemia.

But though the objects of these national societies may often be in themselves highly commendable they nevertheless tend to make the ideal of "America First" more difficult of achievement.

Among these foreign-born it is usual to find that America is not their chief interest. Always their thoughts are harking back to the old days—the days of their youth, when life's dream was young. And indeed if they did not have national sentiment for the land of their birth it is quite probable that they would be equally unable to feel any for the land of their adoption. The unfortunate result is that the foreign-born citizen sometimes exercises his franchise in what he supposes is the interest of his compatriots rather than from any genuine regard for the public welfare.

Yet all this amounts to nothing in contrast with the sinister influence exerted before the war—and even to-day—in furtherance of the well-defined policy of the Kaiser's government toward preventing the German of either foreign or native birth from regarding himself—in spite of his oath to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States—as other than a German.

The Kaiser's Boast

In a speech to the secret council at Potsdam in June, 1908, the Kaiser—as reported in the New York Times of Sunday, March twelfth—said:

"Even now I rule supreme in the United States, where almost one-half of the population is either of German birth or of German descent, and where three million voters do my bidding at the Presidential elections. No American Administration could remain in power against the will of the Germans . . . , who through that powerful organization, the German-American National League of the United States, control the destinies of the vast republic beyond the seas. . . ."

In a comparatively recent address by the president of the National German-American Alliance, since disbanded, he claimed that German-speaking Americans and their offspring composed thirty millions of our present population, and that they owned to-day in the United States 522 more farms than the descendants of all other races put together. Incorporated in 1907 by Act of Congress, this society eventually reached through its subordinate state and local federations and individual units nearly three million persons in America. The object of this and other hyphenated German organizations has always been to keep alive the spirit of loyalty to Germany and to the Kaiser at the expense of America and American ideals, and to increase the German Kultur by encouraging the use of the German language and compelling its teaching in the public schools throughout the United States.

In American Impressions, by Ludwig Fulda, the author says: "Germanism is synonymous with causing to speak German, and speaking German means to remain German."

There is no question of the emphasis which the Kaiser and his ministers place upon the value of language as an influence for the conservation of Germanism.

In German Poems and Song, by Purin and Reddek, heretofore used in some of our schools, appears the following:

"Cultivate the German language, cultivate the German word. The spirit of our ancestors continues to exist in them; the spirit of our ancestors which presented the world with so many great things and installed so many fine things in its heart.

"Children, this country be dear to us; but the bond of language unites us with Germany. Preserve the inheritance of the home. Preserve it in the interest of your welfare. May it fall to the share of our grandchildren."

The relation between the German-language propaganda and the mission of the German press in the United States is close and obvious. There are approximately six hundred German periodicals published in the United States.

It was only recently that the president of the organization known as the Wisconsin Federation said: "We are proud to call ourselves citizens of this republic, but we are still prouder to be German-Americans. The hyphen is for us an honor, and we carry it as a distinction."

Said the president of the parent society before an audience of ten thousand Germans crowded into the largest hall in Milwaukee:

"We have long suffered the preachment that 'you Germans must allow yourselves to be assimilated; you must merge with the American people.' But no one will ever find us prepared to descend to an inferior culture. No! . . . Be strong, and let everyone be strong who stands forth for German culture. Be strong and German. Remember, you German pioneers, that we are giving to this people the best the earth affords, the benefits of German Kultur."

The performances of that vicious publication, The Fatherland, are too familiar to need comment. No other newspaper ever printed in this country in a period of crisis ever dared attack the Government in its foreign attitude as did this sheet. It denounced the President as a weak-kneed sophist, charged the State Department with being criminally incompetent, and said of the Government's reply to the German Ambassador's protest against the shipment of war materials that "a sillier or more dishonest statement was never issued by an American official. It is the most dishonest document that was ever submitted by one great government to another. . . . Good faith on the part of the United States in its relations with Germany is a thing that does not exist." And it acclaimed the German reply to our protest in the Lusitania case as "an inspiring document on a high plane of humanity unassailable in logic"!

It is not surprising that the sentiment against German-language newspapers is at the present time widespread and pronounced, and that large numbers of them have suspended publication.

Enough of the purely German hyphen. It has been unhooked once and for all. Already of ten thousand Teutonic societies existing at the outbreak of the war nearly one thousand have disappeared. This has been demonstrated by the returns from loyalty pledge cards distributed among German organizations throughout the nation demanding absolute support of the Government in the war. Half of these have come back signed, reports the "Friends of German Democracy," and ten per cent have been returned from the post office with the statement that the society addressed has been disbanded.

How many of our fellow citizens still carry the yoke of the hyphen upon their necks? And how is that yoke to be cast off? Thirty-two million immigrants have come to America, of whom not more than nine and a half millions were of English-speaking races. The balance, approximately twenty-three millions, spoke different languages. More than sixteen per cent of the white population of the United States to-day is foreign-born; twenty-four per cent native-born of foreign or mixed parents. Thus forty per cent of our white population is composed of persons whose Americanism is more recent than two generations. In New York City only one person out of five is of native parentage; in Fall River only one—white—inhabitant out of seven; in Cleveland and Detroit one out of four.

How are we to Americanize this immense and heterogeneous body of people, among whom are represented adherents of every religion, every philosophy, every phase of idea from that of the ancient Copt to modern Buddhism, from sun worshipers to stargazers, from Hindu fakirs to our own native female followers of the "Omnipotent Oom"? How is New York to absorb the native groups, which elbow one another throughout the city in much the same geographical alignment as in Europe, where on one side the Greek jogs the Dalmatian, the Serb, the Bulgarian and the Slav of Henry, Monroe, Madison, Catherine and Cherry Streets, and on the other hand shoulders the Turk, the Armenian and the Persian?

The answer is not difficult: By education. The nationality of the immigrant has far less to do with the rapidity of his assimilation than his age. The political and fraternal associations of the adult foreign-born immigrant coupled with the great difficulty that he experiences in mastering our language, understanding our ideals and grasping our point of view form an almost insurmountable barrier to his thorough Americanization. He worships his God, and the priest exhorts him, in his native tongue. His doctor, his lawyer, his banker and his grocer speak his dialect, and the only incentive of an impelling character to make him learn English, that of learning the current news of the day, is entirely done away with by his ability to purchase for a few coppers a newspaper in Bohemian, Arabic, Greek, Slovenian or German.

Unquestionably the foreign-language newspaper is a formidable impediment to the Americanization of both the foreign-born immigrant and his American-born offspring, for it tends to keep the Polish, the Slovak, the Armenian and German homes Polish, Slovak, Armenian and German, as the case may be. Instead of reading an American paper the father on his return from work peruses a denationalized version of public events submerged in an account of local gossip regarding his own compatriots and the multitudinous social festivities of their national clubs and societies.

Some of the smaller foreign-language papers live by blackmail; or by—what is much the same thing—surrounding those who pay for it in a nimbus of glory. They are the stimuli of countless libel suits, and of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, to say nothing of stabbings and shootings. They tend to perpetuate all the feuds and discords latent in the hearts of their readers, which might otherwise be forgotten or so diluted as to be innocuous.

On the other hand, of course, there are many enterprising public-spirited and well-edited newspapers printed in languages other than English, whose influence is not demoralizing and against which nothing can be said except that they tend in general to prevent their readers from becoming assimilated as rapidly as would otherwise be the case.

Language and Citizenship

One may be inclined to feel that in the case of the foreign-born immigrant who has come to this country it is perhaps better that he should read a foreign-language newspaper than nothing, for he will get at any rate some American news and at least something of the American point of view, in spite of the fact that he does so through the colored and somewhat defective glass of the window of his native tongue. Yet personally I feel that anything which perpetuates the hyphen is to be deprecated. I do not mean that we should not read books, attend plays or listen to operas in languages other than English, or that we should prevent the publication of magazines or other periodical publications in foreign tongues.

As long as the foreigner speaks his own language in preference to the language of his adopted country, so long will he remain in his point of view a hyphenated American.

We are a single nation; united we may enlighten the world, divided we shall fall. We want no influences that will result in America's becoming a polyglot of racial groups in which our foreign citizens preserve their languages, institutions and ideas. We do not wish the Balkan situation reproduced in our own country. We do not have the stars and stripes upon our flag to represent the diversity of the nationalities composing a heterogeneous and antagonistic mixture of population, but the emblem of the unity of a great nation which has gathered strength rather than weakness from the various elements of which it is composed.

That unity the war has demonstrated. Though it may have stimulated a certain native nationalism, as in the case of the Poles and Bohemians, it has shown that in spite of every influence—social, religious and political—in spite of Machiavellian intrigue and propaganda the American with a foreign name is as much of a patriot as any other.

WHY OUR SHIPS WILL NOW STAY ON THE OCEAN

(Continued from Page 15)

ship—the speediest ship—the cleanest ship—the best managed ship. The American sailor then was the best paid and best fed, and enjoyed the same prestige at home and abroad as the well-paid and well-fed American railroad man to-day, or the skilled American shop or factory operative.

The great merchant fleet we are now building will give Americans an opportunity to compete once more on the ocean through man power instead of cheapness. As we pay the highest wages on our railroads yet haul a ton of freight cheaper than anybody else in the world, so we shall pay the highest wages on our ships and haul freight cheaper. This will be done not by skimping on seamen's wages or by the employment of coolies, but by working our ships as we work our railroads, with the most modern handling facilities at terminals.

We can do it on the ocean, because we are already doing it on the Great Lakes. It is a mistake to assume that the navigators who made the Yankee clipper ship what it was have disappeared. You do not find them on the oceans, to be sure. But that is simply because they turned to the Lakes two generations ago and their descendants there are now officers of the smartest, speediest, cleanest, best managed ships in the world, and haul stuff at the lowest freight rates.

There is no particular secret about their efficiency. Lake wages are high and Lake freights low because through modern terminal machinery a Lake carrier gets in and out of port quickly and is working all the time, cutting down costly delays in port, which eat up profits in overhead charges. Celerity in and out of port is the distinguishing feature of our Lake navigation. Carrying cargoes of sixty-five hundred to thirteen thousand gross tons, the most efficient ore ships on our Lakes load at the upper ports in eight to twelve hours and unload at the lower ports in eighteen to twenty-two hours. In 1906 a single Lake carrier first made a record of three hundred thousand tons of freight hauled in a single season. Since then the season's haul for a single vessel has been pushed up to 459,186 net tons, moved in the 1916 season by the Colonel James M. Schoonmaker.

The efficiency of the Lake ship is almost entirely a matter of terminal facilities. Modern bulk-handling machinery puts ore, coal and wheat into a ship and takes them out so quickly and cheaply that comparisons with hand shoveling seem preposterous. These terminal facilities increase the number of ton miles a ship makes yearly. They increase the revenue and the profit.

Even more important, they increase the morale of a ship's company by eliminating drudgery, putting a premium on skill, and keeping men employed without demoralizing waits in port. It is difficult to maintain the morale of a business hampered by irregular idling periods of a week or more. Spirit, interest, pride in work, cannot be upheld where ships' crews are subjected to uncertain, meaningless delays in port, waiting for a berth or waiting for a ship to be unloaded, loaded, repaired, cleared. An anchored ship is a dead ship, from both the standpoint of revenue and the standpoint of crew spirit.

It will be remembered, of course, that our finest results in Lake shipping have been secured with bulk cargo, like ore, coal and grain. Can the same methods be applied to the more miscellaneous cargo carried by ocean vessels?

I believe they can. It has been estimated that out of forty-five million tons of ocean shipping in the world fully two-thirds of the tonnage consists of tramp steamers, which carry low-grade freight and bulk goods. Coal makes up three-fifths of the bulk of British exports in normal times. Coal is a commodity that we can develop amazingly in export channels. Ore is being carried to a greater and greater extent in ocean transit. We export much grain and bring back sugar, coffee, wool and other bulk

(Concluded on Page 30)

The Reliability that means Sound Tire Economy

Reliability is the most important consideration among motorists today. It is the foundation of service.

The whole effort of the United States Tire Company is devoted to making tires of unfailing reliability.

All the rich experience of the first and foremost tire factories in America has been combined with superior facilities and the purpose to make good tires.

The result has been that sales of these good tires are increasing tremendously.

Right now, when supreme service is demanded by the work of war, when every resource must be devoted to national welfare, United States Tires are more than making good.

This reliability of service not only produces the low tire cost per mile that constitutes real tire economy but increases the usefulness of your car.

Equip your car with United States Tires.

In the five United States treads there is a type that exactly fits your requirements.

Any one of the thousands of United States Sales and Service Depots will give you careful and courteous service.

For passenger cars: 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', and 'Plain'. Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

United States Tires are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

You can get them—with a Graflex

NOT speed pictures alone, but pictures that other cameras can *never* get—good snapshots indoors, or on cloudy or rainy days—the elusive smile of a bashful child, or the shy furred children of the forest at play—you can get them easily with a Graflex.

The booklet, "Why I Use a Graflex," will prove it, and tell why. Free from your dealer or from us.

FOLMER & SCHWING DEPARTMENT
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester New York

GRAFLEX Camera

See the picture *before* you snap it

Does the Inside of Your Radiator Look Like This?

A THICK, hard crust of lime—you've seen it inside your tea kettle at home.

A similar crust forms in your ***automobile radiator***—an insulating coating that ***holds the heat in.*** It's enough to make any engine overheat!

Remove this crust with SKALEX, a product of

NORWESCO
The Chemically Correct Line

SKALEX, Price, 75c, Canada, 90c

SKALEX prevents all overheating caused by lime coated radiators. It quickly dissolves and removes all lime, rust and sediment. Cannot harm your radiator or hose connections in any way. ***Skalex is safe and sure because it is "Chemically Correct"***—a product of the Norwesco Laboratories.

Other Norwesco utilities are SE MENT OL the original radiator cement NORWESCO Top and Upholstery Dressings—CARBONOX the carbon remover—UTILITY BLACK, for touching up metal parts—NORWESCO Valve Grinding Compound

Cut out this "ad" and send to us for a copy of the interesting 24-page booklet, "The Proper Care of Your Car" If you cannot secure Skalex in your community, enclose retail price and name of your dealer.

The Northwestern Chemical Co., 108 State St., Marietta, Ohio, U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 28)

commodities that lend themselves to fast bulk handling.

In the handling of these bulk commodities we shall hold our own by using such devices as the fifty-ton American coal car and the lifting and dumping apparatus which tips it upside down and pours the contents into the hold of a ship. We can hasten turn-round by providing handling machinery at our own ocean ports and also at foreign ports as we build up regular traffic.

As an example of the possibilities, take the application of the American petroleum-tank handling method to Manchurian soy-bean oil at the port of Seattle. Before the war our imports of this material came over in five-gallon cans, in which we had exported kerosene for the Oriental trade. Cost of handling and loss through leakage were very large. Some Seattle business men saw the possibilities for putting that stuff on a bulk basis, and provided storage tanks and pumping facilities. Seattle now has storage for seven million gallons of soy-bean oil, and can bring it over in tank steamers without leakage and at minimum handling cost.

Even the miscellaneous cargo carried by combination passenger-and-cargo ships, such as we shall have plying to all ports in Central America, South America, the Orient and elsewhere after the war, when our troopships are converted for this trade, is susceptible of better organization and handling at terminals. These ships are rather expensive to operate, because they run at speeds of sixteen knots and upward and have stiff overhead charges. They are to ocean traffic what the fast-freight dispatch lines are to our railroads. Through these lines we shall serve foreign customers regularly and quickly, and also bring them back as passengers to buy in our markets.

Organization of this traffic involves machinery for handling cargo at all ports where the liners touch, and also the coöperation of American manufacturers, traders, export salesmen, banks and foreign distributing branches to the end that the merchant in Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires may have as good facilities for keeping up his stock of American goods as the Kansas City jobber or retailer.

How American Methods Win

Figures recently compiled for the Shipping Board show roughly that ships now traveling from the United States to Europe, Latin-America and the Orient spend in our own ports alone about one day for every three and a half days that they are on the ocean. The complete voyage from New York to Buenos Aires, for example, takes ninety-five days, and the average stay in our port is nearly twenty-five days. The voyage to Australia is seventy-nine days, and the stay in our ports more than thirty-one days. Even on the three-week round trip to West Indian ports there is a stay of one week in our ports.

Through the study of European traffic, made necessary by the war, we have lately been able, by better organization of cargo and improved handling devices, to cut seventeen days off the time spent in port on the round trip, and ten days off the time spent in our home ports. On the basis of a fourteen-thousand-ton passenger-and-cargo liner such a saving amounts to two thousand tons of shipping—practically a two-thousand-ton ship. Under the stress of war we have been able to get additional tonnage in this way much more quickly than it could be built, and when peace comes we shall make further drafts upon that margin of time in port to hold our own on the ocean. Why not?

Coal in Illinois is three hundred miles from Chicago by railroad. Coal in Wales and the British Midlands is only two hundred miles from London by cheap all-the-year-round sea transportation. Wages in Britain are probably one-third those paid miners in Illinois. The coal consumption of Chicago and London is about the same—twenty million to twenty-five million tons yearly. Yet coal in London in carload lots costs twice as much per ton as it does in Chicago, and the whole story is told in our more efficient handling—we figure on the fifty-ton coal car, whereas people in other countries are content with the ten to fifteen ton coal car; and we pick the fifty-ton unit up and dump it, whereas they attack the coal pile with shovels.

These contrasts have been drawn so often, and they show such startling economies in the American method, that it sounds like boasting even to repeat the figures. Our larger and more economical way of handling things has grown naturally out of our greater distances. We have methods rooted in our continent and our energy, and these will naturally be thrown into our shipping industry along with the bridge template-maker's accuracy and other characteristic American assets. Even Americans persist in repeating that such achievements are due to our natural advantages. On the contrary, these are methods worked out to overcome disadvantages of distance, and when they are concentrated on ocean traffic they will overcome any shipping disadvantages we may have suffered.

Successful American merchant ships will be largely a way of thinking. We must get ships into the consciousness of every American as prominently as railroads. The American manufacturer must think of ships as a continuation of our railroads, which are no longer to stop at tidewater. The American office boy must know when ships sail and letters are to be posted for world ports, as does the London office boy. The American community must think of ships as a local improvement; and at our ports we must think of ships in connection with square miles of railroad yards, bringing commodities directly to the sides of ships, with the most modern handling devices for every class of cargo, and the operation of ships on close schedule.

Think Ships and Have Ships

Our ocean ports have been neglected along with shipping during the past generation, and now we must put thought into them once more. Why should general ship cargo be loaded and unloaded by mere spoonfuls in slings, when we have devices like the elevator and the automatic conveyor to handle things in our factories and warehouses? Why should we keep on lowering slingfuls of stuff through a hole in the deck of an ocean steamer when the job is done on truly American lines by opening up the sides of our efficient coastwise steamers? Shall we be content with antiquated port facilities here at home, now that we have taken a tenth-rate coastwise port in France, multiplied its harbor capacity fifty times, trebled its berth capacity, increased its unloading facilities tenfold, linked it up with a yard containing two hundred and twenty-five miles of railroad track, and made it marvelous to our French friends? Out of our experiences in building several such ports in France we shall learn how to rebuild our ports at home.

Another improvement in our new merchant marine that will mean much in better operation, better seamen and better morale is the substitution of fuel oil for coal. We expect to put four hundred oil-burning ships on the ocean this year. Practically all our fabricated ships will be oil-burners. About two hundred and fifty requisitioned ships of various types were designed for coal-burning, but many of these can be converted for oil fuel; and it is also possible to design ships for burning both oil and coal. From the standpoint of time we estimate that three ships burning oil are equal to four ships burning coal, and from the standpoint of morale there is even greater improvement, because a coal-burning ship has twenty per cent of its crew down in the fireroom, and there is difficulty in finding men for this hard, grueling labor. The oil-burning ship carries a better class of seamen all round, and gives better opportunities for advancement. So the new American merchant marine will be oil burning, and to overcome difficulties in supplying fuel over the world's trade routes, as well as to assure adequate supplies of oil, the technical oil experts of this country have organized to deal with the technical problems.

We are going back on the ocean right. The same underlying principle that enables us to sell abroad most successfully those American products that embody maximum wages, such as automobiles, carpenters' tools, machine tools, hardware, firearms, typewriters and adding machines, will enable us to build and operate ships successfully. The chief thing is to weave ships into American business thinking. When American business thinks ships every day in connection with every product, transaction and plan, there will be no difficulty in supporting ships. And ships, in turn, will react upon American business to an extent undreamed of to-day.

USE MOTOR TRUCKS for all short-haul traffic. Coöperate in the return-load movement. Adopt the Standard Truck Cost System. Work for good roads. ¶Packard truck owners everywhere are in line. They are enlisted in the National Truck Efficiency Test. ¶This means MORE FREIGHT CARS RELEASED FOR WAR WORK. It means also better hauling at lower cost.

To the Woman in the Kitchen!
—A Plea for Your Patriotic Aid

The nation is short of food. Our soldiers and allies must be fed. To win the war we must *preserve* food as well as *conserve* it.

Every available bit of our great fruit and vegetable crop must be saved, to release more wheat, meat, sugar and fats for military needs.

To do this, kitchen and cannery must unite.

DEL MONTE kitchens are doing their utmost to meet the issue. They are working night and day—preserving the generous harvests of California's most favored valleys—against the needs of the future.

But there are many small crops that the large canner cannot get. The surplus from the war-garden—from the small orchard—the single fruit tree—all must be saved.

Will you, as a patriotic woman, respond to the call of Mr. Hoover and prevent waste by "putting up" this excess produce at home?

We realize that all this means hard, hot work—that it is not so easy as buying DEL MONTE fruits and vegetables ready to serve—not always so certain in results. For, of course, you cannot have first selection of the finest crops. But can what you have and depend upon DEL MONTE Products for the finest that grows. Only by so doing will there be enough DEL MONTE Products to go around.

Please keep in mind, too, that great quantities of DEL MONTE Products are required by our soldiers in the field.

Therefore, if you sometimes have difficulty in finding the particular DEL MONTE Product you are seeking, don't blame the dealer. He is doing his best to give you what you want. Try some other DEL MONTE Product. The line covers a wide variety of canned fruits and vegetables—jellies, jams, preserves, catsup, dried fruits, raisins and prunes—that fit into almost every menu need. Look for the red DEL MONTE Shield. It is your guarantee of highest quality and excellence on everything that bears it.

Save sugar!
Remember that, in canning, sugar is not essential to the "keeping" of hermetically sealed fruits. Perfect sterilization can be secured by heat alone. As sugar is added only to sweeten, you may safely reduce the quantity used. In fact, the delicate flavor of fruit is lost when sugar is used in excess.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

ADVERTISING A COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 7)

a time and driving them one at a time out of the streams.

The carp fight the black bass by eating their eggs.

They scoop up five hundred pounds of black bass at a mouthful.

This may not seem offhand to have much to do with winning this war three years quicker, but it has.

One German locomotive rolling innocently along in the sunshine, way over in the middle of Germany, is the equivalent of five thousand German soldiers at the Front.

The five thousand German soldiers cannot eat, sleep, breathe or fight without a locomotive.

One bomb anybody can buy for fifty dollars, dropped from an airplane on the locomotive, may send home five thousand German soldiers from the Front.

I am speaking as one man to another.

If every man of you out of a hundred thousand of you will save twice as much money as you think you are going to, you will stand a chance—stand a chance right here on Broadway—of sending home, for fifty dollars, five thousand German soldiers from the Front.

The way to win this war three years quicker is to make a supreme quick sacrifice and get command of the air over Germany, and get it before Germany thinks we can.

The way to win battles from the Germans is to eat their battles in the eggs.

After a few hundred thousand dots of people, filing down the gorge looking up at that splendid nightly aurora of chewing gum across the sky they are so used to, had found themselves reading my little notice or ad of the war instead, I would try to make out something else for them; and as people walked down a little farther, to near Forty-second Street—to where the eternal kitten above the eternal crowds plays with her eternal spool of silk—people would come on another advertisement.

I would put the advertisement of my country up, of course, with the kitten's permission; and on the one night off a week, which I would beg of the kitten, people would—when they looked up—instead of seeing the playful kitten peeking round her corner forever being playful or trying to be playful forever—people would look and see that for once she had dropped her spool of thread and winked her dear little paws out of sight and let me slip in my ad for my country.

The advertisement—except that I would write it better perhaps by the time I get the kitten's permission—would be something like this:

WINNING THE WAR THREE YEARS QUICKER WILL SAVE ONE MILLION BOYS FROM BEING MURDERED BY GERMANS!

WIN THE WAR ONE MILLION MURDERS QUICKER! SEE THIRD PAGE OF ANY PAPER IN THE MORNING

In the morning people would come in their papers—in not very large type on a kind of island in the middle of a full page of white paper—on this:

ONE MAN TO ANOTHER

A little while ago if you said a man couldn't keep his feet on the ground it was the end of him. Everyone felt at once you had dismissed him as a visionary, unsubstantial person.

Now in this war with a few swift weeks or passes of Time what could be more visionary or unsubstantial as we strain to win the struggle than a nation that keeps its feet on the ground?

The nation that gets its feet off the ground first in this war, that gets the most feet off the ground and that can keep them off the longest, is going to be the nation to win the first substantial, the first permanent uncontradicted victory the war can have. The nation that has the most genius, the most resources and facilities for keeping its feet off the ground is going to be the nation to blind the army, blow up the navy, starve the bodies, cow the souls, change the minds, entrance and possess the imagination, pick out the destiny and dictate from the sky the history of the other.

Major Hoffre, of the German General Staff, said the other day: "All we have to fear from the Americans in what they can do to help their Allies is what they may do in the air."

Why not take Germany's word about what she is the most afraid of?

We are planning to have two million troops in France in a year, someone tells us. If these two million troops had air command to stagger the German Army between the eyes with, they would be twenty million.

Our twenty millions' worth of two million troops would pick off with airplanes the locomotives of Germany. Our two million troops would soon be facing seven million troops who could not get anything to eat. This is a good many, but the more German troops who cannot get anything to eat our American troops have to face the better. We shall be in a position if we do not insist on putting our Armies' eyes out and if we back them with fleets of airplanes, as the Germans are afraid we will—we shall be in a position to stop not only every food train that feeds the troops but the trains that try to feed Berlin, Munich and Worms. We shall empty the German cities into the fields if we get air command. We shall make food walk all over Germany. The only safe place for a man to be in Germany will be next to a potato hill.

Oversubscribe the Liberty Loan! Hurry to get command, the overwhelming command, of the air over Germany!

The great, driving, colossal initiative, the original feature of this war, is the sky. Nothing could be more unsubstantial, more mooning and visionary in a splendid, stern, three-story war like this than America's supposing it is going to be won for us by depending on two million men in France with their feet glued down to the ground.

Why not take Germany's word as to what she is the most afraid of?

For more about what Germany is the most afraid of turn over this page.

Then when people turned over, if they wanted to, they would come, in the middle of another full page, on an advertisement like this:

We are not saying "Sh-h-h!" to a hundred million people.

If we tried to steal a march on Germany with a thousand ships a month we should not try whispering it round as a secret with a hundred million people—how much we needed them and what we were going to do with them.

It might work in Germany. An autocracy can get what it wants out of seventy million people by not letting them see why, perhaps—by grimly ordering them to be enthusiastic and sacrificing without knowing what it's all about.

But a great democracy cannot do it. We are a great democracy because we are a people who order ourselves round. We are capable of bottomless spontaneous enthusiasm, of towering self-sacrifice—because we understand.

We are not going to try to get out of the American people the heaped-up sacrifice, the heaped-up enthusiasm that is going to be necessary to make our Army blind the Germans and club the Germans with the sky by stepping round on our toes about it, by saying a three-thousand-mile "Sh-h-h!" to a hundred million people.

This advertisement is not an advertisement or a boast of what we are going to do. We want to make a national demonstration for a hundred million people to learn to save their dollars to get fleets of airships with, to get a hundred thousand boys to long to learn to fly, to flame up the imagination, the hard work and hope of a nation.

America is not going to win this war by whispering.

And she is not going to draw the blood of sacrifice out of her people by tipping softly about on tiptoe like a dear modest old lady, barely telling them under her beautiful breath what America hopes for, what America is going to strike out and get, to take her turn with England and France, and to level up to Belgium!

In Germany the other day, to save leather the Red Cross Women's Union undertook to make a national collection of hair—to begin making belts for use in airplanes out of the hair of the women and girls of Germany.

Our women in America are going to outdo the women of Germany in their imagination and sacrifice about the war.

What You Pay For In Paint

WHEN you pay a fair price for mixed paints, you are entitled to receive a dependable, serviceable product, made of the best and purest materials. Such paints properly applied will give you maximum service and will prove the best investment.

One of the ingredients absolutely essential to the preparation of strictly high-grade mixed paints is

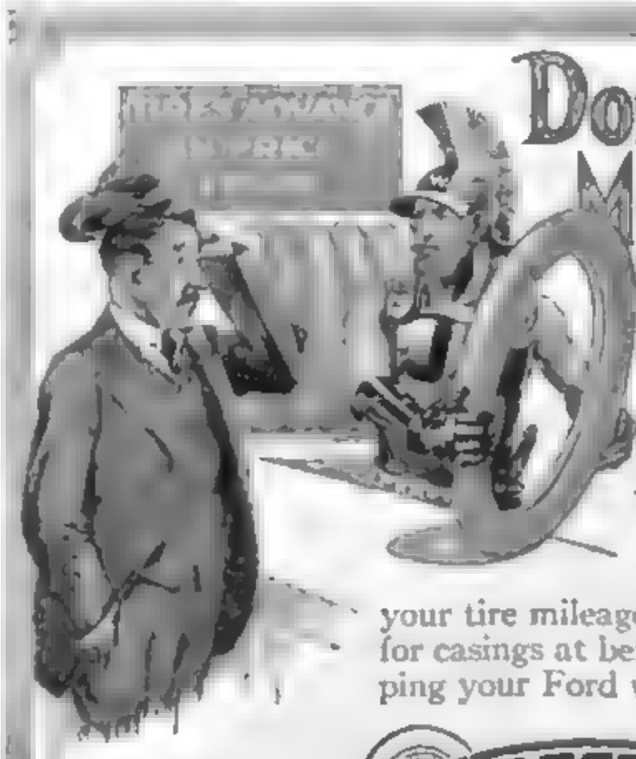
Pure Gum Turpentine

Substitutes for Pure Gum Turpentine sometimes are used in the manufacture of paints, but always to the user's loss. You can expect maximum service and satisfaction in the use of paints only when they are made with Pure Gum Turpentine, and for your own protection you should *insist* that they be so made.

It will be well worth your while to send for the interesting and informative booklet, "*Facts Worth Knowing About Turpentine*" which is of value to all users of turpentine. It will be sent you gratis, promptly on request, if you mention this publication.

National Turpentine & Rosin Bureau
Audubon Bldg.—New Orleans, Louisiana

A TURPENTINE STILL IN THE DEPTHS OF A SOUTHERN FOREST



Don't blame him, Mr. Ford Owner.

Your tire costs depend on YOU

YOU have the remedy for high tire cost within easy reach. Increase your tire mileage and keep your cost per mile for casings at before-the-war figures by equipping your Ford with the

For FORD Cars — HASSLER PATENTED — *For FORD Cars*

Shock Absorber

The Hassler Shock Absorber lifts the weight of the car off the tires. It cushions every jolt and jar. It prevents sideway and upthrow, reduces rattling and vibration.

The Hassler Shock Absorber will immediately increase your tire mileage. It will pay for itself every time you ride 3,000 miles. It will enable you to get thousands of extra miles out of every set of casings.

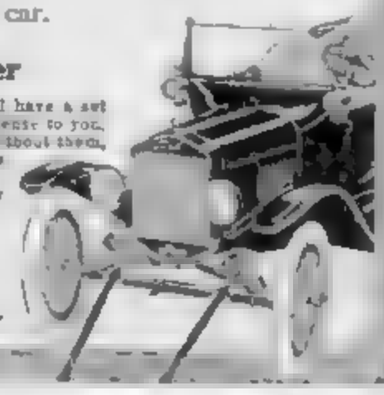
It will help you do your little to avert a rubber famine among our gallant Allies, and keep down the first cost of tires here at home.

It will make your Ford ride as smoothly as a $2,000 car.

10-Day Free Trial Offer

Write today for FREE TRIAL BLANK and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then if you are willing to do without them, they will be taken off without charge. Don't ride without Hasslers simply because someone else discourages you from trying them. Accept this offer and see for yourself. Over 400,000 sets in use. Write today—NOW.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, Inc.
1836 Spruce St., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE "RESTGOOD" Sanitary Curled Hair Mattress has proven to be the logical mattress for use on sleeping porches or wherever beds are exposed to the open air during the day and night. Because of its self-ventilating construction it will not absorb or retain moisture, body impurities or anything of a similar nature. It is especially desirable in localities where the humidity is high. Sufferers from rheumatism and similar diseases will find them exceptionally satisfactory.

The "RESTGOOD" weighs 40 pounds and is made of all new sanitary curled hair, produced by an exclusive Wilson process which adds greatly to the resilience and life of the mattress. It will never lose its shape nor will it mat down or become bunchy.

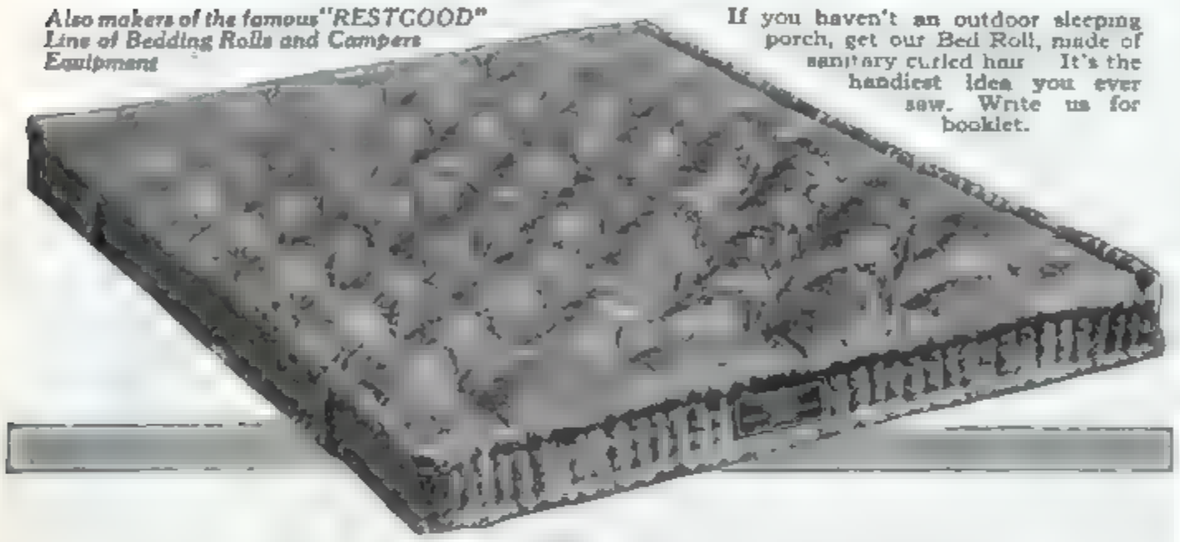
Probably your nearest dealer can show you the "RESTGOOD" MATTRESS. But if he cannot we shall be glad to supply you with the name of a dealer near you and our booklet describing and illustrating the "RESTGOOD" line of mattresses, box springs and pillows. Address Dept. S10.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO

Also makers of the famous "RESTGOOD" Line of Bedding Rolls and Campers Equipment

If you haven't an outdoor sleeping porch, get our Bed Roll, made of sanitary curled hair. It's the handiest idea you ever saw. Write us for booklet.



"the machine is resting on an empty British cartridge box

"My seat is a 155 millimeter shell case . . . . . the picture was snapped just back of the French lines . . . . .

"My Corona has crossed the Atlantic four times, has traversed Europe from Liverpool to Switzerland and Naples . . . . . has been faithful at the battlefront and far from war's alarm and is as patient, obedient and serviceable as the day I bought it . . . . . "

—Extracts from letter of a Corona user in the United States Army, who was formerly in ambulance service in France.

CORONA
WEIGHS SIX POUNDS
or 7½ pounds less than a service rifle. Fits snugly in neat carrying case. Does standard typing, makes clean carbons . . . always efficient, always ready. Price fifty dollars, including case. Tripod five dollars extra. Choice of pica or elite type. Illustrated Booklet Free.
Corona Typewriter Co., Inc.
Groton, N. Y.
New York Chicago
San Francisco
Agencies in all Principal Cities
The Personal Writing Machine

But if we are going to win this war a year sooner—if we are going to win it a million dead men quicker—it is going to be by telling people news to save money with.

Not by saying "Sh-h-h!" to a hundred million people.

These are the advertisements that the kitten would tell people they could look up in the papers if they wanted to.

For people going up Broadway in the other direction from the kitten I would try to rent another sign on Broadway for one night a week — just a plain tremendous sign — several stories of it climbing up the sky — a sign that everybody going toward the Park could see.

I would buy up that night all the darkness near by I could get, to make my advertisement stand out more. Then I would have a colossal moving-picture machine on some lower building near by, and as people walked up the seven blocks on Broadway away from the theaters, laughing and talking after the play, they could have winked out at them three long quiet winks of truth like this:

THREE WINKS AND OUT

I

THIS SIGN
THE UNITED STATES TIRES OF THE KAISER
IS GOING TO BE CHANGED TO
[wink out]

II

THE KAISER TIRES OF THE UNITED STATES!
[wink out]

III

WHAT IS IT FROM THE UNITED STATES THAT TIRES THE KAISER THE MOST? SEE THIRD PAGE OF ANY PAPER IN THE MORNING

The next morning, if they cared, they could read an advertisement like this:

SOME NEWS TO WIN THE WAR WITH

The German Government goes boasting up and down the nations of the earth that it is going to kill off if necessary three hundred thousand men in one battle on the Western Front.

Is the German Government going all up and down Germany through all the German cities and villages where the soldiers' homes are, telling people on billboards and leaflets from door to door that it is going to have killed three hundred thousand men in its new offensive on the Western Front?

Why should not the American Government do it?

If it did, the first thing that would happen, I think, would be a new fear in the German Government of the American people.

The other day when the German soldiers were going into battle with five hundred thousand American soldiers in France the German Government gave them instructions like this:

"You will see soldiers disguised as Americans, but do not be deceived—they are English or Canadians. The Americans cannot raise an army, and if they could they could not send it across the ocean. Our submarines will sink their transports."

A man who was in Germany at the time of the Battle of the Marne and who studied the papers daily did not find out that the Battle of the Marne was a defeat for the Germans until he reached Geneva six weeks afterward.

Nobody in Germany knew it.

Moral for America:

Win a battle one minute. Tell all the Germans at home about it the next.

More news to win the war with on this page to-morrow.

The next day when people took up their papers and turned to the same page, if they wanted to, they would come on something like this:

SOME NEWS TO WIN THE WAR WITH

WHY IS AMERICA—INSTEAD OF WINNING THIS WAR—MERELY TAKING THE PLACE OF RUSSIA—MERELY KEEPING THINGS EVEN?

Because Germany advertised in Russia before America and the Allies did.

Germany whipped Russia and all but whipped the world a few months ago, by having thousands of Germans talk quietly with thousands of Russians and Russian soldiers.

What was it Germany used to put off America's winning this war?

Words.

What was it that was used by Germans to back the Italians up the Alps and then back the Italians down the Alps on the other side, and then drive the Italians into the plains—sweep an army of a million men out of two years' victories in three days?

Words.

What is it that hundreds of thousands of German soldiers were exposed to on the Russian Front which made Germany afraid to let German soldiers, who saw Russians, go home or see other soldiers?

Words.

What is it about The London Times that makes copies of The London Times cost in Germany—as I write these words—four dollars to read for fifteen minutes?

Words.

What is it that a minute ago, O gentle reader, caught you in the very act, up at the top of this advertisement, of thinking you never read an "ad," took hold of you fifty lines up from here, dragged you down here with me, brought you face to face with me, drinking in with me the dregs of literature—at the bottom of an "ad"?

Words.

Words supplied by a man who wishes to see the American people believe and the American people spontaneously and unofficially organized to get the nation to believe that the way to win this war quickly is by piling up propaganda on top of guns in Germany and doing to the Germans what the Germans have done to the Russians and to the Italians and are trying to do to us.

These advertisements are not what I should wish to make them before really using them, but perhaps they will manage in a rough way to convey the spirit of the advertising I have in mind—some partial suggestion of how people ought to feel, or how people would like to feel, when they are reading advertisements advertising their country to them.

Of course I am not unaware that I am taking liberties as a literary man in taking this wild plunge into what is supposed to be the advertising man's field, and writing advertisements offhand, as it were, for the Liberty Loan. I can only ask to be forgiven. I can only admit to the reader, and to any advertising men who may have wandered over from their part of this magazine into mine, that I have an obstinate, hopeful, obstreperous feeling about advertising which I am not supposed, as a properly pigeonholed author, to have a right to.

The fact is—and I am not alone in this—that I don't like and never did like to see things in this world being put away in pigeonholes, especially people. I like to feel about people—especially people I care about—that they may grow, may break out in a new place almost any minute, that they may suddenly not belong any longer in their neat water-tight compartment. Not unnaturally, perhaps, I have come to taking the liberty of feeling this way about myself. My eye is always rolling round on other people's pigeonholes, wishing I was in them. Being an author, feeling for twenty years that I was being laid away in the Literary Compartment of the world, where people could come to me when they got ready and look me up, has always secretly troubled me.

For now these twenty years I have gazed wistfully over the edge of the high fence editors put up between the space where they keep their authors in a magazine and that wide, important-looking, lordly space where all advertisers in magazines are allowed to roam. I know of course it is more dignified to be an author; but as I wend my way down the narrow path of literature in a magazine, with that great fence on both sides of it, and walk on and on looking so superior in my literary frock coat and with my literary silk hat on, I am really feeling at heart a little lonesome, fenced in so, with all those splendid, hearty, serious, eager people just on the other side of the fence, working in their literary shirt sleeves.

I like them all, and I don't know what people will think, but as for me, author or no author, I want to vault over the fence any minute I like. I want to associate with them. All there is or all there ever has been for me in being an author is the sociability there is in it—the way one can cut directly across on a single printed page and get into close personal relation with a fellow human being, perhaps forever. And though I don't

(Continued on Page 37)

For Toilet or Bath

Large Cake 5¢

Price in Canada 7c

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied

GOBLIN SOAP works wonders for play-stained little hands, or for work-stained big hands. It cleans quickly, thoroughly, and yet gently, with its soft, creamy lather, and leaves the skin in a clean, healthy condition.

For kitchen or workshop; for office or home; it is great!

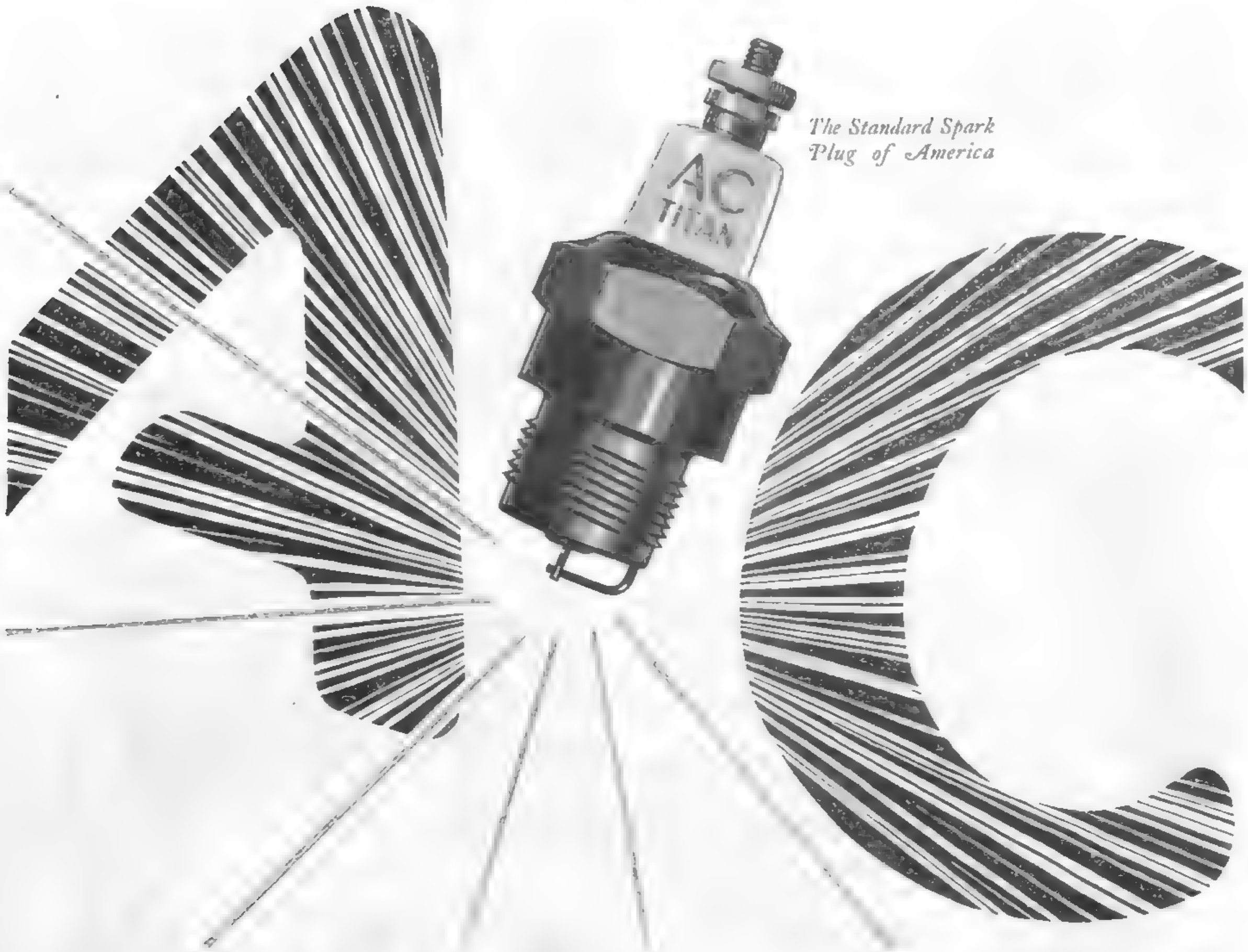
All grime or grease yields to Goblin Soap.

Lathers freely in hard or cold water.

CUDAHY
111 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

Goblin SOAP

Works Wonders



The Standard Spark Plug of America

A *Symbol* of Accomplishment

Perfection is a state of the infinite.

Human mind cannot conceive nor hand achieve it.

The most man may do is earnestly to strive to go farthest toward that visionary goal.

In so far as he accomplishes this his work shall live, be it bronzes, books, paintings, operas or—spark plugs.

AC glazed in the porcelain of a spark plug is a symbol of constant striving for perfection; it is a symbol of years of research by the man who pioneered this industry; it is a symbol of a lifetime devoted to the sciences of ceramics and ignition.

AC's are not perfect spark plugs. They never will be perfect.

Yet the true criterion has always judged them the best obtainable. And this much is true: from year to year AC Spark Plugs will be better and better spark plugs. For constantly in his experimental laboratories their sponsor is striving to outdo that which is now deemed best.

Today AC has the concerted endorsement of the automotive industry. In fact, most manufacturers plant-equip with AC Spark Plugs.

When you purchase AC Spark Plugs, you know you have purchased wisely. For your selection is supported by the exacting research of the nation's leading manufacturers. There are AC Spark Plugs in various types, especially designed for every make and style of motor.

Look for the letters AC. They are the initials of the originator—glazed in the porcelain of every spark plug he manufactures.

Write for booklet, "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion—also for information on new AC Carbon Proof Plugs especially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

All these well known manufacturers listed below use AC for standard factory equipment

Acme Trucks	Cadillac	Davis	Federal Trucks	Hatfield	Liberty	Moreland Trucks	Packard	Rock Falls	Singer	United States
Advance-Rumely	J. I. Case	Deere Tractors	Ford & Son Tractors	Haynes	Locomobile	Murray	Paige	Rutenber Motors	Smith Motor	Motor Trucks
Tractors	Chalmers	Delco Light	F. W. D. Trucks	Hudson	Marmon	Nash	Paterson	Samson Tractors	Wheel	Wallis Tractors
American-LaFrance	Chandler	Diamond T	Fulton Trucks	Hupmobile	Maytag	National	Peerless	Sandow Trucks	Stearns-Knight	Waukesha
Anderson	Chevrolet	Trucks	Gabriel Trucks	Jackson	McLaughlin	Netco Trucks	Pierce-Arrow	Sanford	Stephens	Motors
Apperson	Cole	Dodge Brothers	Genco Light	Jordan	Canada	Oakland	Pilot	Saxon	Sterling Motors	Westcott
Brockway Trucks	Continental	Dorris	G. M. C. Trucks	Jumbo Trucks	Menominee	Old Reliable	Premier	Selden Trucks	Sterling Trucks	White
Buffalo Motors	Motors	Dort	Grabowsky Bernstein Trucks	Kissel Kar	Trucks	Trucks	Reo	Skippe-Booth	Stewart Trucks	Wilcox Trux
Buick	Crane-Simplex	Duesenberg	Hall Trucks	La Crosse	Midland Trucks	Oldsmobile	Riker Trucks	Seagrave Fire	Stutz	Wisconsin
	Daniels	Motors		Tractors	Moline-Knight	Oneida Trucks	Robinson Fire Trucks	Trucks	Titan Trucks	Motors
								Signal Trucks		

Dealers: What does all this mean to you in your aim to give your customers the best?

(Continued from Page 34)

know how it would strike Shakspere or Nicholas Murray Butler to admit such a thing I venture to say that if Shakspere were living now and really wanted to get into honest, warm, direct human touch, into a real hearty grapple with real people—really wanted to get acquainted with his fellow human beings as they are—he would try, in our present-day magazines, to work his stuff over and get it published in the advertising pages—if he could make it good enough.

The plain unvarnished fact is that the way to get really intimate with nine people out of ten in America to-day as they really are down deep inside is to buy something from them or to sell them something. More happens to people, and more is struck off from them and struck out of them and struck into them, round a dollar—in the way they take yours or the way they act about letting you have theirs—than in any other way. This is why I am hoping to be tolerated, when the time is ripe, or when I find I cannot stand by and hold in any longer, in breaking out and writing advertisements, getting people to save up their dollars for the Liberty Loan.

A million people more or less have been coöperating with the Liberty Loan Committee in advertising the Liberty Loan to the seventeen million who have invested in it.

They are going to coöperate again.

I have before me on my desk a great roll of advertisements used in the twelve districts, brought to me from the Liberty Loan office in New York, which I have been asked to look over and criticize from my point of view with reference to plans for the new campaign.

I started out well enough at first, looking them over and writing down criticisms—such criticisms as I thought the Liberty Loan Committee and the million people helping them might find of interest. I soon found I had quite a little collection of criticisms and comments to use in this article.

Then I threw the whole thing over. The men who have written the advertisements I have before me have written their advertisements in their own way. That is the way they should have written them. They have done what they have tried to do probably better than I can do it.

The only fair way to criticize anything people do is to face their difficulties first oneself.

The way to criticize a thing is to do it.

Then face the music.

If I criticize and generalize about what is the matter with Liberty Loan advertisements, people may think I know.

If I do some, they may say "Pooh!"

I would rather they wouldn't, but I want them to say "Pooh" to me if they say it to anybody.

I do not want to go along grand and lonely in this column, with beautiful, general, vague ideas as to what people ought to do in their Liberty Loan advertisements. It would feel too much like preaching, too much like being all dolled up and safe in a sermon.

Everybody sitting in rows—rows of shut-up people!

It suits me better in a thing like this, which is all the people's business, to be fronted up with people who talk back.

So here are a few anyway:

SUBSCRIBING THREE TIMES AS MUCH

WINNING THIS WAR TURNS ON EVERY MAN'S SAVING FOR HIS COUNTRY AND SPENDING FOR HIS COUNTRY THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS HE THINKS HE IS GOING TO.

I don't know how other people feel about it, but when a man asks me to my face to spend three times as much money as I think I am going to, I care quite a little as to how he seems to think he can get me to do it.

Most people who have tried on me with the Liberty Loan seem to think I am one or another of three kinds of people.

One man seems to think that the way to get me to forget how much money I've got or haven't got in my pocketbook, and to give away everything in sight, is to tell me things that will keep me awake nights being afraid of what the Germans are going to do to us.

Another man comes up to me and seems to think that what I need is encouraging, and he gives me a kind of vision to spend my money on, a vision of what we are going to do to the Germans.

The third man hasn't come yet.

When he does he is going to hand over to me a daily fear to live with if I don't subscribe enough and get other people to subscribe enough, and a grim daily hope to live with if I do.

There are two clear visions the American people have got to have and have every day and have quick to win this war with: One is a clear vision of what the Germans are going to do to us unless we spend three times as much money as we think we are going to; and the other is a clear vision of what we are going to do to the Germans, a vision so clear that it will make the Germans afraid of us.

I don't know how other people feel about it, but when a man comes up to me in the street and asks me to invest nine hundred of my ten hundred dollars in whipping the Germans I want some news about my nine hundred dollars, and what I can do with it in the way of whipping the Germans. The Germans keep me fairly supplied from day to day with news about their whipping us.

And when a man wants me to invest in nine hundred dollars' worth of whipping the Germans I want him to strike in and show me what nine hundred dollars' worth of whipping the Germans is like. I want to see the nine hundred dollars at work.

That is the way other things are sold and, so far as I am concerned at least, the way to sell whipping the Germans to me is to show me some.

The way to win this war quickly is for the American people to have a vision, not of what we are afraid of in the Germans but of what the Germans are going to be afraid of in us.

We must have a vision and have it quick. Then we must give it to the Germans, give them a six-billion-dollar advertisement of what they will have to be afraid of in us, that will go all through Germany.

Here it is in German headlines:

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT ASKED THE PEOPLE LAST WEEK FOR THREE BILLION DOLLARS TO WHIP THE GERMANS WITH.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SAID TO THE GOVERNMENT "WE WANT TO GIVE YOU THIS WEEK SIX BILLION DOLLARS TO WHIP THE GERMANS WITH."

AND THEY DID.

Another advertisement perhaps might be a little like this:

GETTING HALF OF THE GERMANS TO HELP

The Kaiser tries to discourage us by telling us that the only way to get the attention of the German people and stop this war is to kill the Germans.

Most people seem to think that this is discouraging. If the best we can do is to inch along with the Allies as we are doing now, merely killing the Germans ourselves, of course it is. But why should we do all this disagreeable work which the Kaiser says is necessary, ourselves, when by the Kaiser's own admission we can set the Kaiser at work at once, just as well as not, killing off Germans for us, and set the Germans at work all over the land killing one another? The Kaiser says he will kill every German who picks up and reads advertisements from America in the fields.

All we have to do to set the Kaiser and half the Germans to helping us kill Germans is to rain down on Germans from out of the sky news that the Kaiser has promised us he will shoot them for reading. If the Kaiser practically makes a tremendous offer like this to us to advertise what we have to say to the Germans, why not accept it? Why not oversubscribe the Liberty Loan enough, raise money, armies, airships, enthusiasm and hope enough for the American people to get command of the air over Germany, and proceed to get the Kaiser to help us in what he says will have to be done to get the attention of the German people?

The German Government already feels so afraid about what its people will do to it if any word gets through to them from the peoples of other nations that it costs four dollars in Germany to read a copy of The London Times for fifteen minutes.

With five fleets of toy balloons—a thousand in each fleet—five thousand copies of The London Times could be dropped on Berlin for fifty dollars.

Not necessarily full copies, but the gist of them in German. The meteorological balloons the French are already using on a small scale cost ten dollars a thousand.

This would seem to be a cheap way of arranging to have all over Germany enough Germans killed for us. Of course from our point of view it is a foolish way to get the attention of a nation, but as long as the Germans insist on our doing it in their way, the sooner we do it and get through with it the better.

We should get half of the Germans to help us.

Another idea for an advertisement someone might use throughout the country is this—except that of course, between now and the time to use it, I have the hope that either I or someone else will manage to express it better:

WIND AND BALLOONS

Have you heard what the little meteorological balloons are like—the balloons that are used by the French to trace winds and get maps of winds with?

One sees fleets of them starting out—gay pink and blue fleets in the sky. They are filled with low-pressure gas taken from the tanks—the gas that has to be thrown away.

They can be timed to exhaust automatically and drop approximately where they are wanted.

They flicker down into the streets and into the fields with their messages.

Then they lie in the grass and wave and gesture at people until they are picked up.

One other advertisement would open up some such bit of opportunity and such sense of what we can do with our money in this war, as this:

PICKED COWARDS

One of the signs one sees posted in Germany most frequently is

AVOID CROWDS!

Why is it that the government announces that the only people who have a right in Germany to be in a crowd are soldiers?

Why is it in Germany that if a hundred men see ten men trying to get together a hundred men, the hundred men shoot the ten men for trying to be as big a crowd as they are?

Cowards!

All that the people of America have to do to get the underhold with a government that gets its way with people by cowardice is to compel the government to keep using its cowardice before its people. We must compel the government to be cowardly with its people on so large and so impressive a scale that the people will have it driven into them that they are dealing with a bullying or cowardly government, and that being in the German Army is being in the professional-coward business. The quick way to do this is to cover Germany with news, with news the government frankly admits to everybody it has to kill people for knowing.

All that the German Government will have left to stand by it will be an army made up of picked cowards—soldiers who have been picked to stand in crowds with guns and kill people standing in groups without guns—cowards that can be relied on by the government to be cowards.

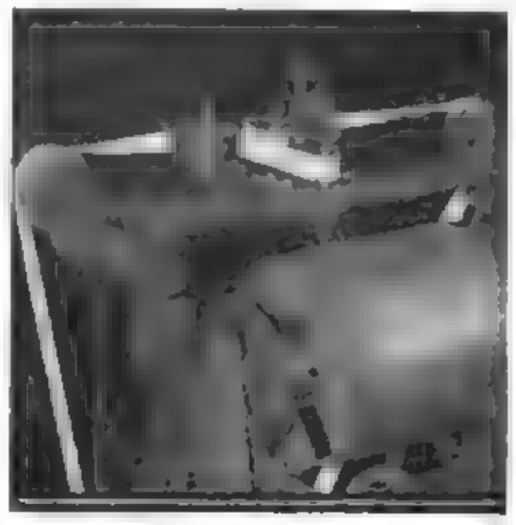
An army like this, composed of picked cowards, would not be the kind of army that would make the rest of the world afraid very long, either on the Western Front or on the Italian Front.

Make the soldiers of the German Army afraid not only of the people they are ordered to shoot but afraid of themselves!

We are going to keep on shooting, of course, and shooting three times as hard, but there is a sense in which shooting Germans merely braces them up. Making Germans think is what will discourage them. What we want to do is to insert in Germans the deeper, more tearing bullet—what might be called the inside dumdum bullet—of thinking. We will fire misgivings at the Germans between battles. We will fire at them fights between themselves. We will not fire only military explosives. We will plant fears like fires. We have not seen in vain how the Germans made misgivings work in Russia as a weapon of war and how they made for three years misgivings work among ourselves.

The one thing I want to do from now on until this war is over is to think out a few advertisements for my country like these, write them out as well as I can and then publish them in full-page space—a fresh one each morning every day for a week, in five thousand daily newspapers. During the war, being denied khaki, perhaps I may be allowed to work in my literary shirt sleeves.

(Continued on Page 41)

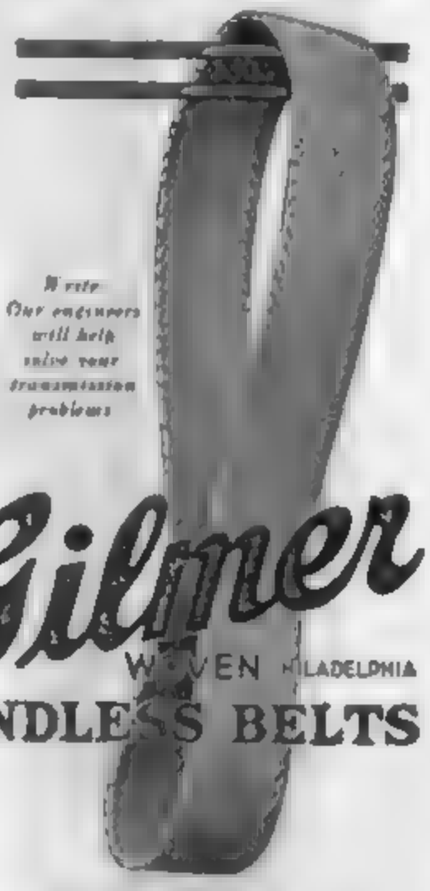


Showing the Gilmer Endless Belt used on R. Hoe & Co.'s Routing Machine

As steady as a ray of sunlight! That's the impression given by the Gilmer Woven Endless Belt on a high-speed tool. Running at velocity that would make a faulty belt a source of danger, flashing around pulleys at all angles; in quarter-twists, half-twists, full-twists and double-twists, its light weight and perfect balance make its motion practically soundless and invisible. It appears to be standing still!

Superior to any other belt in nearly all service. Woven true and smooth of tough, long-fibre cotton. No thin spots, weak spots or "bumps;" absolutely and always flexible; with a friction grip that improves with use.

Gilmer Woven Endless Belts have resilience rather than stretch; avoid shutdowns for belt repairs; avoid work "scrapped" by chattering tools. Immune to action of grease, grit and mineral oils. Used as Fan Belts on more than half the automobiles in America.



L. H. Gilmer Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Overland
30080

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Thrift Car

Model 90-Just What A Car Should Be

American families select their favorite automobiles for one or more of *five* reasons:

Appearance, performance, comfort, service or *price.*

One car may be famous because of its number of cylinders, another for its body design, another for its low price—

And so it goes until you come to Model 90 and then you discover this important fact back of its 100,000 now sold:

Model 90 has been purchased because it *combines all five* of these essentials for complete satisfaction.

True, in many cases its quality *appearance*, big-car stylish design, and distinctive color scheme primarily influenced purchasers.

Again, in many, many cases it is the *performance* of Model 90 that makes it first choice. As a matter of fact, performance is its major virtue.

Its 32 horsepower motor, the perfected fruition of years of experience, is a "giant for power and a miser with fuel."

It is not only the things Model 90 *does*, but the *way* it does them, that makes Model 90 owners so enthusiastic—

The way it consistently meets every driving need day-in-and-day-out, through congested traffic, over steep hills, in fair or bad weather, and for short or long rides, proves its adequacy for every motoring need.

Then, too, it is so very simple, convenient, and easy to handle. It has a handy arrangement of everything for its control, narrow turning radius, and an easy operating clutch that is especially appreciated by women drivers.

A large number of Model 90 owners when asked the reason for their choice have mentioned *comfort* first.

When you have inspected this car and driven and ridden in it, you, too, will understand why comfort accommodations have contributed so much to Model 90's fame.

It has a spacious interior, a tall man can stretch his legs, five adults can ride without cramping, the seats are wide and the upholstering deep!

Then there is the buoyancy with which it travels, due in a large measure to its rear cantilever springs, large tires, and scientific distribution of weight.

Service is not listed among a car's specifications, and by service we do not mean the service the car gives alone, but the service that the dealers and factory behind the car are ever ready and able to give.

Behind Model 90 stand nation-wide service facilities of the highest order, quick, competent, courteous, and at reasonable cost. No matter where you tour, Overland service is accessible at your beck and call.

In making a survey of the reasons for the popularity of the Model 90 car, seldom has its moderate *price* been mentioned first—

Yet, even if it were lacking in some of the five advantages it *does* combine, its price still would warrant its great popularity.

And today, above all else, a car must be *economically* efficient.

Five points of Overland superiority:

Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price

Light Four
Model 90 Touring Car, $895

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada

F. O. B. Toledo
Price subject to change without notice

KELLOGG

SWITCHBOARD AND SUPPLY CO.

The telephone of the rural districts is the backbone of the telephone industry. It is unlike that of the big cities. Some people think of it as the old fashioned telephone. But it is far from being old fashioned.

It is the instrument best adapted to the needs of the towns and villages and surrounding farm telephone lines reaching out into the most remote corners of the country.

It is what is known as the magneto or local battery telephone, a highly developed piece of apparatus.

Each instrument has its own battery for furnishing talking current, and a magneto to force ringing current over the line, and is an independent telephone power plant.

We have built hundreds of thousands of these telephones for village and farm use. Many of them have given 10 to 15 years of steady service.

In all parts of the world and under all sorts of conditions they are fully measuring up to the traditions of the Kellogg name that is stamped on them and the Kellogg quality that is built into them.

The Kellogg Company was the pioneer in developing rural telephone service, and today the telephone equipped farm is a better place to live, largely through the efforts of this company.

We have some interesting facts about Kellogg Telephones and Switchboards that we would like to send to anyone interested in the purchase of equipment for local exchanges—or for any special use.

Kellogg Switchboard and Supply Company, Chicago

Largest Independent Manufacturers of Telephones in the World

Branch Offices: Kansas City, San Francisco, Columbus, Ohio

DISTRIBUTING HOUSES: Canada West Electric, Ltd., Regina, Sask., Can.; The McGraw Co., Sioux City, Iowa, The McGraw Co., Omaha, Neb., Pacific States Electric Co., Los Angeles, Cal., Oakland, Cal., Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash.; Northwestern Electric Equipment Co., St. Paul, Minn., Duluth, Minn.; Tower-Binford Elec. & Mfg. Co., Richmond, Va.; National Telephone Supply & Development Co., Atlanta, Ga.

OVER 2000,000 KELLOGG TELEPHONES NOW IN USE "USE IS THE TEST"

(Continued from Page 37)

Until this war is over, anyway, the whole author business, it seems to me, should be turned round.

Instead of authors' being paid to tell people what they believe, they should be obliged, like any man in any other business, to pay so much a word or so much a page in the public prints for being allowed to do their believing in them. The big advertiser pays for what he believes. I want to do it. And I want to do it in the same columns where people have the clothes and the foods they believe in advertised to them. I want to pay out good money to advertise America to them. I want to act as if America and the love of their country were as important to them as what they wear and what they eat.

I want to say to America: "This thing I am believing I believe so much that I am paying two thousand dollars this morning to say it to you. So-and-so is paying on the page just across from this two thousand dollars to tell you about some new dress goods. You all know he is going to get his money back. I am advertising a country, paying out money for a country that the country has no regular way of paying back to me. Here is the belief I am doing it for:

"To attract attention to my country and get people to notice my country and what it is for, and what it can do and what it has got to do in this war, and do quickly or be dismissed in disgrace from the face of the earth—I have taken this page. I want to make a drive for the discovery, the invocation of the beliefs and souls of my people.

"If I had a hundred years to make our people see that we are at war with Germany I would keep on writing books and dotting them here and there. But I want a national billboard for my idea. I want it this week. I want to hire space in five thousand papers, to speak over the heads of the editors of five thousand papers to their vast audiences of people. With one advertisement inserted on the right-hand side of third pages everywhere, I will address a hundred million people on a page in one breath. Then I will say at the bottom 'More on this page to-morrow.'"

So far as I am concerned, stealing plaintively round with an idea to save a world with and tucking the idea in on editorial pages where people express disinterested ideas anyway is visionary and unpractical in the swift, stupendous, sweeping crisis this nation is facing now.

To make disinterested ideas stand out the thing to do with them is to put them with interested ones and pay for it. I would spend money on my disinterested belief in the way I would spend money on my interested belief. When a man spends money on his idea people know he believes in it. Everybody listens ten times as much. By doing this I shall not only advertise my belief but I shall advertise my belief the way Americans like to have a belief advertised to them—by dramatizing how much I believe in it.

The best way to express an idea for one's country is to have the idea make something happen. Even if it stops short with making something happen to me, and merely emptying my pocketbook, it will be something.

The best way to advertise a disinterested idea is to make it act, or rather let people see it acting. What Americans like with an idea is to see it acting in some unexpectedly hearty way, as if it could not hold itself in, and in some unexpected or dangerous or expensive place.

The fate of twenty nations is going to turn in the next few months on advertising the idea of this war, the supreme sacrifice of the idea of this war, to the American people. What I want to do, what someone ought to do, is to begin inserting a full-page advertisement in the papers, which might begin something like this:

I am paying eight thousand dollars to address on this page three hundred words to the five million people who read the ——. I am paying eight thousand dollars as recklessly, as believingly as a soap would, to speak over the shoulders of the editors of this magazine to the men who read it. I believe in what I say to you on this page twenty-six dollars' worth a word. Of course twenty-six dollars apiece paid out for each word of this advertisement on this page does not prove that what I am saying with the words is right, but it does express in a crude way the way I feel about them.

Then I would follow with the ad.

This is the way I would like to advertise my country. And I believe there are thousands of Americans who would like to do it too. I believe before this war is won they will.

The trouble with Germany is that there is nothing but Germans in it. The thing for the Kaiser to do if he really wants to make a world power out of Germany is to hire enough Englishmen and Frenchmen and Italians to live in it. He would have to hire several millions of them to do any good, and every one of them would charge him probably from five thousand a year up, to live in Germany. But there can be no doubt that with enough people from the outside world put into Germany to advertise to Germans things the other peoples take for granted—with enough people from outside to keep the Germans swapping civilizations with the rest of us—the time would soon be at hand when the world's worry about getting on with the Germans would be over.

If the peace we win is to mean anything, if it is to have a ratchet in it and hold, we have got to get the attention of the Germans. We have got to make a success not only of whipping the Germans but of making them feel whipped and making them care what we think. We must make them drink their cup to the dregs. If the League to Enforce Peace is not going to be obliged to keep on doing its work all over again on Germany every few years it will not be content with enforced peace-ing because it is better than enforced fighting. It will drive on to enforced listening.

After we have won our victory, making Germany listen is our short cut to holding it. What the League to Enforce Peace will quite probably arrange for in dealing with Germany will be for Germany's being kneaded and mixed, for Germany's having something besides herself advertised to her. It will be quite a novelty to the German people, and very curious and interesting. I have believed that what the League to Enforce Peace with its magnificent opportunity will plan to arrange for with Germany and with everybody will be a definite, businesslike, aggressive, indefatigable substitute for war, like mutual advertising campaigns between nations—a definite enormous international machine for changing peoples' minds about each other.

Puttering round and dovetailing rules and international laws together, or trying to have this world run by a huge abstraction or ghost which we would call an Internation, would be a pitiful ending to this war. We want an efficient machine with a lot of gusto in it and humanness and grip on people, such as advertising men and salesmen have, to make nations listen. Compelling a nation that does not listen to behave by force takes too much time. The short cut with Germans—after we have whipped them—is to make listening arrangements with them so that their listening will make them make themselves behave. We don't want to be eternally bothering with them.

With a strong will and a national vision like President Wilson's I cannot but believe that America will take her stand for making the League of Nations carry out this more concrete businesslike program of driving through to what is in nations' minds about each other—this program of making peace come alive, of making peace a spirited daily self-renewing thing by mutual advertising and dramatizing campaigns between nations. The League will set up machinery for it and will work as a New Testament instead of an Old Testament institution—not so much in the spirit of Moses sitting down and figuring out rules for nations as Saul of Tarsus in his speech at Athens.

It was because Saul was an advertising man (or rather became one when he was converted) and Moses was a lawyer that the New Testament as a working document has forged ahead of the Old so.

No laws and no treaties can hope to make a success of making nations behave that won't listen.

If history is going to be after this just a spectacle of a great bevy of boob nations—nations that have given up all expectations of changing each other's minds, that have given up using their brains on each other—if history is going to be after this a great solemn show or amphitheater of delicate elephants on barrels, of nation-balancings, legal quibblings, of treaties and other performing feats by lawyers—why win the war at all?

Why not get what we want out of a war we are paying so much for as this one? The kind of treaty that works will be written partly by lawyers and partly by advertising men.

And the treaties will be operated and made alive and made a daily act of communion between the people of one nation and the people of another nation—will be followed up with the people by advertising experts, by masters in selecting words and selecting actions that touch the imaginations and change the minds of masses of people.

If all we can do after the present killing is over is to make safe legal arrangements for nations to fight each other without anybody's being killed, the war is wasted.

If I had to choose between a world in which millions of people had things to believe that they would die for and run the risk of dying for, and a cold, weak, safety-first world jacked up by lawyers, I should prefer a world I could die in.

I went to a circus the other day, and for the first time during this war I walked up and down before a large handsome assembly of my fellow animals.

I stood still and thought. I brooded over the hyenas and boa constrictors.

The beasts must have been amused with us a good deal during the last four years. We must have looked very absurd and helpless to them, killing people, tons of people a day, and leaving everything unfinished so.

The beasts kill each other to eat each other.

Killing to eat has some sense in it, or at least one can discern a thread of sense running through it.

I think we really ought, some of us, some German or someone, to explain to the hyenas and boa constrictors that we are killing each other to understand each other; that we are killing each other as a substitute for advertising and getting each other's attention. This is the absurdity that the Germans, with their lack of humor, have got us into, having deliberately after forty years' thinking picked out the general device of killing us or being killed by us as a means of settling things, and having driven us temporarily into a corner where we are compelled to fight in the way the Germans have picked out instead of fighting in ours. We are merely making the best of it.

In the meantime, as I said before, I cannot help thinking how I could explain the thing to a hyena. I cannot help feeling how superficial it must seem to him, all our present killing and being killed. I wonder how the Germans would explain it. Eating us would be a calm, sensible, useful thing to do as compared with killing us to understand us.

But the whole German idea that the submarine, poisonous gases, typhoid-fever germs, and rape and murder are in some mysterious way going to make the left-over people in this world respect and defer to the left-over Germans in it, is an idea that can be met and overcome only by first getting the attention of Germans with guns and by whipping them with guns until they pay attention to us; second, by promptly, overwhelmingly, triumphantly and conclusively not doing to the Germans when we whip them what they would do to us; third, by saying to them: "We have tried your idea. Now here is ours. Ours is the precise opposite of yours. Our sitting on your necks as we are doing now is your idea. All the use we have for your idea is to sit on you long enough to get you to notice ours. Now get up and we will talk. We want to contradict you point-blank about what works with human nature and about what works in this world. We believe it works to talk with people and nations standing up; that people get more out of each other by leaving each other free, by listening to each other and advertising to each other. We believe that the moment the nations fight to understand each other as hard as they fight to kill each other; the moment that on a military scale your nation and our nation combine to conduct as vast campaigns to understand, begin having as vast standing armaments to understand, as we now do to kill, and as we shall otherwise have to plan to kill, war will be over."

America's thinking a little ahead and having some plan ready to propose to the Germans for them to think about after every time we have whipped them, so they can sit down and think how much better this would be than what we are giving to them now, seems to me very much to the point. We must have something ready to pile up on top of our victory over the

(Continued on Page 44)

This soothing lather kills germs

This modern germ-killing lather disinfects brush, razor and face. It does it every time you shave. It cuts down risk of infection when shaving because it contains Lysol, the standard antiseptic that has been in hospital and medical use for years.

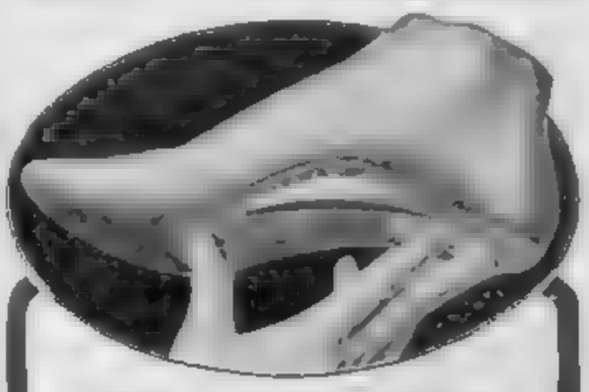
LYSOL

Antiseptic Shaving Cream

It costs no more than shaving creams that do not give you this important protection. Stop taking the risks of the ordinary shave—the risk of infection, the risks of dangerous and unsightly skin and blood diseases that can come from the slightest scratches and cuts. It gives the quick, smooth, easy, all-satisfying shave. Its healing, antiseptic virtues, at one stroke, give it the advantage over all other shaving soaps, sticks, powders and creams.

So that you may know the satisfaction of the Antiseptic Shave—the shave that is surgically clean as well as eye clean—write today for complimentary sample.

Manufactured by LEHN & FINK, Inc.
96 William Street New York



FEET HURT YOU?

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer will relieve your tired, aching feet and support your weak or fallen arches. Removes pressure on callouses and tender bunion joints. Worn in any shoe with perfect comfort. Price $3.00 per pair.

Whether you have fallen arches, flat foot, painful corns, bunions or callouses, aching joints or pains in heels,

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

are designed to correct the cause and give instant relief.

Sold everywhere by leading shoe dealers, who have been trained in Practipedics, the science of giving foot comfort.

Send for Free Booklet

"The Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized foot authority, sent on request.

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.
211P Schiller St. Chicago, Ill.

"WATCH YOUR FEET"

PATENTS

PROMPTLY PROCURED

Send sketch for search and report. 178th Edition Patent Book Free.

GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 22-H Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Photograph of one of the 44x10 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires now in daily service on the Goodyear Akron-to-Boston truck fleet

Copyright 1918 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

The Proof of the Pudding

THE present sensational popularity of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires for Motor Trucks is in vivid contrast to the conditions of their development.

Several years ago, when we first equipped our own trucks with experimental pneumatics, they were a favorite target for ridicule and scorn.

Even in their crude state, however, these pioneer pneumatic truck tires disclosed such important possibilities as to hold us to their improvement and perfection.

The place they now occupy in relation to motor truck efficiency is the best proof that these possibilities have been realized in fact.

Today, Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are serving in 250 American cities, with unexampled usefulness, economy and dispatch.

Their advantages in speed, cushioning power and the reduction of truck depreciation have been demonstrated beyond question in actual service.

Their capacity for increasing lubricant and fuel mileages, for enlarging areas of profitable operation, for affording maximum traction under all conditions, are matters of indisputable record.

In all manner of safe-conduct rapid-transit, in both passenger and freight service, they are establishing new standards of competence and worth.

All the virtues of Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks that have been evident elsewhere are spectacularly reaffirmed in our Akron-to-Boston motor transport experience.

Over a 1500-mile circuit, in summer and winter service, our seven-truck fleet is regularly plying on an average round-trip schedule of less than 8 days.

Shod with pneumatic tires, these trucks attain speeds in excess of 30 miles an hour, and even during 20-below-zero January weather they kept going when rail freight was stalled.

Such performance has a meaning for every truck manufacturer and user, so important that it cannot safely be disregarded.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

Good Looking Women Know

Swan Down helps them to look cool and attractive, even in the warmest weather.

Swan Down has the largest sale of any American-made face powder, simply because millions of women know it combines in one, the ideal qualities of most powders.

The formula, originated in 1866, specifies the purest of skin-nourishing ingredients, and this formula remains unchanged, despite the higher cost of materials.

You get a good, dependable powder when you buy

Henry Tetlow's Famous

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

For the Complexion

Made in five shades—White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette. It isn't expensive. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere.

Trial Package sent on Request

HENRY TETLOW CO.
(Established 1849)
Dept. H, Philadelphia, Pa.

The White Box
With The Red Seal

30 minutes after you start using them

Give more power
Save gasoline
Save oil
Stop plugs fouling
Stop engine smoking

You see the difference IMMEDIATELY.

Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings save the time and expense ordinarily required for running-in or lapping-in new rings. Within *thirty minutes* after you start your engine they seat themselves perfectly against the cylinder.

Compression losses and their attendant wastes are stopped INSTANTLY.

We are so sure of this that we give you a signed guarantee with each complete outfit, which says: *"If these rings do not give you entire satisfaction, return them within thirty days to the dealer from whom you bought them, and he will give you your money back."*

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO
Newark, N. J.

MUNGER
"Always Tight" Piston Rings

(Continued from Page 41)

Germans. We must outwit them and think of something they had not thought of.

We are not having and not getting air command over Germany to-day on a vast and crushing scale because the vision of what we could do with it, if we make the necessary sacrifice to get it, has not been advertised to our people.

Suppose that to-morrow morning the news came to us that the Kaiser at an amazing and pitiful sacrifice of men had driven the Americans ten miles farther back on Paris?

Suppose that instead of leaving it to the Kaiser to advertise his victory to the German people we advertise his victory to them ourselves?

The Germans—having lost a hundred thousand men to get the victory—would be moderately curious, of course, to know how the victory worked, and would be gloating a little on how we must be feeling about it.

What We Fight For

Then while they were burying their heaps of dead and while all the church bells in Germany were ringing with joy, out of the spent troops and out of the waiting cities fleets of Americans would fling themselves across the sky up over the Germans—would rain down like hail on the German soldiers and on the German people some advertisements to them of their victory, like this:

SOLDIERS IN THE AMERICAN ARMY TO SOLDIERS IN THE GERMAN ARMY

Greeting!

Your Kaiser says the trouble with the French and the English is they never know when they are beaten.

That is just it.

That is why every man, woman and child in America—every little boy as soon as he can get away—is coming over here to this bleeding ground in France to stand by them—because the French and the English never know when they are beaten!

That is why we are building ships for them all night, working overtime for them all day, and praying in our sleep for Frenchmen and for Englishmen—because they never know when they are beaten!

It is because these comrades, by whose sides we are now allowed to learn to fight, for four years have fronted up with annihilation for what they believe that, a hundred thousand a week, we are hurrying over here not to miss the chance of being annihilated with them—of letting Germans—God be praised it is not too late!—shoot us into being like them—into belonging with them!

In America we are told we live in the future, and we are told we brag in America.

There is something about the future that makes it hard to express; but we do not deny to forty nations we have bragged!

But now, but now at last, God helping us, have we seen the future of America like a sunrise across Europe with Frenchmen, Englishmen, Belgians and Italians we cannot catch up to, dying for it; and now at last! at last! we are here in the red fields of Flanders to boast out of the mouths of cannon of our love for our dead English brothers and our love for the fatherless children of France!

We cannot bear being thanked or to read pleasant praise from Englishmen and Frenchmen.

And as for Belgians—we have no patience with praise from Belgians, who flung our own cross up against their own little sky, and while we slept did our dying for us! The same for the Italians climbing the Alps to defend the skyscrapers of New York!

We are not fighting for the praise of men we fight beside. We are fighting for the praise of the dead, for the praise of our little children, for the love of God and the curses of Germans!

Another advertisement which, if we had swift air command, could go from the American soldiers to the German soldiers in lull times in battle might be like this:

SAY, FRITZ!

You say you are beating us now.

All right. Suppose you are.

Do you Germans want to keep on beating the French and the English this way, the way you have been doing the last week, for five hundred years?

You see it's as your Kaiser says—people on this side don't seem to know when they are beaten.

Do you Germans want to keep on beating the French and the English and all of us this way, the way you have been doing the last week, a thousand dead men a day, five hundred years?

You will have to, you know—inch by inch to Paris, inch by inch to London, inch by inch to New York, past a hundred million people an inch a week to Chicago.

Five hundred years at the littlest!

Say, Fritz, you fellows better go home and have some children!

SAY, FRITZ!

That was a good sweep you made yesterday—we are not saying where.

You think you are whipping us over there in your trenches!

But when you have whipped us, what of it?

Whipping us is a mere bagatelle as compared with what you will have to do with us after you have whipped us.

Can you put one hundred million people in jail?

You will have to if you try to run America a week.

Can you lock up London in a cell, or Birmingham or Paris or New York or Chicago?

Even if you could, what would you get out of being the world's jailer—with nobody but the key to associate with?

While fighting, try thinking—try thinking of the next five hundred years.

Do you want to undertake to run America like a kind of lively extra Russia three thousand miles away, all by yourself without a single American to help? Then whip us!

This is not bragging. It's just reminding you.

Do you think Ludendorff has quite thought this out?

How does America as another extra Russia on your hands three thousand miles off strike you when you think of it?

Do you suppose that by taking a pole three thousand miles long and putting your iron hand on one end of it and poking feebly a hundred million people with the other you can run America?

And Russia besides?

And keep all London in a padded cell besides?

And Paris in a padded cell besides?

SAY, FRITZ!

These first few minutes of the thousand years you will have to fight us, you are fighting fairly well.

While fighting try thinking, thinking of two thousand years—make it two thousand if you like.

You may be feeling fine. You think it's a balance. You think you are running the teeter of history this year—Germany on one end and all the world on the other!

But who's sitting on the long end?

Send your Kaiser back a minute and let him sit down on the ruins of a cathedral a thousand years old he threw down in a week, and think a thousand years ahead!

We say it out loud to you, O Germans, kindly but firmly.

The greeting of the American soldiers to the German soldiers—

WHILE WHIPPING TRY THINKING!

Something of this kind might do for one type of advertisement—a kind of camp-talk advertisement our soldiers could send out to the German soldiers if we had air command. Probably the Germans would miss the humor underneath it, but the facts about how Americans feel would be news to them. The facts about the way Americans and the Allies feel about this war are a large part of the military situation the Germans find themselves up against. They are part of the battle.

What Germans Notice

On the same morning I sent out this advertisement if I had my way and could afford it I would publish in all the papers in the United States and to the Liberty Loan canvassers and others trying to hurry up America to prove her spirit at once to the Germans, an advertisement like this:

MAKING THE GERMANS AFRAID

The time to make the Germans afraid is this next week.

Germans notice money.

It's no use moralizing with Germans now. It's no use trying to make them afraid with an Army three thousand miles away.

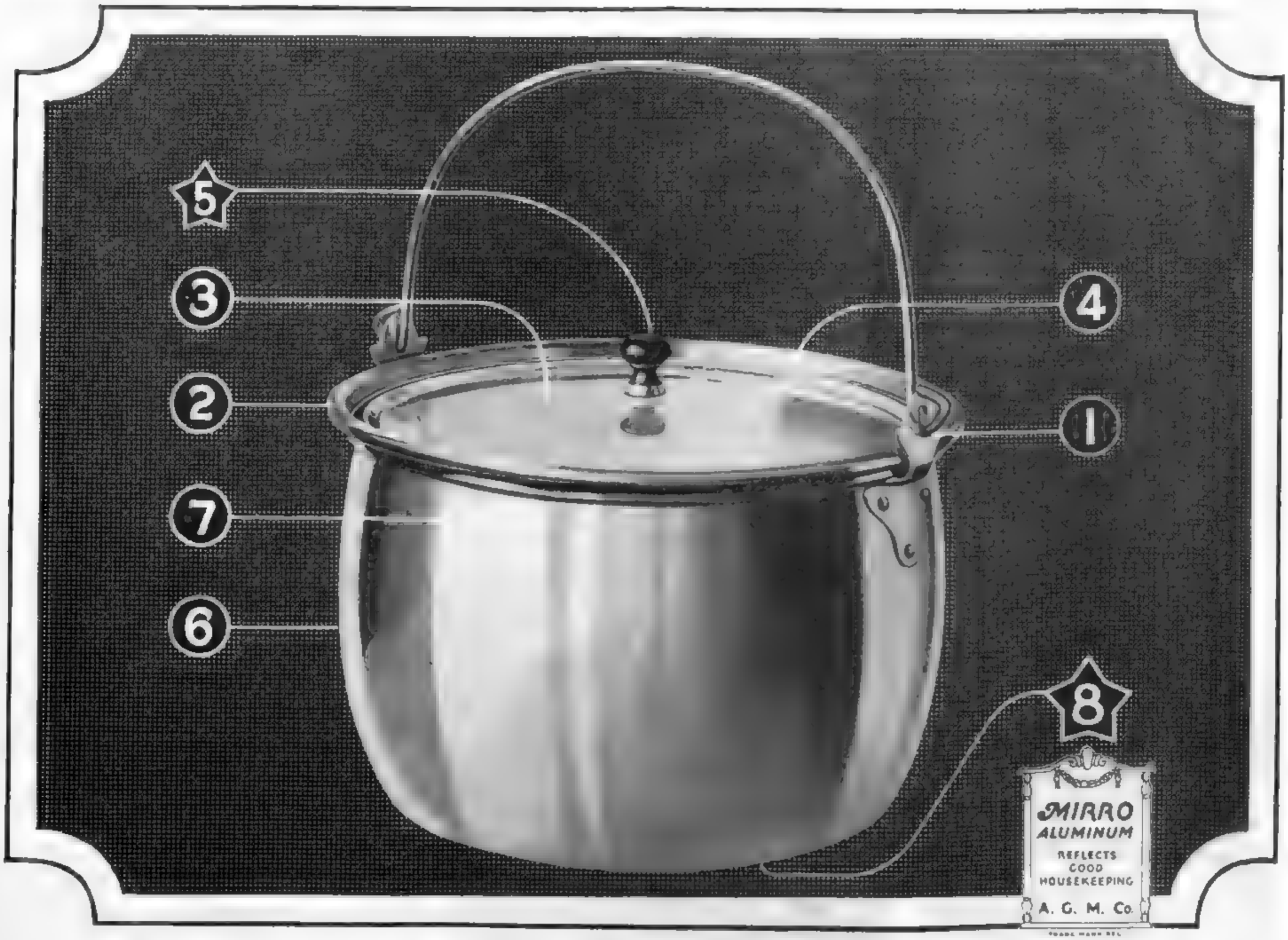
(Concluded on Page 47)

WRIGLEY'S

Her Mite is Right When Spent For WRIGLEY'S

A delicious refreshment and the most economical sweetmeat you can buy. Chew it after every meal.

The Flavor Lasts



Now they call it "Convex Kettle"

Note the Eight Great Features

IN the minds of thousands of intelligent home-keepers in America, Mirro has come to mean perfection in the making of fine aluminum ware.

This statement is based not merely on the fact that Mirro is the happy culmination of a quarter century of quality aluminum making, but rather on actual sales, Mirro Aluminum having won a leading place within one short year.

Among other things, this popularity is due to many superb features of utility, many of them belonging exclusively to Mirro.

This Convex Kettle, for instance, has eight:

(1) Handle rest ears hold bail in three positions and prevent it from coming in contact with sides of Kettle. (2) Tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevice.

(3) Inset cover prevents boiling over. (4) Bead of cover upturned, thus protected against steam and liquid. (5)☆ Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob, an exclusive Mirro feature.

(6) Convex sides prevent contents from pouring off when liquid is being drained. (7) The famous Mirro finish, and (8)☆ the Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece.

Little wonder that Mirro Aluminum reflects good housekeeping. See it at better dealers' everywhere, or write us for descriptive literature.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
Manitowoc, Wisconsin, U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects
Good Housekeeping

(Concluded from Page 44)

They say we're only half-awake on this war, that we can't raise three billion dollars.

Cable them we have raised six!

It won't cost us any more in the long run to throw down before the Government six billion dollars to whip the Germans with when the Government asks for three; and we shall get back for it and get back for it this week six billion dollars' worth of fear and discouragement in Germany.

It will knock out the underpinning at once from the idea in Germany the Kaiser is relying on that America is a poky, loose-jointed, lumbering democracy, disorderly and vague-minded—a kind of slicked-up Russia.

Why should we discourage the Germans three billion dollars' worth when we can just as well have six billion dollars' worth?

When one thinks what six billion dollars' worth of discouragement would do to the Germans this week, this particular week, for example, it would seem timely. We cannot cable over two million men for the present battle, but we can cable over to the Germans that this is the first of forty battles. We can cable over to them thirty-nine more battles to think of while they are fighting this one.

We will hang thirty-nine more battles and six billion dollars like a millstone round their necks.

We cannot deliver the goods in Germany this week, but we can deliver an advertisement of them that the Germans will believe.

Nothing makes the Germans more afraid than money.

Are the Germans thundering on the doors of their government begging the government to let them do twice as much as they are asked to?

It is things like this that people do, which win wars.

And the Germans know it.

The next Liberty Loan must not be the mere drudging round taking up a national collection to pay the bills we are running up to lick the Kaiser.

It should be made a tremendous billboard six billion dollars high, looming up over Germany. It should loom up over every man, woman and child in Germany, the vision of what every German will have to live with, announcing to Germans from a hundred million Americans what is going to happen to them.

If it is true, as I think most people would admit, that the main literal fact, the main military fact we have to reckon with in winning this war with Germany is the fact about the way the German mind looks at things, why not apply our imaginations to the German mind?

The main military fact about the German is that he thinks that geography is what this war is about, and that it is geography one way or the other that is going to settle it. In other words, what keeps the German fighting month after month against us is that our spirit, which is only heightened and mounted-up by military defeat, precisely the opposite of theirs, has not been advertised to them.

Advertising Visions

I do not say that these are the visions to advertise this country to itself with and win this war.

They are mine—a few samples and types I have chosen this time in a particular direction.

Other people have theirs. The one point I need to be agreed with on is that the visions of somebody must be advertised to win this war and that arrangements must be made to do it. If this war is to be won a million murders sooner, visions of some kind—of almost any kind rather than none—must be advertised to the people.

Who is going to attend to it?

Of course the Government cannot officially run the risk of attracting the attention of people by using the unconventional, unofficial-sounding but more or less human and intimate ways of arresting attention I have instinctively used in these advertisements.

Government officials cannot speak personally with a hundred million people. Not speaking personally when a tremendous and expensive effort is being made to arrest and hold the attention of a hundred million glowing fellow human beings in a country is the sacrifice the Government has to face for being a government. At least as long as it thinks it has to sound official a government or committee of any kind will have to take much of the arresting power out of its advertising.

Another difficulty that the Government faces in advertising the country is that of course at present it cannot be responsible for putting up and deliberately risking on a great human adventure of touching the imagination of a hundred million people the sums of money that would be needed until the people as a whole have shown Congress that they like it and want the Government to do it.

I think they should.

I hope they will.

Of course if a hundred million people in America and seventy million people in Germany get the enormous benefit, the incalculable financial value of being advertised into understanding each other, the value of being advertised into not having to spend twenty billion dollars a year in killing each other, the natural way to collect the bill is for the people to do it; for the American and the German Governments to collect it by taxation.

All comparatively new ideas of a government have to be tried out first by private capital and by individual creative men who have the ideas, backed up by other creative men who have the courage. When ideas become standardized and can be made machines of, the government takes them over. This must always be the *modus operandi* of new or creative ideas in a democracy.

The Devil's Machinery

At the present moment, for instance, the reason that France, England and America cannot rush into Russia and save the Russians from the Germans is that the Russians would not understand their doing it, and the Russians would be nearly as much afraid of us as they are of the Germans. Making the Russians welcome us, making the Russians believe that we are coming to rescue them from the Germans and to give them their own freedom and let them govern themselves, is an advertising proposition. Any campaign we make in Russia would have to be ten per cent guns against Germans or ninety per cent propaganda to the Russians to make them understand our guns and trust our guns as being in the behalf of their freedom and ours.

Winning Russia is an act of national creative imagination. We ought to have an enormous machine for our nation's having an imagination. It should be started spontaneously, unofficially, through the organizing of a private corporation of the people. We should arrange first a toll road of publicity, people paying as they go. Then let people pay in taxes instead of at a gate later.

This war is going to be won by the nation that has the greatest national imagination—imagination about what it can do for the world—and has it first.

This is the method of winning the war.

The subject of the war—the question that is going to be answered by the war—is this: Can a democracy have as great, as swift, relentless and terrible a national imagination as an autocracy can?

If America is to answer this question with a Yes she must put together the biggest machine that has ever been invented yet to fight the devil.

We have not a new devil in the twentieth century. He has merely thought of some new conveniences for being one.

These new conveniences of the devil constitute, to everybody except Germany, the great surprise of this war.

The devil has never had a machine for being wicked before.

Now he has one.

He saw the Germans making machines for everything, and he got them to make one for him so that he would not have to keep on as he has had to for thousands of years finishing people off for hell by hand.

This machine has been set up in every country on earth. The farther off the country is from Germany, so that it will be more unsuspicious, the better it works.

This machine the devil has is Germany's propaganda machine.

The way to fight the devil in this war is for America to set up a propaganda machine that will go the German machine one better.

The German machine has been set up to touch the imagination of the world with what the world has got to do for Germany.

The American machine will be set up to touch the imagination of the world with what each nation—beginning with America—can do for the world.

Supplied by U.S. Gov't. to Army-Navy

MILITARY No. 7

Allies

GEM

DAMASKEENE

RAZOR

Khaki Service Outfit.

Under every allied flag, in every clime, in every branch of the service, the popular **GEM Khaki Service Outfit** has proved itself the staunch, dependable friend of fighting men. Strong, light, compact; designed especially for military and naval use. Affords a luxurious, quick, easy shave in camp, in the trenches, on shipboard—anywhere, under any condition.

The seven blades included are in dust-and-rust-proof, wax-paper wrapped package, sealed.

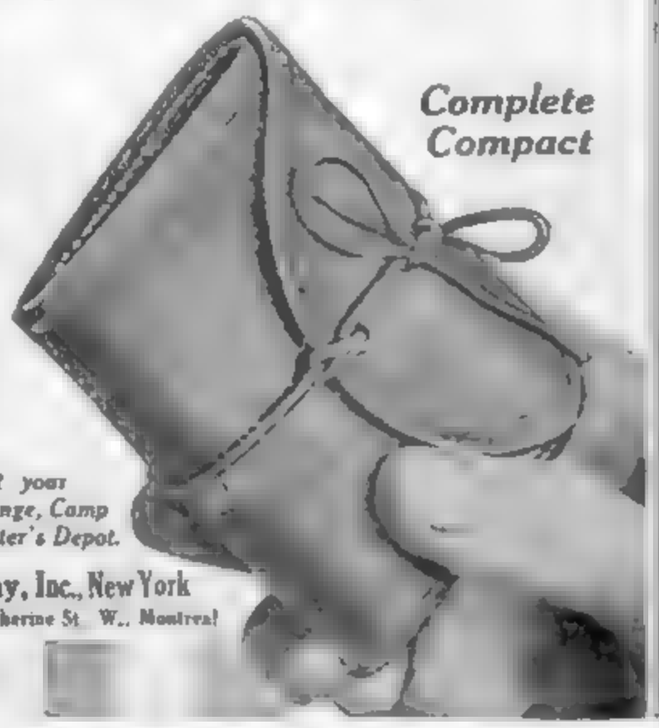
Separate set Gem Blades, 7 for 50c.

More than twenty-five years old—
Millions of Gems in use today.

$1.00 without Trench mirror Add 50c

Gem Military Outfit includes razor complete with seven **Gem Damaskeene Blades** and Stropping Handle.

$1.35 with Trench mirror Add 50c



Complete Compact

Ask for the GEM at your dealer, or the Post Exchange, Camp Canteens, or Quartermaster's Depot.

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York

Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

PALMOLIVE

Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

(1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
(2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
(3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
(4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*

The History Back of Modern Beauty

WHEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers—wartime price, two cakes for 25c It is supplied in guest-cake size at those hotels most famous for de luxe service.

Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette case, containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

The lights were dimming in the third act as they took their seats. Uninterrupted in the twilit space they sat well back quite absorbed in conversation which Verdi's strains did nothing to spoil.

"It sort of makes me dizzy," said Buddy—"mushing in fresh from the timber and finding myself giving the right hand of Christian fellowship to a gang of American peeresses."

"Wild Man of the Mountain!" she teased through the exotic dusk. The brim of her broad hat scraped his cheek. It hurt and he liked it. An outer barrier of reserve seemed to have crumbled momentarily.

"I guess I'm mostly rough gravel behind the ears. But you should have seen me before that vallay got hold of me."

"That what?"

"One of those Englishmen you hire to dress you."

"You mean a valet."

"I suppose so. You see I've tried to conquer New York in a week. It may kill me, but I'll die game."

He paused while several brightly dressed beings on the stage confessed their personal secrets in a series of trills.

"Yes?"

Again her brim scraped his cheek.

"Well—I might as well take my soul out of my pocket and show it to you. It was you who brought me all the way to New York."

"I am delighted. But how, pray?"

"Way up in Axe Creek I saw your picture in the papers. I've been following you for years, because you seemed so much more lovely than anything I'd ever seen ——"

Through the dimness he could see how narrowly she was taking him in.

"That's a remarkable compliment," she said very softly.

"It was just a fool ambition," Buddy went on. "And when I made my pile I packed up and came."

"I see."

She had never taken her eyes off him.

"And when I saw you sitting there in that box, as natural as a sheriff at an auction—well, I'm not religious, but something must have guided me that night."

"What night?" she asked, rather too icily.

"The night you lost your pearls.

"Oh, yes—my pearls."

"I'm not trying to drag 'em in by the hair of the head, as it were. But it was a big red night when I got a chance to find 'em for you."

"I—I'm ever so grateful. You can't imagine how much worry it saved me."

The words were inadequate in themselves, but it was the way she said them—as though she had learned a speech, and a mediocre one at that. What ailed her? Did she think him doubly vulgar for coming back to the subject?

"Wild Man of the Mountain!" she suddenly burst forth. And it was startling, because this was the first time he had heard her laugh. It was a short, delicious sound, as though two of her pearls had clinked together and were giving forth music.

"All I want is education," Buddy implored.

"You'd be surprised how quick I learn. I almost learned dancing in four lessons—and you should have seen me before Jass got hold of me."

"I really believe you could learn," declared she, coming back to the natural voice of which the pearl theme had bereft her.

"You're dead right I can!"

"Of course your wildness is a part of your charm; but there are a few things that won't do."

"For instance?"

"Shall I begin your first lesson? Well, when you're sitting at table with ladies you ought to rise when anyone comes up to speak."

"Including the waiter?"

"No. Excluding the waiter."

"Including Middleton Knox?"

"I appreciate your hesitation there. But he must be included—even though you get up to kick him."

"Keep on!" Buddy besought her.

"You're rather nicely groomed. Apparently you are fortunate in your valet. You have the appearance of an outdoor man. The nine thousand two hundred and twenty-six feet are to be thanked for that, I fancy. Don't allow yourself to become pasty. You oughtn't to keep the band on your cigars when you smoke. I'll give you the name of a firm that will make your cigarettes by the thousand—but there! That will be all for to-day."

"Oh, give me something hard!" he demanded.

"Well, then—don't try to entertain people whom you've just met with long droll paragraphs of autobiography."

"Referring to the story of the thermometer and the hot potato?"

"They are both delicious—but a trifle intimate. And I'll stop now—before I become offensive."

"You wouldn't be offensive to me if you used my ears for bookmarks," he told her above a rapturous burst of song.

"You haven't tried me. I might."

Mrs. Pat Dyvenot, the center of the society column, was sitting with him in a darkened box, employing a music that Verdi never knew, and telling him that she might prove offensive to him!

"And you're going to teach me some more?" he pleaded boyishly.

"It would be very amusing," she rippled, "to become a mountain-lion tamer."

And the orchestral strains swelled up to them, one long-drawn note of love-stricken harmony.

XIII

THROUGH the pleasantly febrile condition that he carried back with him to his hotel her parting words kept running like a musical theme, "See you to-night, I hope."

Most certainly she would see him to-night if Buddy had anything to do with it; but as to the exact nature of Mrs. Van Laerens' invitation he was in a state of wildest conjecture.

"Why don't you come to us—usual hour—a quarter past eight?"

Now what is a stranger in town supposed to do when a lady speaking the local Choctaw dialect comes toward him with such a proposition? Quite evidently Mrs. Van Laerens was giving a sort of evening party—but what do people do at a quarter past eight? That was about the theatrical hour, as he understood it. Possibly Mrs. Van Laerens was giving one of those private theatrical performances of which he had read in the Sunday papers. All this, of course, would necessitate an early dinner and a hurry call upon Jass.

At any rate Buddy was game; and game he remained as he unlocked the door of his suite on the eleventh floor of the Merlinbilt. He had scarcely turned the knob when on the carpet before him he saw a card plainly marked "Telephone." Across its ruled lines it bore the penciled instructions: "4:15 P. M.—call up Riverside 22602."

At first glance Buddy McNair had no intention of calling up Riverside 22602, because he at once recognized the number as that of the Blint apartment. Hadn't he troubles enough, what with thinking of Mrs. Dyvenot and trying to figure out the Van Laerens' party, without encountering Doris Blint? If Blint wanted to talk business with him he could wait till to-morrow, thought Buddy; and upon that thought the telephone rang.

"Hello."

It took but the two syllables to assure him that Miss Blint had found him out.

"This is Doris Blint," came the drawl.

"How d'you do, Miss Blint?"

"Very well, thank you. You naughty boy! I've been awfully miffed, the way you've been neglecting us. And now I see the reason why."

This reversal of form took his breath away. It was thus that she had talked to Mr. Hurler.

"I rang you up once or twice," Buddy temporized. He was learning.

"Fibber!" she accused with coy promptitude. "But I can't blame you—with Mrs. Pat Dyvenot as a rival ——"

"Forget it!" he harshly commanded.

"How can I?" she inquired. "But she might spare you for a little while, don't you think?"

"I guess so."

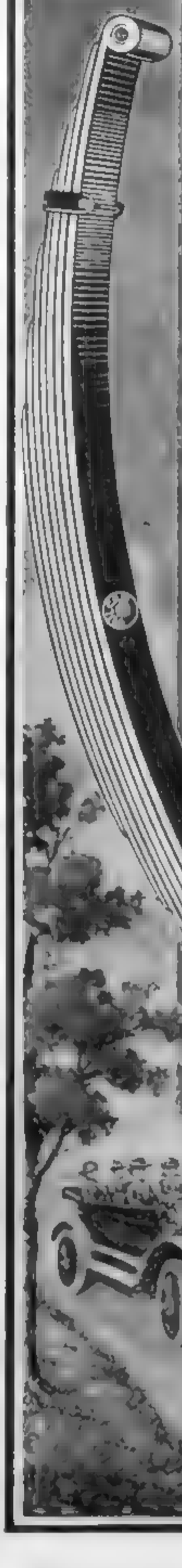
"Why don't you come to us this evening?"

Come to us again! Everybody seemed to be getting it.

(Continued on Page 51)

When Your Spring Breaks
Put On VULCAN

IN EVERY TOWN FOR EVERY CAR



PUT on Vulcan when your spring breaks. It's the easiest and most sensible thing to do, since the quality of Vulcan Springs is vouched for by hundreds of thousands now in use that have replaced springs of weaker fibre.

Back of this invitation is the service and knowledge of 3,000 American dealers inspired by the desire to give you springs that are worthy; that will stand up under the most severe punishment.

VULCAN QUALITY
The Replacement Spring

are so fortunately distributed the country over—are made in such wide variety—as to provide for every possible requirement. Whether you are touring or at home, the foresight of Vulcan dealers has provided for you an exact duplicate of your broken spring. Whatever your car—wherever you are—there is always a Vulcan dealer within reasonable distance.

At the Vulcan factory in Richmond, nothing but springs is made. Each man is trained to do his part to the very best of his ability. Every modern device known to mechanics or laboratory is used to make a spring as nearly perfect as possible. Each Vulcan Spring is inspected and strength-tested to treble its normal load, that every one may give the service that is expected of a Vulcan.

Most Dealers Carry Popular Car Assortments

Ask your Dealer to "Put on Vulcan"

Dealers interested in representation are invited to write for catalogue, prices and discounts.

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Branches:
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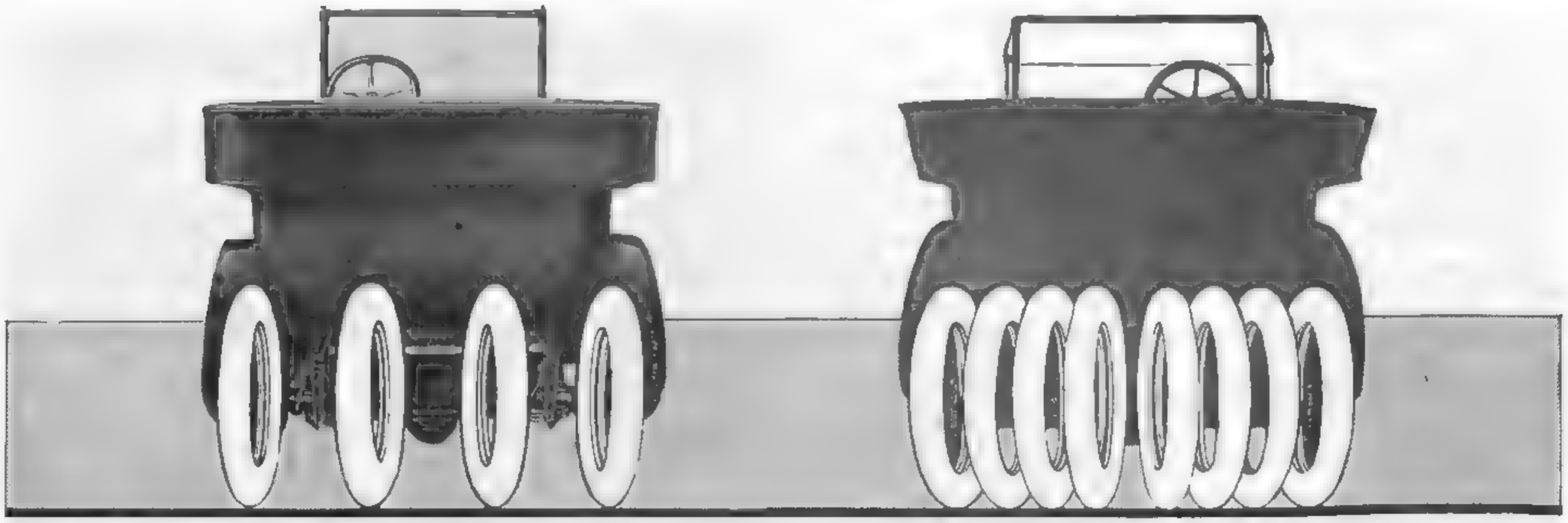


How Many Tires Does *Your* Car Need To Go 10,000 Miles?

The above question is of direct interest to you. It makes no difference whether you are concerned about motoring economy for personal reasons, or simply as a principle of national conservation.

The average car (on the right)—either heavy, or rigidly-built, or both—to go 10,000 miles, needs an extra set of tires, or eight tires in all.

The Franklin Car (on the left) to go the same distance—and further—needs only the four tires on the car, or half as many as the other.

There could be no clearer illustration of the timely economy of the Franklin Car; nor a more direct indictment of *unnecessary* motor car weight.

For it is excess weight that prevents the average heavy and rigid car from equaling the publicly-known Franklin tire-mileage. The action of the weight of an automobile on the tires is similar to a hammer blow—and the heavier the hammer, the harder and more destructive the blow. Heavy weight pounds out tires prematurely. And the heavy-car owner, accustomed to paying for tire-mileage he doesn't get, accepts this as a matter of course—until he meets a Franklin owner.

For Franklin owners get a consistent delivery of 10,000 miles or more to the set of tires.

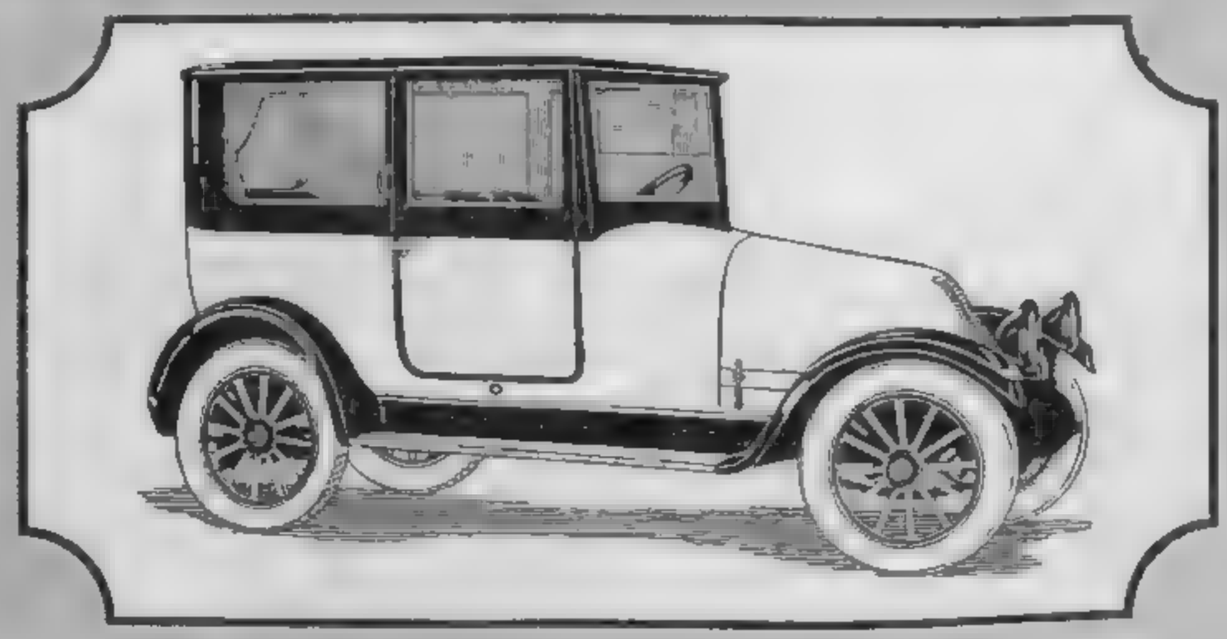
The reason lies in Scientific Light Weight and Flexible Construction. The Franklin weighs 2445 pounds—the right weight for a full-size five-passenger car. It also carries the minimum *unsprung* weight—weight *below* the springs, that contributes to the pound and shock tires must meet.

Franklin Flexible Construction—full elliptic springs, instead of the usual compromise type; chassis frame of tough, resilient ash instead of unyielding steel—is still another reason why tires on the Franklin get every opportunity to deliver the full mileage that is in them. This flexible construction reduces road shocks on the tires. There are no torque bars or strut rods to cause the rigidity that leaves tires unprotected.

These are facts of Franklin Construction that affect the whole performance of the car. Because of Scientific Light Weight, because of Flexible Construction, the Franklin is not only economical in tires, but it also gives a day-by-day delivery to its owners of 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10.

Think of these things—and decide whether any car that combines fineness with motoring economy such as this, is not worth your immediate inspection; especially in these days when waste in motoring is not going to be considered any more legitimate than waste in anything else.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



(Continued from Page 49)

"I—I've got an engagement later," he faltered.

"Oh, just for a little look at you." The wires wept with her pleading note.

"Thanks ever so much."

"I'm owfully glad!"

"I'll have to eat pretty early."

"We could make it a *dîner intime*."

"A which?" he asked nervously.

"Just informal. When is your engagement?"

"At a quarter past eight."

"Oh!"

She paused and he enjoyed a hopeful feeling that this would prove too much for her.

"Then we can have a little bite together!" she caroled at last.

"Would six-thirty be too early?" he asked, determined that she shouldn't make him miss the Van Laerens' party. "That would be putting you out pretty much, wouldn't it?"

"Not in the least. I should be dreadfully, dreadfully disappointed if you didn't come."

"I can pick up a snack round the hotel ——"

"Don't be silly! Where are you going at a quarter past eight?"

"To the Van Laerens'."

"The Plantagenet Van Laerens?"

"I suppose so. I've forgotten his first name."

"Plummie," she promptly supplied. "Won't that be owfully jolly for you! And I'll send you over in our car."

Well, that was arranged! Buddy hung up the receiver with the prevalent New York feeling that he was trading an hour's peace for an hour's annoyance and there was no way out of it.

It was in rather a sullen mood that he summoned the diplomatic Jass and had himself trussed up for an appearance at court. After all, he philosophized later, he would have to eat somewhere; and though he abominated the Blint women old Blint himself was a good sport and an honest man.

In the electric-lighted Temple of Karnak on Riverside Drive he found the Ethiopian soldiers waiting for him in a more receptive mood than he had encountered before. The giant at the gate bowed him in with a toothy smile.

"Yessa! Right up, sa!"

The gleaming elevator lifted him with smoothness and dispatch. In the mirrored vista he was pleased to note a company front of perfect Buddys. The whole line of them, pinkly massaged as to complexion, silk-hatted as to head, mink-collared as to throat, stood like a platoon of minstrel artists he had once seen parading in the main street of Axe Creek. He lifted his gold-headed cane in respectful salute. The entire company, drilling like clockwork, responded, to a man. Here was civilization!

At the end of the golden hallway Miss Blint, a sprightly bundle of spangled lace, threw away her cigarette and gave him both hands in an access of hospitality.

"I was owfully worried for fear you'd forgotten me—for other things!" she gushed.

"Promptness is my fault," he blurted, somewhat embarrassed by the tenacity with which she held on to his hands. "But I'm getting over it."

"Don't!" she cooed, bathing him in the shallows of her eyes.

He had a chance to regard her there. Her skirt was merely a wisp of silk, and there wasn't much waist worth mentioning. Her hair was so tightly drawn back from her porcelain-lined forehead as to give her a slightly bald appearance. With those barbered eyebrows, that enameled complexion, those carmine lips and a beauty patch on her left cheek bone she looked like an amateur actress playing the part of a clown.

"And I have a confession—you won't think I'm horrid, will you?"

Buddy promised to think nothing of the kind just as the maid came in with cocktails.

"Poor dad had to go to Chicago and mahmah's laid up with an attack of grippe. She sat in a draft at the Insomnia Wednesday night; but mahmah never would take advice. So"—she hesitated a semicolon's worth—"so we'll have this ridiculous early dinner all by ourselves."

"The fewer the better—that's my vote!" said Buddy with specious heartiness.

"Have a cigarette?" She motioned him to a place beside her on the couch. "We'll begin that picnic dinner in just a moment. Now tell me about Mrs. Dyvenot. How in the world did you come to find her necklace?"

"Oh, I just picked it up," was his offhand method of accounting for a miracle.

"Just picked it up! I knew you were a Prince Fortunatus—the very first night I saw you."

Her look was cloyingly sweet, glowing with memories. He had a fleeting recollection of her attitude toward him on the night when he had spilled a double portion of hors d'œuvre on her gown.

"I was so thrilled when I read about it in the papers. It seemed too lucky for just a mortal man—however clever."

She leaned closer and surveyed him roguishly.

"Are you sure you didn't steal her necklace and give it back just to make her acquaintance?"

"It would take a braver crook than I am to get away with that," he told her, trying to meet her ridiculous suggestion with a humorous tone. He had no idea that Miss Blint could be so keen a guesser.

"People would do anything to meet her, you know," she stuck to the subject.

"Dinner is served," announced a maid, appearing at the folding doors. Buddy breathed again.

"Just bring your cigarette in with you. I always smoke during meals—when mahmah isn't round."

They sat cozily at one end of the big dining table, somewhat reduced from the size he had seen upon his entrée into society. There were several glasses round his plate, and Buddy concluded that his picnic dinner would prove satisfying. He was glad of it, because the day's fatigues had given him an enormous appetite. Also he must fortify himself against a long hungry evening at the Van Laerens' entertainment. And he would like to show Miss Blint that he could take an hors d'œuvre without chasing it all over the platter.

There were no hors d'œuvres. The maid brought in a rich soup and filled his glass with sherry. Meanwhile Miss Blint was rattling the pebbles inside her gourdlike skull. Was Mrs. Dyvenot entertaining this year? Why had she given up her house and gone to live in a little apartment, as Gossips' Weekly had recently hinted? As Mrs. Dyvenot's warmest moods had not been autobiographic Buddy had nothing to reveal on these scores.

"Of course she doesn't say anything about her husband?" she intimated across the oyster patties.

Buddy hated to be interrupted by this nonsense; he was hungry and eating heartily.

"Naturally not," he agreed, and took a second helping. If he was going to spend a long hard evening at the Van Laerens' he wanted to go on a full stomach.

"No—she wouldn't!" lingered Miss Blint fondly. She wasn't eating much. When he looked at her he saw that her brown eyes had assumed a wise little leer.

"It's her business not to know poor Pat—in public," said she.

"What's the idea?" Buddy was disturbed at this, but he continued industriously with his food.

"There isn't any—really. And then you know her so much better than I do ——"

Buddy had forgotten that Mrs. Dyvenot had ever had a husband, and at the mention of his name he was filled with an unreasonable jealousy.

"Excuse me for eating so much," said Buddy, "but I don't know how many hours I'll have to starve at that party; and everybody talked so much at lunch I didn't get a chance at more than two broiled shrimps."

The maid was now coming round with a heavy platter.

"Do take a large helping of the duck," Doris urged. "I know how you feel. I sometimes go to the theater and can't enjoy a thing, I'm so ravenous. . . . How do you like Plummie Van Laerens?"

Thus temptingly she offered Plummie as a side dish with the duck. Buddy revealed his newly acquired skill at fishing for food over his elbow before he replied.

"If he'd kept sober and stuck to his work I should think he'd make a pretty good ticket agent."

"Oh, boy! You have the cutest ideas. He's inherited nearly all the railroads in the world. Don't you think he's fascinating?"

"Sort of. Do you know him?"

"No—I've never happened to meet him," she volunteered; "but I've often sat near him at the Ritz and watched him order his

(Continued on Page 53)

FEDERAL CORD TIRES
DOUBLE CABLE BASE

Armored for Road Battles

SOLDIERS wear trench helmets, not sunbonnets.

Tires must wage a ceaseless fight against brutal road punishment.

Get these tires that are better prepared to win more mileage and save you tire-expense.

Equalized cord strain in Federal tires is effected by vulcanizing under internal air pressure instead of cramping in rigid metallic molds. This insures lithe, pliant action in meeting the roughest road without damage.

There are four double layers of loose cords built up diagonally, each cord being insulated by impregnating with live supple rubber. This reduces friction and minimizes internal heating.

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Besides the black non-skid Federal Cord Tire there are the white non-skid Rugged Tread and black "Traffik" Tread—all of Extra Service quality.

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The exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction of four steel cables of great tensile strength holds the tire so firmly to the rim that it cannot possibly rock, shift or slip off.

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Note—We'll gladly mail to libraries, camp buildings and other public institutions free and postpaid, a beautiful [illegible] in colors (size 16 x 24 inches), suitable for framing, showing the rank and service insignia of the U. S. Army.

PHILIP LYFORD

CIVILIAN AND MILITARY TAILORS

(Continued from Page 51)

lunch. He has such a charming way with the waiters."

Buddy went on eating copiously of the duck. Whatever he had against them the Blints certainly hired a good cook.

"He's a dreadful old heartbreaker. Gossips' Weekly had the funniest article about why he goes down to Asheville every winter and leaves Gertie at home. But now that you're in the smart set I suppose ——"

She never said what she supposed; but when Buddy at last looked up from her successful rival, the duck, he was aware that she was giving him her most languishing stare. Her eyes were brown and restless like a monkey's; and curiously enough they had a certain fascination.

"Oh, I'm just The Wild Man of the Mountain," Buddy explained, awkwardly aware of his blushes. "And I've come to town to get tamed."

"You've come to the wrong town for that," she giggled and lit another cigarette.

There was a heavy salad after that and then a dish of highly educated ice cream. While the affable Doris clowned eagerly and chattered from her frivolous tree top Buddy sat and glutted the wolf within him. He didn't seem to mind her any more. It was like getting used to a jazz band with your meals. The Blints certainly kept a good cook.

At coffee and cigars he took occasion to look at the trifling wafer of a watch which admirers in Axe Creek had presented to him.

"Eight-four!" he growled. "I guess I'll have to call a taxi and hurry up. I hope you'll forgive me if I eat and run."

"Oh, I've ordered our car to be here," she assured him, "and I'm going with you as far as the door!"

Buddy sat stupefied with overfeeding and underthinking.

"Thank you very kindly," he protested. "I don't want to put you to that trouble."

"Trouble! It's the thrill of the year for me."

She had leaped to her nimble feet and hurried ahead of him to the drawing-room.

"Wait here just a sec'. I'll have Nina bring your hat and coat."

She wasn't much longer than her promise, and Nina had scarce slipped the fur collar over his shoulders when she came back in a pink-and-white striped cloak.

"Now we must hurry," she commanded with a grimace between a grin and a pout. "We mustn't keep Mrs. Dyvenot waiting."

As the big closed car was hurrying them by a short cut through the park's invisible social barricade Buddy became aware that the seating space was growing narrower and narrower.

"You aren't going to be so cool and haughty next time?" Doris Blint was cooing as she toyed with his sleeve.

"Certainly not! To tell you the truth, I had a notion that it was you who were cool and haughty," he defended.

"How can you think so?" Then a pause. "But of course on first acquaintance ——"

Here was the moment of dramatic contrast. Again flashed on the blank screen of his subconscious mind a moving picture—a moving picture with appropriate music. He recalled that first ghastly party at Blint's, how her laugh had tinkled like a tin can and informed the whole table of his struggle with the worm-infested beets; how she had looked her disdain upon the poor best that Axe Creek could offer in the way of store clothes.

He could feel her silken shoulder against his upper arm.

"You aren't offended or anything?" she asked in a baby voice.

"Far be it from me!" he assured her, ready to jump out of the window in case of emergency.

"Because I had never laid eyes on you before. Daddy asked you to the party without a word of explanation. I didn't realize ——"

She never finished, but he knew what she hadn't realized. Nobody, at that time, had informed her how rich he was going to be as Supercyanide royalties from every gold mining district in the world rolled in, year after year. And she had not then seen him going into Tanquay's with Mrs. Pat Dyvenot.

The car turned in between the snowy gate posts and rounded the circular driveway before the Van Laerens' white-marble palazzo, which—exotic in New York—had a front yard of its own. Other motor cars were stopping ahead of them, while light slippers and fluffy skirts twinkled out of carriage doors and up the steps. Doris Blint's eyes were round with gazing; they betrayed the jealous fascination of a child who, uninvited, beholds a richer neighbor's Christmas tree.

"Come soon!"

She reached over and gave his hand two affectionate squeezes.

"Thanks, I will. And that certainly was a good dinner," he cordially informed her. He spoke but the truth, for he was fairly distended with good food.

"And sometime we'll all have a party?"

By her yearning look, cast toward the big door past which she was not to go, it was plain to see who she meant should be included.

"I hope so. Good night. Remember me to your mother!"

XIV

BUDDY made a bold entrance into the Van Laerens splendor; for he was bolstered—literally—by the belief that an army fights best on its stomach. There were two or three silk shrouded ladies who came in with their escorts at the same time and were whisked away by a maidservant while a manservant divested the gentlemen of their coats. These latter guests seemed inclined to hang round the stairway, waiting for their ladies; and as they waited Buddy beheld a new marvel.

A liveried man was passing small envelopes on a tray. The face of this functionary, despite his servile get-up, was reminiscent of other days; and upon a second inspection Buddy recognized him to be none other than one of the gallant blades who had been so attentive to Miss O'Brien at the servants' ball. To-night he was as perfect a footman as he had been a clubman during that adventure in Araby. And in his hand he held a silver salver replete with those small unaccountable envelopes.

The envelopes worried Buddy—possibly Mrs. Van Laerens was planning a valentine party. There was no doubt that the envelopes had to do with the guests, for each gentleman, ere passing up the stairs with his lady, stopped and pawed over the pile, selected one, opened it and gazed. New York had taught Buddy to be slavishly imitative under such circumstances. Therefore he also pawed until he had come upon a square of paper distinctly if flourishingly labeled "Mr. McNair." He never looked at the footman during the choosing ceremony, but he had a disagreeable impression that the footman was looking at him. He got the flap open, and under the clumsy fingers of his white gloves pulled out a little card upon which, written in the same angular scrawl, was the name "Mrs. Harbinger."

Buddy was baffled. It seemed indelicate, to speak mildly, for his name to be thus coupled with that of a lady he had never met. Wherefore the envelope, wherefore the card, wherefore Buddy?

The footman stood at gaze, fixing him with the brown undeviating stare of a watchdog.

"Look here," asked Buddy in a moment of isolation, "who is this Mrs. Harbinger?"

"She's just gone up, sir," replied Andrew in much too loud a voice.

"Well, what's she doing in my envelope?"

"It is Mrs. Van Laerens' arrangement, sir." His look was ever so blighting.

"But what's the idea? What am I supposed to do with the lady?"

"I should say, sir"—he spoke with a terrible distinctness—"that you are supposed to take her in to dinner."

Dinner!

Buddy stroked his waistcoat, distended with delicacies from the Blint cuisine.

Then the disgusting situation was apparent. Mrs. Van Laerens, when her peculiar Choctaw dialect had invited him to "come to us at a quarter past eight," had been inviting him to dinner! These peculiar people ate their food in the middle of the night. And at the entrance of their feasting place stood Buddy McNair, filled to the repletion with chicken gumbo, oyster patties, roast duck, assorted vegetables, complicated sweets; layer upon layer the dinner he was just beginning to digest turned over and protested against the impending indignity.

Well, there is a desperate philosophy which applies to all living situations, including death. You can do anything once. A loud-voiced herald shouted Buddy's name at the top of the stairs, where stood Mrs. Van Laerens wearing a thousand-dollar gown in a way to conceal its value.

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An inexpensive little "Drop Out" Renewal Link instantly restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency.

FOR many successive years the U. S. Navy has protected vitally important electrical circuits ashore and afloat with ECONOMY renewable FUSES.

History has repeated itself. A new contract has recently been awarded this company to fill the Navy's renewable fuse requirements for another year.

As compared with the cost of Non-Renewable Fuses, the government has saved as high as $76,480.00 on a single delivery to one navy yard.

In thousands of plants representing all branches of industry Economy Fuses and "Drop Out" Renewal Links effect savings averaging approximately 80% of the annual fuse maintenance cost.

Order by brand from your electrical jobber or dealer

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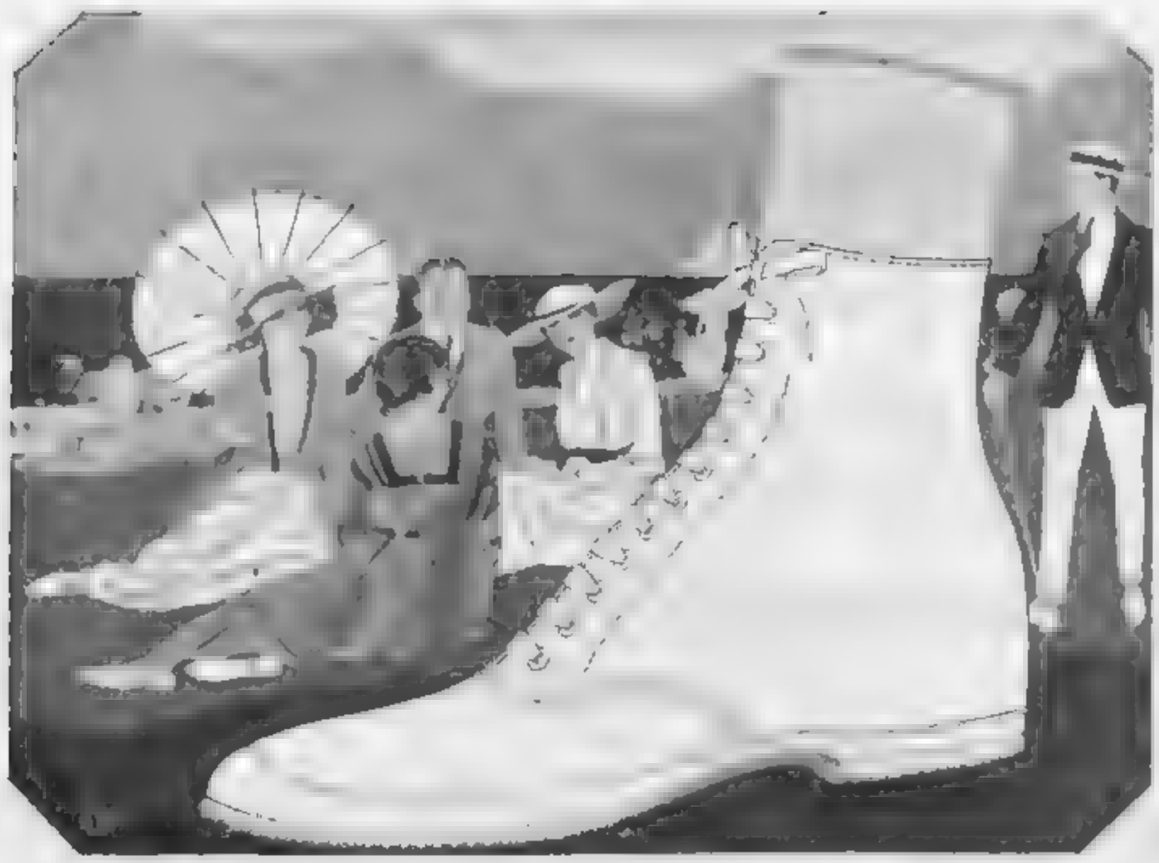

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And what are Keds? They are the last word in Summer footwear. The soles are of live, springy rubber; the tops of high-grade canvas, flexible, yielding to every step.

Trim-looking, long-wearing Keds are made by the world's largest rubber manufacturer in a variety of styles and grades. There is satisfaction in every pair and their price is within range of every purse.

Whether you tread the soft turf or city pavements, Keds are the Summer shoes to suit your every purpose. They mean style, economy, service for all the family.

More than 50,000 dealers in the United States have Keds. Ask your dealer for Keds. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the soles.

National Keds	Campfire Keds	Champion Keds
$1.50 up	$1.25 up	$1.00 up

Sizes for boys and girls cost less

United States Rubber Company

New York

"How do you do!" she challenged briskly, jerking his hand and dropping it suddenly. "Been a rotten day, hasn't it? I hope you're starved."

Buddy hoped he was; and being shoved aside for more important arrivals he began looking round for his sole interest in life. She was standing against a scarlet Chinese embroidery, a slim figure in pallid silk, her wonderful hair glowing against the flaming background, those pearls—which all the world, except Buddy and Twillaway's salesman, knew as the Overbeeks—falling over her white bosom. These strange faces round gave Buddy a feeling of panic. At the very thought of a second banquet dyspepsia was setting in. He stumbled forward in hopes of shelter under her white wing.

He found her flirting busily with Prince Kulik of Bulgaria.

"You see I didn't lose my way," she smiled softly, giving Buddy her hand. "Mr. McNair, Prince Kulik."

The fat Adonis turned upon the interloper eyes that were popping out of his head like those of a tormented bull. Across his shirt front was a decoration.

"Sharmed, I am sure."

His hand was flabby and characterless like a hot-water bottle. He turned again to Mrs. Dyvenot and continued to woo in French. This was of course exciting for Buddy, who began to teeter from foot to foot. When a man came round with a tray of cocktails he accepted one, but banished the caviar sandwiches as he would an evil dream.

It was with the courage of desperation that he tossed off his drink. It affected him like a violent poison. His head began to ache. Miserable, neglected, he looked bleakly round for a place upon which to set his empty glass. There was not an unoccupied surface to be seen anywhere, save the floor; and he knew that if he should set his glass on the floor someone would come along and kick it; and the crash would be blamed to him.

"Whom are you taking in?" asked Mrs. Dyvenot, turning for a moment from the disagreeable nobleman.

"Let'ssee." Buddy fumbled and brought out the envelope.

"Oh, Jess Harbinger! You have my sympathy."

"Pretty bad?"

"Rather! You'd better look her up before dinner is announced."

"Guess I had."

Despite her offhand manner he had a feeling that she was looking after him.

"She's the one with the icy-gray hair, standing there by the railing."

Buddy attempted to hide his empty glass under the folds of his coat as he tottered over and presented himself to Mrs. Harbinger. He informed her that his name was McNair, and she seemed only slightly interested. A runtish, yellowish brunette whose name sounded like Mrs. Llama engaged most of Mrs. Harbinger's attention. Buddy continued to hover. The contemplation of Mrs. Harbinger was like facing a third banquet, more indigestible than the rest.

People began stringing away toward the dining room.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Harbinger inexorably.

Apparently some action should be taken at once.

"I guess it's our move," Buddy agreed, looping his arm in the same pigeon-wing manner as the man in front of him was doing. She infolded his elbow, but with his every struggle to get forward she was pulling him back.

"Don't you think you'd better get rid of that glass?" she asked uncompromisingly.

Buddy looked down and became aware that he was still carrying his empty cocktail glass. He found a little patch of dirt under a palm, and into this he dropped it guiltily. Then like a small but sturdy tug towing a great liner out of harbor he drew the great lady into the vast dining room.

Everybody seemed to be having a pretty good time, with the exception of Buddy McNair. At his right sat Mrs. Harbinger, at his left the dark lady whose name sounded like Mrs. Llama. With Buddy the conversation went no better than the food. He sat there, hedged in by unfriendly powers, helpless, interned. Up and down the long table were bright faces, some of them beautiful, many of them human. People were laughing, chaffing, flirting, reveling in the joys of light intoxication. Six or eight places up the table Mrs. Van Laerens was provoking bright laughter by her witty style of grumbling. Mrs. Dyvenot sat almost across from him, but she was always looking at Prince Kulik—looking with that slanting glance which Buddy had been appropriating all afternoon.

The other side of Mrs. Llama the fashionable English actor, Sir Hedgerowe Keepe, told about himself in a distinguished accent which bore the same ratio to the Jascomb method of syllabification that cauliflower bears to cabbage.

Mrs. Llama hearkened occasionally, but most of the time she was keeping up her dialogue with Mrs. Harbinger, using Buddy as a convenient sounding board through which to talk. He seemed a satisfactory medium, because the ladies got on famously together.

"Ninskovitch has no emotion—he follows the abominable Blorgens method—influenced by Blowski," Mrs. Harbinger barked fiercely at Mrs. Llama.

"I don't agree with you." The dark lady was small but game. "Hammerflors and Klugg both demonstrated the sliding-body technic."

Buddy was interested for a moment, thinking that the ladies had gone in for wrestling, or Swedish massage at the mildest. But a moment later when he found that all those difficult names referred to disciples of the Neo-Hellenic Dance he turned again to inward gazing and wondered if he were going to have an attack of acute appendicitis. He tried to eat something with mushrooms in it and suspected, too late, that he had partaken of toadstools.

"None of them have the virility of Ivan Snork," went on Mrs. Harbinger's vibrations through his ribs. "Do you think so, Mr.—Mr. McCloskey?"

He turned and found that she was addressing him.

"I've always had a sort of sneaking fondness for Sorghum Peet," he confided in a hushed tone.

This stilled her for only a moment.

"Indeed?" She took him in, then permitted her hard eyes to fall on his plate. "You're not eating," she accused him, as though that were an argument.

"I have a headache," he complained, not without cause.

"You ought to take care of that right away!" she commanded, her fierce eyes boring into his skull. "I had a butler—a great deal the same build as you. He became very dull and peculiar. I accused him of drinking—one does, you know. Poor William! Do you have loss of appetite and dizziness during meals?"

"Right this very minute," he encouraged.

"That's it!" she cried triumphantly. "You have all the symptoms that came out in poor William. I don't think he was ever quite right. I found after his death that he had been stealing provisions for years. Does the pain run from your temples to the bridge of your nose?"

"You've got it!"

"Well, you'd better go to a specialist—I'll write it out for you—have you a pencil?—his name is Doctor Slaughter—and I'm perfectly sure he'll find you have just the same trouble as killed my poor William."

"What killed poor William?" he faintly inquired.

"A growth at the base of the brain."

Buddy felt much too ill to protest. When he looked across the table and saw how languishingly Mrs. Dyvenot was taking in Prince Kulik he was sure Mrs. Harbinger was right; he couldn't have squandered his thousands on so thankless an object unless something had been loose in his skull.

The sufferer sat there looking straight into the pearls with which he had paid the price of admission; nearly a quarter of a million for the privilege of hearing a fierce dowager tell him that he had at the base of his brain the same growth that had killed her poor William.

He prayed for an earthquake—anything to break up the meeting and let him go home. Gladly would he have upset the dinner service or tripped a passing footman, but the surroundings had sapped away his nerve. Just then an obese bird on a hot plate was laid before him. "Eat me!" the bloated carcass seemed to challenge. He looked moodily round. The gayety had appreciably increased. Everybody at the dinner, save Buddy McNair, had drawn a peach.

Out of the racket he heard his name being called:

"Oh, Mr. McNair!"

(Continued on Page 57)

FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD USE
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. MADE BY

New uses of automobiles make new reasons for using Empire Tires

It is an old truism that the luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today. Usually the transition comes slowly, through a gradual rise in standards of living. Sometimes it comes swiftly, under the pressure of urgent circumstances. In the status of the automobile, war has forced a sudden change.

The former dividing line between "pleasure cars" and "commercial vehicles" has broken down.

Few cars today are used exclusively for pleasure riding. Many are used largely if not wholly for serious purposes—to speed the farmer, the salesman, the manufacturer, the merchant, the soldier, about their business of keeping the nation going full blast.

In this new phase of motoring, the tires take on new responsibilities.

No time now for needless tire troubles. No excuse for short mileage.

The man or woman who drives on errands of real moment needs confidence that all is well beneath the wheels.

Taut nerves and tired bodies demand the easiest riding, the least shock possible in fast running over deteriorated roads.

On every count Empire qualifies as the war-time tire.

Its extra miles mean not only more generous service, but freedom from delay and annoyance. Especially, its great resilience relieves *strain*, not only upon the car but also on human endurance.

In resilience, the Empire Fabric Tire is *almost the equal* of the famous Empire Cord.

Yet it sells at a popular price which keeps it in the war-time classification on grounds of economy.

Stop in and put one on your "southeast" wheel—the hardest test of a tire.

The Empire Tire Dealer

August 10, 1918

(Continued from Page 54)

At the head of the table he could see Mrs. Van Laerens' horselike countenance directed amiably toward him.

"Mr. McNair has the drollest story about his life in the West."

Mrs. Van Laerens' peculiar voice had a carrying quality which seemed to engage the attention of everybody round the enormous table with the exception of Mrs. Dyvenot and Prince Kulik. Buddy could feel his chair wavering under him.

"Do be a good chap, Mr. McNair, and tell it!"

Rapidly through his mind there passed the list of Dont's with which Mrs. Dyvenot had furnished him at the Rigoletto matinée. "Don't tell long anecdotes" had stood out most prominently among her commandments. She had been most insistent against that tale of the Axe Creek hospital. He looked over to her, his eyes begging counsel. Hers were still upon those of Bulgaria's heavy prince.

"You mean—that one about the thermometer and the hot potato?"

He hoped this would attract Mrs. Dyvenot's attention, but she never looked up.

"Yes!" Mrs. Van Laerens brilliantly besought. "And how you were wounded by a brick at an altitude of two hundred thousand feet."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Van Laerens—I've got a bad cold—I ——"

Again he cast a lorn beseeching glance across the table. Should he ignore Mrs. Dyvenot's disapproval? Mrs. Van Laerens appeared to be expecting something from him; but on the face of the woman who should have guided him through that difficult moment there was no helpful ray.

Over the dinner table there had fallen the hush peculiar to an expectant audience. Mrs. Dyvenot stopped talking and lifted her unfathomable eyes just as Buddy cleared his throat and began.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OH, THIS WAR!

(Concluded from Page 16)

though her parents were not glaring at her, as though the three eligibles were not almost destroying themselves to catch the movement of her lips, as she talked and talked and talked to Seaman Scudder.

I dare say I should have told you before this that there is no plot to this tale; that as an episode it is only a wan little by-product of this drear war which racks the world. Nevertheless, having begun it let us hasten and carry it to its distressing conclusion.

What with the coal famine, and pipes bursting, and water flowing all over the house, and the ceiling in the drawing-room falling down, and Wall Street moody as the cook, Mrs. Darrell asks you how in heaven's name she could have been expected to notice that there was anything peculiar in the behavior of Fredericka during those nightmare months of January and February, 1918?

During March, a month in which she felt more like a noble British matron than ever, Mrs. Darrell did notice, certainly, that the girl was jumpy, moony and irritable. But so is everyone else in March. Now that she thinks back Mrs. Darrell remembers that Fredericka did behave rather extraordinarily on several occasions—such as the time she started to scream with laughter at a chance mention of the eligibles, and could not stop; such as the time she put her hands to her throat as though choking, and cried out in a loud and terrible voice while her father was reading aloud a new submarine horror: "Oh, you Kaiser! You horrid, awful wolf! Why can't someone kill you!" Such as taking up plain sewing and going to a class in domestic economy.

Nights, too, Fredericka's maid says, she heard the girl praying and sobbing to herself.

Through April and some of May things continued similarly, though during these months, upon the receipt of letters, indited in a round, strong, grammar-school hand, foreign-tagged and censored, Miss Fredericka, her maid says, exhibited new cheer and a casual interest in her wardrobe.

However, until yesterday she had not an idea, Mrs. Darrell states feebly, she had not an idea that anything was happening.

Yesterday morning at the hour of six, to be exact, Tilly, the housemaid, was awakened by the telephone bell. Rising sleepily to answer it imagine the surprise of Tilly at beholding Miss Fredericka with the receiver at her ear, not only up but dressed! Having talked monosyllabically into the instrument, says Tilly, Miss Fredericka left the house and banged the door.

After being shocked at the news contained in Miss Fredericka's telegram—which arrived last night while Mr. and Mrs. Darrell were at dinner, and which stated succinctly that she, Fredericka, had been married and would return anon—Mr. and Mrs. Darrell evinced pleasure, Preston, the butler, avers.

The master and missis, says Preston, having decided that perhaps it was just as well, in as much as big weddings were getting to be bad form, then fell into a pleasurable discussion as to which one of the eligibles it was Miss Fredericka had elected to marry, Mrs. Darrell contending that it was likely Number One—he was a little the richer; and Mr. Darrell holding out for Number Three—he was a little the bluer-blooded.

Finally agreeing to disagree and concluding that it made very little difference anyhow the happy parents toasted the bride and the groom in a bottle of 1882; and all was merry and bright.

That was last night.

To-day, as I have told you, everyone is tempestuously stirred up over the matter of what Miss Darrell has gone and done, save Miss Darrell herself, who says "Take it or leave it!"

The shades are down in Sixty-second Street, the servants tiptoe about and whisper, the telephone has been shut off. You see, quite late last night Miss Darrell arrived home with her brand-new husband.

We have it from Preston how Mrs. Darrell fainted and they were an hour getting her to; how Mr. Darrell seemed about to have a stroke; how Miss Fredericka stood watching them, tremulous, starry-eyed, lovely as an angel, enfolded in the crook of her big young husband's arm.

"And," says Preston, "he says to her 'Don't you care, darling!' And she says to him 'I don't.' And then with her eyes shining she says 'Ridiculous!' And with his eyes shining he kisses her; and then they goes away."

So, their history all unwritten, we leave them, those two—First Class Machinist's Mate Bill Scudder, and Fredericka, née Darrell.

Oh, this war!

You Need a Better Tooth Cleaner

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

That Film Must Go

The old ways of tooth cleaning have proved inefficient. Millions of people know that—know that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay.

Dentists know it. Statistics show that tooth troubles are constantly increasing, despite the wide use of the tooth brush. And authorities know why.

The trouble lies in a film—a slimy, ever-present film. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and resists the tooth brush. Nearly all the tooth troubles are due to that film.

Dentists call it bacterial plaque. They know it as the teeth's chief enemy. And the great object of periodic dental cleaning is to scour off hardened film or tartar.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. These germs also cause other serious internal infections.

The great object of teeth-cleaning is to keep teeth free from film. All else is almost useless if the film remains. Yet the tooth brush, unless rightly aided, leaves much of that film intact.

Now a way has been found to end the film. Four years of clinical tests have proved it beyond question. It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. We urge you to try a One-Week tube—at our cost—and prove it for yourself.

See What It Does

The results of Pepsodent are quick. A one-week test, in most cases, brings a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is found to be albuminous. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin will not do. Pepsin must be activated, else it is inert. The usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has now found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent. Clinical tests, under able authorities, prove that everyone should use it every day.

See the results for yourself. Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note the absence of the film. Note how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

You will see results which dental science has for many years been seeking. And you will see, we believe, a way to cleaner, whiter, safer teeth than you have ever had. Cut out the coupon now.

One-Week Tube Free

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Full mileage and still sturdy

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When old Doctor Speedometer applies the "wear-ascope" to your General Tire at the guaranteed mile-age point he gives it more miles to live. Still sturdy at the mile-age when most tires give up the ghost.

From then on, as in the human body, comes the test, not of the tire's original strength as it comes from the hands of the maker, but of the way the owner has treated it. If neglected and abused your tire will suffer a breakdown sooner than its original strength warrants. Any tire will do that—but it must be said for The General Tire that because of its strong constitution it serves an unkind master better than do most. If treated sensibly, however (not nursed, but taken care of when cuts, bruises and accidental injuries threaten its life), it will repay its treatment generously. It is not at all unusual for a General fabric tire to deliver 7,000, 8,000 and even 10,000 miles. The guarantee is 5,000 miles.

General Giant Cord Tires are the last word in cord construction. They are bound to deliver double the wear—and we do not hesitate to predict for you, if you treat yours sensibly, that they will average 12,000 miles.

The General Jumbo Oversize Tires for Fords, Chevrolets and other light pleasure cars with 30x3½ rims are guaranteed for 5,000 miles. Delivery is always more.

And—bear this in mind—all General Tires cost less per mile. Their purchase is a real economy—their use is an assurance of body comfort and mental ease. General Tire owners do not worry about their tires.

You want these comfort and economy qualities that account for the tremendous success of General Tires.

Built in Akron by
THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. E, Akron, Ohio

Manufacturers of America's most complete line of tire accessories.

THE WILLOW WALK

(Continued from Page 11)

Both the suitcases at his feet were closed, and presumably fastened; but one was not fastened. And though it was heavy it contained nothing but a lump of pig iron. From time to time Jasper's hand, holding a bundle of bills, dropped to his side. With a slight movement of his foot he opened that suitcase, and the bills slipped from his hand down into it.

The bottom part of his cage was a solid sheet of stamped steel, and from the front of the bank no one could see this suspicious gesture. The other teller could have seen it, but Jasper dropped the bills only when the other teller was busy talking to a customer or when his back was turned. In order to delay for such a favorable moment Jasper frequently counted packages of bills twice, rubbing his eyes as though they hurt him.

After each of these secret disposals of packages of bills Jasper made much of dropping into the pay-roll bags the rolls of coin for which the schedule called. It was while he was tossing these blue-wrapped cylinders of coin into the bags that he would chat with the other teller. Then he would lock up the bags and gravely place them at one side.

Jasper was so slow in making up the pay rolls that it was five minutes of eleven before he finished. He called the doorman to the cage and suggested: "Better call my taxi now."

He still had one bag to fill. He could plainly be seen dropping packages of money into it, while he instructed the assistant teller: "I'll stick all the bags in my safe, and you can transfer them to yours. Be sure to lock my safe. Lord, I better hurry or I'll miss my train! Be back Tuesday morning, at latest. So long; take care yourself."

He hastened to pile the pay-roll bags into his safe in the vault. The safe was almost filled with them. And except for the last one not one of the bags contained anything except a few rolls of coin. Though he had told the other teller to lock his safe he himself twirled the combination—which was thoughtless of him, as the assistant teller would now have to wait and get the president to unlock it.

He picked up his umbrella and the two suitcases—bending over one of the cases for not more than ten seconds. Waving good-by to the cashier at his desk down front and hurrying so fast that the doorman did not have a chance to help him carry the suitcases he rushed through the bank, through the door, into the waiting taxicab, and loudly enough for the doorman to hear he cried to the driver, "M. & D. Station."

At the M. & D. R. R. Station, refusing offers of redcaps to carry his bags, he bought a ticket for Wakamin, which is a lake-resort town one hundred and forty miles northwest of Vernon, hence one hundred and twenty beyond St. Clair. He had just time to get aboard the eleven-seven train. He did not take a chair car, but sat in a day coach near the rear door. He unscrewed the silver top of his umbrella, on which was engraved his name, and dropped it into his pocket.

When the train reached St. Clair, Jasper strolled out to the vestibule, carrying the suitcases but leaving the topless umbrella behind. His face was blank, uninterested. As the train started he dropped down on the station platform and gravely walked away. For a second the light of adventure crossed his face, and vanished.

At the garage at which he had left his car on the evening before he asked the foreman: "Did you get my car fixed—Mercury roadster, ignition on the bum?"

"Nope! Couple of jobs ahead of it. Haven't had time to touch it yet. Ought to get at it early this afternoon."

Jasper curled his tongue round his lips in startled vexation. He dropped his suitcases on the floor of the garage and stood thinking, his bent forefinger against his lower lip.

Then: "Well, I guess I can get her to go—sorry—can't wait—got to make the next town," he grumbled.

"Lot of you traveling salesmen making your territory by motor now, Mr. Hanson," said the foreman civilly, glancing at the storage check on Jasper's car.

"Yep. I can make a good many more than I could by train."

He paid for overnight storage without complaining, though since his car had not been repaired this charge was unjust. In fact he was altogether prosaic and inconspicuous. He thrust the suitcases into the car and drove out, the motor spitting. At another garage he bought a new spark plug and screwed it in. When he went on, the motor had ceased spitting.

He drove out of St. Clair, back in the direction of Vernon—and of Rosebank, where his brother lived. He ran the car into that thick grove of oaks and maples only two miles from Rosebank where he had paced off an imaginary road to the cliff overhanging the reedy lake. He parked the car in a grassy space beside the abandoned woodland road. He laid a light robe over the suitcases. From beneath the seat he took a can of deviled chicken, a box of biscuits, a canister of tea, a folding cooking kit and a spirit lamp. These he spread on the grass—a picnic lunch.

He sat beside that lunch from seven minutes past one in the afternoon till dark. Once in a while he made a pretense of eating. He fetched water from a brook, made tea, opened the box of biscuits and the can of chicken. But mostly he sat still and smoked cigarette after cigarette.

Once a Swede, taking this road as a short cut to his truck farm, passed by and mumbled "Picnic, eh?"

"Yuh, takin' a day off," said Jasper dully.

The man went on without looking back.

At dusk Jasper finished a cigarette down to the tip, crushed out the light and made the cryptic remark: "That's probably Jasper Holt's last smoke. I don't suppose you can smoke, John—damn you!"

He hid the two suitcases in the bushes, piled the remains of the lunch into the car, took down the top of the car and crept down to the main road. No one was in sight. He returned. He snatched a hammer and a chisel from his tool kit, and with a few savage cracks he so defaced the number of the car stamped on the engine block that it could not be made out. He removed the license numbers from fore and aft, and placed them beside the suitcases. Then, when there was just enough light to see the bushes as cloudy masses, he started the car, drove through the woods and up the incline to the top of the cliff, and halted, leaving the engine running.

Between the car and the edge of the cliff which overhung the lake there was a space of about a hundred and thirty feet, fairly level and covered with straggly red clover. Jasper paced off this distance, returned to the car, took his seat in a nervous, tentative way, and put her into gear, starting on second speed and slamming her into third. The car bolted toward the edge of the cliff. He instantly swung out on the running board. Standing there, headed directly toward the sharp drop over the cliff, steering with his left hand on the wheel, he shoved the hand throttle up—up—up with his right. He safely leaped down from the running board.

Of itself the car rushed forward, roaring. It shot over the edge of the cliff. It soared twenty feet out into the air as though it were a thick-bodied aëroplane. It turned over and over, with a sickening drop toward the lake. The water splashed up in a tremendous noisy circle. Then silence. In the twilight the surface of the lake shone like milk. There was no sign of the car on the surface. The concentric rings died away. The lake was secret and sinister and still. "Lord!" ejaculated Jasper, standing on the cliff; then: "Well, they won't find that for a couple of years anyway."

He returned to the suitcases. Squatting beside them he took from one the wig and black garments of John Holt. He stripped, put on the clothes of John, and packed those of Jasper in the bag. With the cases and the motor-license plates he walked toward Rosebank, keeping in various groves of maples and willows till he was within half a mile of the town. He reached the stone house at the end of the willow walk, and sneaked in the back way. He burned Jasper Holt's clothes in the grate, melted down the license plates in the stove, and between two rocks he smashed Jasper's expensive watch and fountain pen into an unpleasant mass of junk, which he dropped into the cistern for rain water. The silver head of the umbrella he scratched with a chisel till the engraved name was indistinguishable.

(Continued on Page 61)

REPUBLIC FOR SERVICE

Why Does Republic Build the Most Motor Trucks?

FIVE years ago the first Republic Truck was completed in a little shop where the total output for the first year was but 54 trucks.

Last year Republic produced and sold more than twice as many motor trucks as were produced and sold by the next largest maker.

How was this leadership achieved so quickly? Why does Republic build the most trucks?

Simply because the quality that has been built into all Republic Trucks and the service they have given to their owners created an endless chain of demand for more trucks of the same dependable kind. And the Republic factories grew to take care of the demand.

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Every part that goes into a Republic Truck must be the best that experience and experiment have been able to discover. The Internal Gear Drive, used on all Republic Trucks, transmits 92% of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much.

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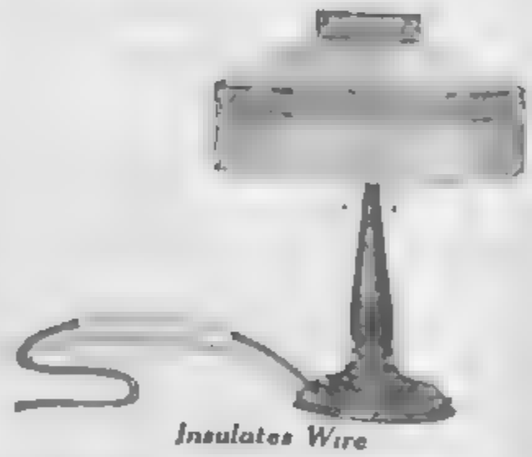

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Saves Countless Dollars

Think of the things you throw away when a bit of tape could mend them.

Lawn hose, for instance. You can double its life if you mend the breaks with B & B Adhesive.

Any rubber article can be mended instantly

Leaks are stopped in metal pipes, and in automobile inner tubes.

Clothing tears are mended so you cannot see them, by attaching B & B Adhesive on the under side.

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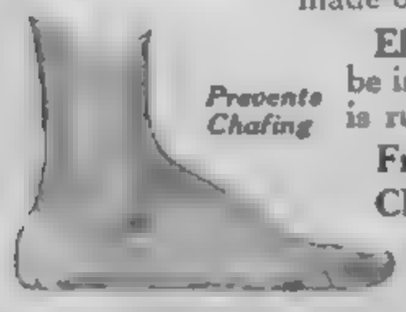

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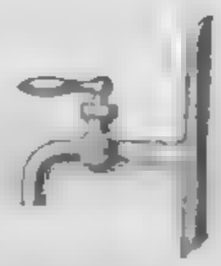

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All made under ideal conditions. For safety's sake, ask for B & B.

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This is fabric tape, one side of which is ever-sticky rubber. Surgeons use it for attaching bandages, for holding splints and strapping sprains. Millions of yards are yearly used for every day repairs.

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(Continued from Page 58)

He unlocked a section of the bookcase and taking a number of packages of bills in denominations of one, five, ten and twenty dollars from one of the suitcases he packed them into those empty candy boxes which, on the shelves, looked so much like books. As he stored them he counted the bills. They came to ninety-seven thousand five hundred and thirty-five dollars.

The two suitcases were new. There were no distinguishing marks on them. But taking them out to the kitchen he kicked them, rubbed them with lumps of blacking, raveled their edges and cut their sides, till they gave the appearance of having been long and badly used in traveling. He took them upstairs and tossed them up into the low attic.

In his bedroom he undressed calmly. Once he laughed: "I despise those pretentious fools—bank officers and cops. I'm beyond their fool law. No one can catch me—it would take me myself to do that!"

He got into bed. With a vexed "Hang it!" he mused: "I suppose John would pray, no matter how chilly the floor was."

He got out of bed and from the inscrutable Lord of the Universe he sought forgiveness—not for Jasper Holt, but for the denominations who lacked the true faith of Soul Hope Fraternity.

He returned to bed and slept till the middle of the morning, lying with his arms behind his head, a smile on his face.

Thus did Jasper Holt, without the mysterious pangs of death, yet cease to exist, and thus did John Holt come into being not merely as an apparition glimpsed on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, but as a being living twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

III

THE inhabitants of Rosebank were familiar with the occasional appearances of John Holt, the eccentric recluse, and they merely snickered about him when on the Saturday evening following the Friday that has been chronicled he was seen to come out of his gate and trudge down to a news and stationery shop on Main Street.

He purchased an evening paper and said to the clerk: "You can have the Morning Herald delivered at my house every morning—27 Humbert Avenue."

"Yuh, I know where it is. Thought you had kind of a grouch on newspapers and all those lowbrow things," said the clerk pertly.

"Ah, did you indeed? The Herald, every morning, please. I will pay a month in advance," was all John Holt said, but he looked directly at the clerk, and the man cringed.

John attended the meeting of the Soul Hope Fraternity the next evening—Sunday—but he was not seen on the streets again for two and a half days.

There was no news of the disappearance of Jasper Holt till the following Wednesday, when the whole thing came out in a violent, small-city, front-page story, headed:

PAYING TELLER
SOCIAL FAVORITE—MAKES GET-AWAY

The paper stated that Jasper Holt had been missing for four days, and that the officers of the bank, after first denying that there was anything wrong with his accounts, had admitted that he was short one hundred thousand dollars—two hundred thousand, said one report. He had purchased a ticket for Wakamin, this state, on Friday, and a trainman, a customer of the bank, had noticed him on the train, but he had apparently never arrived at Wakamin.

A woman asserted that on Friday afternoon she had seen Holt driving an automobile between Vernon and St. Clair. This appearance near St. Clair was supposed to be merely a blind, however. In fact our able chief of police had proof that Holt was not headed north, in the direction of St. Clair, but south, beyond Wanagoochie—probably for Des Moines or St. Louis. It was definitely known that on the previous day Holt had left his car at Wanagoochie, and with their customary thoroughness and promptness the police were making search at Wanagoochie. The chief had already communicated with the police in cities to the south, and the capture of the man could confidently be expected at any moment. As long as the chief appointed by our popular mayor was in power it went ill with those who gave even the appearance of wrongdoing.

When asked his opinion of the theory that the alleged fugitive had gone north the chief declared that 'of course Holt had started in that direction, with the vain hope of throwing pursuers off the scent, but that he had immediately turned south and picked up his car. Though he would not say so definitely the chief let it be known that he was ready to put his hands on the fellow who had hidden Holt's car at Wanagoochie.

When asked if he thought Holt was crazy the chief laughed and said: "Yes, he's crazy two hundred thousand dollars' worth. I'm not making any slams, but there's a lot of fellows among our gentlemanly political opponents who would go a whole lot crazier for a whole lot less!"

The president of the bank, however, was greatly distressed, and strongly declared his belief that Holt, who was a favorite in the most sumptuous residences on the Boulevard, besides being well-known in local dramatic circles, and who bore the best of reputations in the bank, was temporarily out of his mind, as he had been distressed by pains in the head for some time past. Meantime the bonding company, which had fully covered the employees of the bank by a joint bond of two hundred thousand dollars, had its detectives working with the police on the case.

As soon as he had read the paper John took a trolley into Vernon and called on the president of the bank. John's face drooped with the sorrow of the disgrace. The president received him. John staggered into the room, groaning: "I have just learned in the newspaper of the terrible news about my brother. I have come ——"

"We hope it's just a case of aphasia. We're sure he'll turn up all right," insisted the president.

"I wish I could believe it. But as I have told you, Jasper is not a good man. He drinks and smokes and play-acts and makes a god of stylish clothes ——"

"Good Lord, that's no reason for jumping to the conclusion that he's an embezzler!"

"I pray you may be right. But meanwhile I wish to give you any assistance I can. I shall make it my sole duty to see that my brother is brought to justice if it proves that he is guilty."

"Good o' you," mumbled the president. Despite this example of John's rigid honor he could not get himself to like the man. John was standing beside him, thrusting his stupid face into his.

The president pushed his chair a foot farther away and said disagreeably: "As a matter of fact we were thinking of searching your house. If I remember, you live in Rosebank?"

"Yes. And of course I shall be glad to have you search every inch of it. Or anything else I can do. I feel that I share fully with my twin brother in this unspeakable sin. I'll turn over the key of my house to you at once. There is also a shed at the back, where Jasper used to keep his automobile when he came to see me." He produced a large, rusty, old-fashioned door key and held it out, adding: "The address is 27 Humbert Avenue, Rosebank."

"Oh, it won't be necessary, I guess," said the president, somewhat shamed, irritably waving off the key.

"But I just want to help somehow! What can I do? Who is—in the language of the newspapers—who is the detective on the case? I'll give him any help ——"

"Tell you what you do: Go see Mr. Scandling, of the Mercantile Trust and Bonding Company, and tell him all you know."

"I shall. I take my brother's crime on my shoulders—otherwise I'd be committing the sin of Cain. You are giving me a chance to try to expiate our joint sin, and, as Brother Jeremiah Bodfish was wont to say, it is a blessing to have an opportunity to expiate a sin, no matter how painful the punishment may seem to be to the mere physical being. As I may have told you I am an accepted member of the Soul Hope Fraternity, and though we are free from cant and dogma it is our firm belief ——"

Then for ten dreary minutes John Holt sermonized; quoted forgotten books and quaint, ungenerous elders; twisted bitter pride and clumsy mysticism into a fanatical spider web. The president was a churchgoer, an ardent supporter of missionary funds, for forty years a pewholder at St. Simeon's Church, but he was alternately bored to a chill shiver and roused to wrath against this self-righteous zealot.

When he had rather rudely got rid of John Holt he complained to himself: "Curse it, I oughtn't to, but I must say I prefer Jasper the sinner to John the saint.

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Uff! What a smell of damp cellars the fellow has! He must spend all his time picking potatoes. Say! By thunder, I remember that Jasper had the infernal nerve to tell me once that if he ever robbed the bank I was to call John in. I know why, now! John is the kind of egotistical fool that would muddle up any kind of a systematic search. Well, Jasper, sorry, but I'm not going to have anything more to do with John than I can help!"

John had gone to the Mercantile Trust and Bonding Company, had called on Mr. Scandling, and was now wearying him by a detailed and useless account of Jasper's early years and recent vices. He was turned over to the detective employed by the bonding company to find Jasper. The detective was a hard, noisy man, who found John even more tedious. John insisted on his coming out to examine the house in Rosebank, and the detective did so—but sketchily, trying to escape. John spent at least five minutes in showing him the shed where Jasper had sometimes kept his car.

He also attempted to interest the detective in his precious but spotty books. He unlocked one section of the case, dragged down a four-volume set of sermons and started to read them aloud.

The detective interrupted: "Yuh, that's great stuff, but I guess we aren't going to find your brother hiding behind those books!"

The detective got away as soon as possible, after insistently explaining to John that if they could use his assistance they would let him know.

"If I can only expiate ——"

"Yuh, sure, that's all right!" wailed the detective, fairly running toward the gate.

John made one more visit to Vernon that day. He called on the chief of city police. He informed the chief that he had taken the bonding company's detective through his house; but wouldn't the police consent to search it also? He wanted to expiate —— The chief patted John on the back, advised him not to feel responsible for his brother's guilt and begged: "Skip along now—very busy."

As John walked to the Soul Hope meeting that evening dozens of people murmured that it was his brother who had robbed the Lumber National Bank. His head was bowed with the shame. At the meeting he took Jasper's sin upon himself, and prayed that Jasper would be caught and receive the blessed healing of punishment. The others begged John not to feel that he was guilty—was he not one of the Soul Hope brethren who alone in this wicked and perverse generation were assured of salvation?

On Thursday, on Saturday morning, on Tuesday and on Friday John went into the city to call on the president of the bank and the detective. Twice the president saw him, and was infinitely bored by his sermons. The third time he sent word that he was out. The fourth time he saw John, but curtly explained that if John wanted to help them the best thing he could do was to stay away.

The detective was "out" all four times.

John smiled meekly and ceased to try to help them. Dust began to gather on certain candy boxes on the lower shelf of his bookcase, save for one of them, which he took out now and then. Always after he had taken it out a man with faded brown hair and a wrinkled black suit, signing himself R. J. Smith, would send a fair-sized money order from the post office at South Vernon to John Holt, at Rosebank as he had been doing for more than six months. These money orders could not have amounted to more than twenty-five dollars a week, but that was even more than an ascetic like John Holt needed. By day John sometimes cashed these at the Rosebank post office, but usually, as had been his custom, he cashed them at his favorite grocery when he went out in the evening.

In conversation with the commuter neighbor who every evening walked about and smoked an after-dinner cigar in the yard at the right John was frank about the whole lamentable business of his brother's defalcation. He wondered, he said, if he had not shut himself up with his studies too much, and neglected his brother. The neighbor ponderously advised John to get out more. John let himself be persuaded, at least to the extent of taking a short walk every afternoon and of letting his literary solitude be disturbed by the delivery of milk, meat and groceries. He also went to the public library, and in the reference room glanced at books on Central and South America—as though he was planning to go south, some day.

But he continued his religious studies. It may be doubted if previous to the embezzlement John had worked very consistently on his book about Revelation. All that the world had ever seen of it was a jumble of quotations from theological authorities. Presumably the crime of his brother shocked him into more concentrated study, more patient writing. For during the year after his brother's disappearance—a year in which the bonding company gradually gave up the search and came to believe that Jasper was dead—John became fanatically absorbed in somewhat nebulous work. The days and nights drifted together in meditation in which he lost sight of realities, and seemed through the clouds of the flesh to see flashes from the towered cities of the spirit.

It has been asserted that when Jasper Holt acted a rôle he veritably lived it. No one can ever determine how great an actor was lost in the smug bank teller. To him were imperial triumphs denied, yet was he not without material reward. For playing his most subtle part he received ninety-seven thousand dollars. It may be that he earned it. Certainly for the risk entailed it was but a fair payment. Jasper had meddled with the mystery of personality, and was in peril of losing all consistent purpose, of becoming a Wandering Jew of the spirit, a strangled body walking.

IV

THE sharp-pointed willow leaves had twisted and fallen, after the dreary rains of October. Bark had peeled from the willow trunks, leaving gashes of bare wood that was a wet and sickly yellow. Through the denuded trees bulked the solid stone back of John Holt's house. The patches of earth were greasy between the tawny knots of grass stems. The bricks of the walk were always damp now. The world was hunched up in this pervading chill.

As melancholy as the sick earth seemed the man who in a slaty twilight paced the willow walk. His step was slack, his lips moved with the intensity of his meditation. Over his wrinkled black suit and bleak shirt bosom was a worn overcoat, the velvet collar turned green. He was considering.

"There's something to all this. I begin to see—I don't know what it is I do see! But there's lights—supernatural world that makes food and bed seem ridiculous. I am—I really am beyond the law! I made my own law! Why shouldn't I go beyond the law of vision and see the secrets of life? But I sinned, and I must repent—some day. I need not return the money. I see now that it was given me so that I could lead this life of contemplation. But the ingratitude to the president, to the people who trusted me! Am I but the most miserable of sinners, and as the blind? Voices—I hear conflicting voices—some praising me for my courage, some rebuking ——"

He knelt on the slimy black surface of a wooden bench beneath the willows, and as dusk clothed him round about he prayed. It seemed to him that he prayed not in words but in vast confusing dreams—the words of a language larger than human tongues. When he had exhausted himself he slowly entered the house. He locked the door. There was nothing definite of which he was afraid, but he was never comfortable with the door unlocked.

By candle light he prepared his austere supper—dry toast, an egg, cheap green tea with thin milk. As always—as it had happened after every meal, now, for eighteen months—he wanted a cigarette when he had eaten, but did not take one. He paced into the living room and through the long still hours of the evening he read an ancient book, all footnotes and cross references, about The Numerology of the Prophetic Books, and the Number of the Beast. He tried to make notes for his own book on Revelation that scant pile of sheets covered with writing in a small finicky hand. Thousands of other sheets he had covered; through whole nights he had written; but always he seemed with tardy pen to be racing after thoughts that he could never quite catch, and most of what he had written he had savagely burned.

But some day he would make a masterpiece! He was feeling toward the greatest discovery that mortal men had encountered. Everything, he had determined, was a symbol—not just this holy sign and that, but all physical manifestations. With frightened exultation he tried his new power of divination. The hanging lamp swung tinily. He ventured: "If the arc of that moving radiance touches the edge of the bookcase, then it will be a sign that I am to go to South America, under an entirely new disguise, and spend my money."

He shuddered. He watched the lamp's unbearably slow swing. The moving light almost touched the bookcase. He gasped. Then it receded.

It was a warning; he quaked. Would he never leave this place of brooding and of fear—which he had thought so clever a refuge? He suddenly saw it all.

"I ran away and hid in a prison! Man isn't caught by justice—he catches himself!"

Again he tried. He speculated as to whether the number of pencils on the table was greater or less than five. If greater, then he had sinned; if less, then he was veritably beyond the law. He began to lift books and papers, looking for pencils. He was coldly sweating with the suspense of the test.

Suddenly he cried "Am I going crazy?"

He fled to his prosaic bedroom. He could not sleep. His brain was smoldering with confused inklings of mystic numbers and hidden warnings.

He woke from a half sleep more vision haunted than any waking thought, and cried: "I must go back and confess! But I can't! I can't, when I was too clever for them! I can't go back and let them win. I won't let those fools just sit tight and still catch me!"

It was a year and a half since Jasper had disappeared. Sometimes it seemed a month and a half; sometimes gray centuries. John's will power had been shrouded with curious puttering studies; long heavy-breathing sittings with the ouija board on his lap, midnight hours when he had fancied that tables had tapped and crackling coals had spoken. Now that the second autumn of his seclusion was creeping into winter he was conscious that he had not enough initiative to carry out his plans for going to South America. The summer before he had boasted to himself that he would come out of hiding and go south, leaving such a twisty trail as only he could make. But—oh, it was too much trouble. He hadn't the joy in play-acting which had carried his brother Jasper through his preparations for flight.

He had killed Jasper Holt, and for a miserable little pile of paper money he had become a moldy recluse!

He hated his loneliness, but still more did he hate his only companions, the members of the Soul Hope Fraternity—that pious shrill seamstress, that surly carpenter, that tight-lipped housekeeper, that old shouting man with the unseemly frieze of whiskers. They were so unimaginative. Their meetings were all the same; the same persons rose in the same order and made the same intimate announcements to the Deity that they alone were his elect.

At first it had been an amusing triumph to be accepted as the most eloquent among them, but that had become commonplace, and he resented their daring to be familiar with him, who was, he felt, the only man of all men living who beyond the illusions of the world saw the strange beatitude of higher souls.

It was at the end of November, during a Wednesday meeting at which a red-faced man had for a half hour maintained that he couldn't possibly sin, that the cumulative ennui burst in John Holt's brain. He sprang up.

He snarled: "You make me sick, all of you! You think you're so certain of sanctification that you can't do wrong. So did I, once! Now I know that we are all miserable sinners—really are! You all say you are, but you don't believe it. I tell you that you there, that have just been yammering, and you, Brother Judkins, with the long twitching nose, and I—I—I, most unhappiest of men, we must repent, confess, expiate our sins! And I will confess right now. I st-stole ——"

Terrified he darted out of the hall, and hatless, coatless, tumbled through the main street of Rosebank, nor ceased till he had locked himself in his house. He was frightened because he had almost betrayed his secret, yet agonized because he had not gone on, really confessed, and gained the only peace he could ever know now—the peace of punishment.

He never returned to Soul Hope Hall. Indeed for a week he did not leave his house, save for midnight prowling in the

(Concluded on Page 65)

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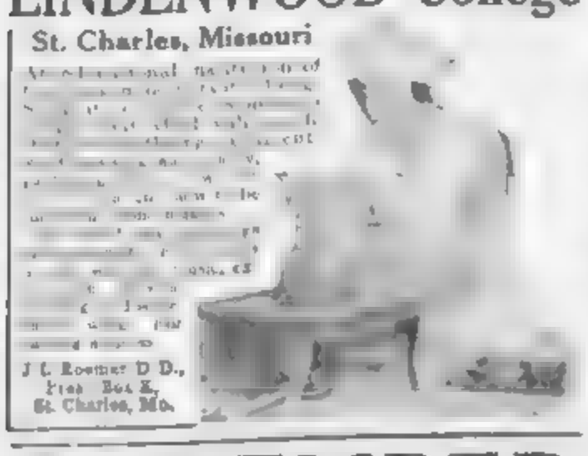

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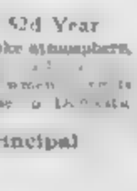

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(Concluded from Page 62)

willow walk. Quite suddenly he became desperate with the silence. He flung out of the house, not stopping to lock or even close the front door. He raced uptown, no topcoat over his rotting garments, only an old gardener's cap on his thick brown hair. People stared at him. He bore it with a resigned fury.

He entered a lunch room, hoping to sit inconspicuous and hear men talking normally about him. The attendant at the counter gaped. John heard a mutter from the cashier's desk: "There's that crazy hermit!"

All of the half dozen young men loafing in the place were looking at him. He was so uncomfortable that he could not eat even the milk and sandwich he had ordered. He pushed them away and fled, a failure in the first attempt to dine out that he had made in eighteen months; a lamentable failure to revive that Jasper Holt whom he had coldly killed.

He entered a cigar store and bought a box of cigarettes. He took joy out of throwing away his asceticism. But when, on the street, he lighted a cigarette it made him so dizzy that he was afraid he was going to fall. He had to sit down on the curb. People gathered. He staggered to his feet and up an alley.

For hours he walked, making and discarding the most contradictory plans—to go to the bank and confess; to spend the money riotously and never confess.

It was midnight when he returned to his house.

Before it he gasped. The front door was open. He chuckled with relief as he remembered that he had not closed it. He sauntered in. He was passing the door of the living room, going directly up to his bedroom, when his foot struck an object the size of a book, but hollow sounding. He picked it up. It was one of the booklike candy boxes. And it was quite empty. Frightened he listened. There was no sound. He crept into the living room and lighted the lamp.

The doors of the bookcase had been wrenched open. Every book had been pulled out on the floor. All of the candy boxes, which that evening had contained almost ninety-six thousand dollars, were in a pile; and all of them were empty. He searched for ten minutes, but the only money he found was one five-dollar bill, which had fluttered under the table. In his pocket he had one dollar and sixteen cents. John Holt had six dollars and sixteen cents, no job, no friends—and no identity.

v

WHEN the president of the Lumber National Bank was informed that John Holt was waiting to see him he scowled.

"Lord, I'd forgotten that minor plague! Must be a year since he's been here. Oh, let him —— No, hanged if I will! Tell him I'm too busy to see him. That is, unless he's got some news about Jasper. Pump him, and find out."

The president's secretary sweetly confided to John:

"I'm so sorry, but the president is in conference just now. What was it you wanted to see him about? Is there any news about—uh—about your brother?"

"There is not, miss. I am here to see the president on the business of the Lord."

"Oh! If that's all I'm afraid I can't disturb him."

"I will wait."

Wait he did, through all the morning, through the lunch hour—when the president hastened out past him then into the afternoon, till the president was unable to work with the thought of that scarecrow out there, and sent for him.

"Well, well! What is it this time, John? I'm pretty busy. No news about Jasper, eh?"

"No news, sir, but—Jasper himself! I am Jasper Holt! His sin is my sin."

"Yes, yes, I know all that stuff—twin brothers, twin souls, share responsibility ——"

"You don't understand. There isn't any twin brother. There isn't any John Holt. I am Jasper. I invented an imaginary brother, and disguised myself —— Why, don't you recognize my voice?"

While John leaned over the desk, his two hands upon it, and smiled wistfully, the president shook his head and soothed: "No, I'm afraid I don't. Sounds like good old religious John to me! Jasper was a cheerful, efficient sort of crook. Why, his laugh ——"

"But I can laugh!" The dreadful croak which John uttered was the cry of an evil bird of the swamps. The president shuddered. Under the edge of the desk his fingers crept toward the buzzer by which he summoned his secretary.

They stopped as John urged: "Look—this wig—it's a wig. See, I am Jasper!"

He had snatched off the brown thatch. He stood expectant, a little afraid.

The president was startled, but he shook his head and sighed.

"You poor devil! Wig, all right. But I wouldn't say that hair was much like Jasper's!"

He motioned toward the mirror in the corner of the room.

John wavered to it. And indeed he saw that day by slow day his hair had turned from Jasper's thin sleek blackness to a straggle of damp gray locks writhing over a yellow skull.

He begged pitifully: "Oh, can't you see I am Jasper? I stole ninety-seven thousand dollars from the bank. I want to be punished! I want to do anything to prove Why, I've been at your house. Your wife's name is Evelyn. My salary here was ——"

"My dear boy, don't you suppose that Jasper might have told you all these interesting facts? I'm afraid the worry of this has—pardon me if I'm frank, but I'm afraid it's turned your head a little, John."

"There isn't any John! There isn't! There isn't!"

"I'd believe that a little more easily if I hadn't met you before Jasper disappeared."

"Give me a piece of paper. You know my writing ——"

With clutching claws John seized a sheet of bank stationery and tried to write in the round script of Jasper. During the past year and a half he had filled thousands of pages with the small finicky hand of John. Now, though he tried to prevent it, after he had traced two or three words in large but shaky letters the writing became smaller, more pinched, less legible.

Even while John wrote the president looked at the sheet and said easily: "Afraid it's no use. That isn't Jasper's fist. See here, I want you to get away from Rosebank—go to some farm—work outdoors—cut out this fuming and fussing—get some fresh air in your lungs." The president rose and purred: "Now, I'm afraid I have some work to do."

He paused, waiting for John to go.

John fiercely crumpled the sheet and hurled it away. Tears were in his weary eyes.

He wailed: "Is there nothing I can do to prove I am Jasper?"

"Why, certainly! You can produce what's left of the ninety-seven thousand!"

John took from his ragged waistcoat pocket a five-dollar bill and some change. "Here's all there is. Ninety-six thousand of it was stolen from my house last night."

Sorry though he was for the madman the president could not help laughing. Then he tried to look sympathetic, and he comforted: "Well, that's hard luck, old man. Uh, let's see. You might produce some parents or relatives or somebody to prove that Jasper never did have a twin brother."

"My parents are dead, and I've lost track of their kin—I was born in England—father came over when I was six. There might be some cousins or some old neighbors, but I don't know. Probably impossible to find out, in these wartimes, without going over there."

"Well, I guess we'll have to let it go, old man." The president was pressing the buzzer for his secretary and gently bidding her: "Show Mr. Holt out, please."

From the door John desperately tried to add: "You will find my car sunk ——"

The door had closed behind him. The president had not listened.

The president gave orders that never, for any reason, was John Holt to be admitted to his office again. He telephoned to the bonding company that John Holt had now gone crazy; that they would save trouble by refusing to admit him.

John did not try to see them. He went to the county jail. He entered the keeper's office and said quietly: "I have stolen a lot of money, but I can't prove it. Will you put me in jail?"

The keeper shouted: "Get out of here! You hoboes always spring that when you want a good warm lodging for the winter! Why the devil don't you go to work with a shovel in the sand pits? They're paying two-seventy-five a day."

"Yes, sir," said John timorously. "Where are they?"

Every Cup

Of Quaker Oats Contains 280 Calories Or Exactly the Same as Four Eggs

Every cup you cook—every cup you use in bread or muffins, cookies, pancakes or soups. And the cup of Quaker Oats costs you less than two cents.

Mark what other indispensable foods cost you, at the present writing, for the same food units, as compared with Quaker Oats.

Meats average 7 times as much.
Chicken from 7 to 16 times as much.
Fish will average 8 times as much.
Eggs nearly 10 times as much.

Yet Quaker Oats is vastly the better food. It is nearly the perfect food.

Pound for pound, it has more than twice the nutrition of round steak. It is many times richer in minerals. And 16 per cent is protein, the body builder.

Let this supreme food cut down your living cost. Use it in fifty ways. No other grain food is so flavory, and none so meets your needs.

Quaker Oats

Have an Exquisite Flavor

In Quaker Oats you get oat flavor at its best. This brand is flaked from queen oats only—just the big, plump oats.

We get ten pounds from a bushel. This extra flavor costs you no extra price. It is due to yourself that you get it.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Muffins

2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 [illegible], 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking [illegible], 3 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon [illegible]

[illegible] (Quaker Oats let stand for [illegible] and beaten light, then add [illegible] flour in which has been sifted [illegible]

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

[illegible] Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk [illegible] add the other ingredients [illegible] a good deal [illegible] the consistency [illegible] cakes. If too thick [illegible] a little more milk. [illegible] Bake on a hot griddle.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, [illegible] sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, [illegible] lukewarm water, 4 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over [illegible] cups of boiling water. [illegible] Soften yeast in [illegible] lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place to rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead [illegible] into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again until [illegible]. Bake about 50 minutes. If [illegible] a crisp crust, brush at night with the liquid that [illegible] and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

1258

Holding Up the Nation's Defense

The telephone played a tremendous part in this Nation's mobilization for war. It continues vital to the Government's program.

At the same time it has remained at the service of the whole people whose demands upon it grow apace with that of the Government.

The public is entitled to the best service that it is possible to render. But the public has a partnership in the responsibility for good telephone service.

It takes three to make any telephone connection: the person calling, the company, and the person called. Without the co-operation of all three the service suffers.

The telephone company can make the connection, but no words can be heard at one end of the line which are not properly spoken into the transmitter at the other. The relation between the speaker and the hearer is the same as the relation between the orator and his audience. It cannot be maintained if the orator turns his back to the listeners or if the audience is inattentive.

Telephone traffic must be kept moving. Speak distinctly—answer promptly—and release the line as quickly as possible. Don't continue reading when the bell rings.

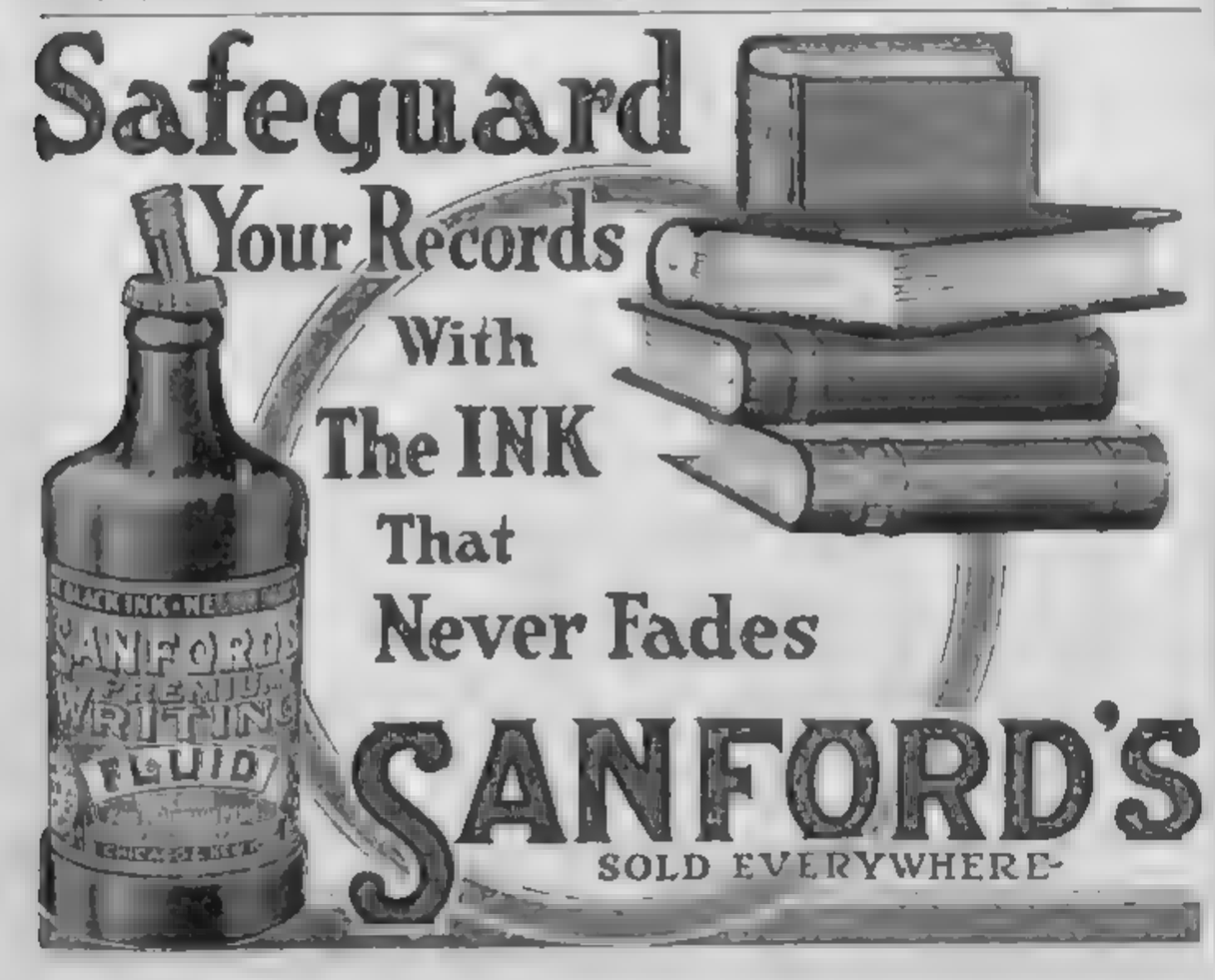
These seem little things to ask the individual telephone subscriber, but when the individual is multiplied by millions all over this country, it is easy to see how important it is that *all* should co-operate.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 117, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

HAVE you heard the beautiful new song *"One More Day"*? It will be sung in every home at this time. Published by H. W. Gray Co., New York. Sole Agents for Novello Co., of London, England. Order it from any music dealer.



OPEN SESAME

(Continued from Page 5)

but when a man is finally brought face to face with death he struggles to get free. The fact that the end is inevitable furnishes consolation to only a few.

To Larry this call meant death. He saw it from no other angle. It meant being sent to the trenches to be shot. And he did not want to die. He had just begun to live. It was at this point that the thought of mam'selle came into his bruised, throbbing brain. But not to console; the memory of her was like another blow.

He clenched his fists. It was unjust to take him away from all that was awaiting him. This morning he had thought of the next time he was to meet her, and now—now they were trying to make this the last time. They were trying to make what was to have been the beginning, the end. All that had made his heart leap for joy, this morning, came back to torture him. Her eyes, the touch of her hand, the tenderness of her voice—had those been allowed him only in mockery? It was unfair. He had done nothing to deserve so harsh a fate.

Once more he followed a stranger through swinging doors. He sat down, his knees weak. He ordered whisky and drank it. The liquor inflamed his quick imagination almost to madness. He sat erect now, with one clenched fist on the table, glaring aggressively at everyone who came in. It was as though he expected them to seize him and drag him off. They would have to fight to get him—fight hard.

But, after all, no one paid any attention to him except the bartender, who watched him out of the corner of his eye, and a stranger who slouched into the chair opposite him. The latter studied Larry furtively a few moments. He was an uncouth looking chap of about Larry's age and build. More than that, there was a general resemblance in his features in a coarse way. He had the same nose and the same pallor. He was very thirsty and had no money, and so after his discreet reconnoitering he ventured to speak.

"Up against it, pard?" he asked.

Larry turned quickly.

"No offense, I hope," the stranger went on.

"No," answered Larry.

On the whole he was glad to have someone to talk to. It broke for a moment the evil spell that hung round him.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

"I don't mind," the stranger agreed with alacrity.

Larry ordered the drinks and when they came raised his glass in response to the other's toast.

"Here's luck."

But he did not drink the toast. He put down his glass and frowned. The other leaned forward.

"Cheer up, old man," he suggested. "Maybe it ain't as bad as it looks. I've been up against it myself, but hell ——"

"You haven't been drafted yet," broke in Larry.

The man grinned.

"No," he answered slowly, "I ain't; but if that was all that ailed me, I should worry."

"What you mean?"

"Why, the Army ain't half bad. You get your three square a day and a bunk at night."

"But if they send you over?"

"They gives you a run for your money, anyway; and if you gets any scrapping, why the odds is even. They ain't ten to one agin you. If you gets done up, why, you're a bloomin' hero."

Larry shoved his untouched glass across the table.

"Here's how," the other nodded, and swallowed the stuff at a gulp. "No," he concluded even more cheerfully, "the Army ain't half bad."

"Why the devil don't you enlist then?" demanded Larry.

"Why don't I enlist? That's a good one. Why don't I enlist? he says."

"Well, why don't you?"

The man's talk was irritating him now. It made him feel afresh the injustice of his own selection. Here was a man willing enough to go, and no one had bothered him.

The stranger sat back a moment and as the liquor reached his brain he appeared to grow more serious. Suddenly he leaned toward Larry.

"By Gawd, I would if they'd let me! I don't see much round here, an' I've got a pal over there. An' it ain't half bad, I tell you. He's a sergeant now, but he had better luck than me. He got by."

"Your heart is wrong?"

Somewhere he had heard of someone who had been refused because of his heart.

"No," answered the stranger. "My little old heart is beatin' steady an' true, as the song goes. So is the rest of me, for that matter. It's another little difficulty."

"Have a drink?" suggested Larry.

Drinks were brought, and one of them disappeared immediately.

"It ain't no secret," the stranger confided. "If it had been I'd slipped through. I was a little too handy with tools."

"Eh?"

"There was a bloomin' safe in a bloomin' little post office that I tried to open. The nitro made a little too much noise."

Larry drew back.

"Oh, that!" he exclaimed.

"Well, what of it?" demanded the stranger. "I served my time all right and proper, with something off for good conduct. I came out and have lived on the square—but it's been damned hard livin'. Maybe I'd hold a job a week, maybe a month—but they'd always find out and fire me. It ain't fair, is it?"

"No," admitted Larry.

"Take the Army now. There's many a guy in it what's tapped a safe an' worse, but never paid the price. Me own pal is one. An' he gets by. It don't make him any the worse with a gun. Likely enough it makes him better. There's myself—I can shoot an' I can fight. There was ten of 'em agin me once an' I got through. If they'd only let me in and give me a gun I'd show 'em!"

"You mean you'd really like to go?"

"Would I? What the hell is there round here? If I don't find no excitement of some kind quick I'll make some. A guy goes nutty just hangin' round."

"How—how did the Army find out about you?" inquired Larry.

"Me name. There ain't no use fakin' one 'cause I tried that. When you enlist they looks you up. If I could only get drafted now they wouldn't bother."

"Well?"

"I'm registered all right. Too damned much registered. They threw me out."

Larry drank his own whisky this time.

"You'd go if you could?" he asked again.

"Would I?"

"Then why—you're about my size and height?"

The stranger glanced up quickly.

"What the hell?"

"In a sort of general way—we look a good deal alike."

"You mean ——"

"Hush," warned Larry. "Not so loud. Why—why couldn't you take my number?"

"What you tryin' to put over?"

"I don't see the harm. You want to go and I don't. They want a man, that's all; so what's the difference? It was only chance that they picked me instead of someone else. They just put their hand in a box and drew. Who's it going to hurt?"

For a moment the stranger studied the young fellow. Then his eyes narrowed shrewdly.

"If they shoves a bayonet into me inwards it's goin' to hurt me," he suggested.

Larry shuddered.

"But you said you wanted to fight."

"That's right enough, but what's the stakes?"

"You mean what will I give?"

"Or words to that effect, as the lawyer said," nodded the stranger.

"I—I've got two hundred dollars. I'll give you that."

"Make it five."

"I haven't got five."

"Well, you can go on workin', which I can't. You can send me the rest."

"I—I'll do that," agreed Larry.

The stranger thought a second.

"It's a go," he agreed. "An' I think I'm just the boy wot can put it over. You're game?"

"Come round to my room," said Larry.

He rose and swayed.

"Steady," warned the stranger, taking his arm.

II

THREE weeks later the name of Larry Young, New York City, appeared in the list of those who had passed the board and had not claimed exemption. It seemed to

(Continued on Page 69)

Declare Peerless Easily Best Truck at Front

British Drivers and Officers Aroused to Extravagant Praise Over Ten Thousand Peerless Trucks Now with British Army

Somewhere in France

"We started with some 100 lorries, including 25 Peerless, all in thoroughly good working order after a year's service, while of other types very few remain."

From Paris

"We can rely upon it every day. We have other trucks that spend a large part of their time in the hospital, but this Peerless truck is always ready and willing to perform any service that we may ask of it."

From the Front

"Came out with 100 of various makes only 42 left—all Peerless, kept for preference. In 9 months' service Peerless came out on top on every occasion."

On Active Service

"The Peerless engines have plenty of reserve power and we never fear getting ditched, for nine times out of ten we get out ourselves. During the snow of last week we towed out fifteen lorries of different makes that were ditched. On Saturday we towed out five. It had been snowing hard all day before and the roads were awful, in fact we could not pass along some roads owing to the drifts."

From Belgium

"I always make it a point to inquire from the drivers which truck gives best satisfaction, and invariably they say the Peerless. I inquired about the other well-known trucks, American make, but none of them have the reputation for general all around service that the Peerless has. Your truck holds prestige over here."

OVER the shell-torn battle fields, in the thick of the fray, called upon for service of unheard-of severity, through long days and lightless nights of ceaseless torment, Peerless Trucks are credited with having outworked and outlived anything in the British service.

We believe Americans everywhere will share our thrill of pride in this American product that has outclassed all rivals in the supreme test to which it could have been subjected.

We publish the following from a collection of most remarkable unsolicited letters from authoritative sources.

Lack of shipping now limits our war exportations to truck parts and assemblies. We can therefore make reasonably prompt shipment of these indomitable transportation Leviathans for domestic commercial service.

See the Peerless dealer.

From Belgium

"I find the Peerless stands out in the front of any other. There must be 1000 at work hauling ammunition, which is a mighty dead load, and no one has as yet found their weakness. This war has been the graveyard of a lot of much vaunted claims."

From Saloniki

"If I cannot say anything else I must tell you that the Peerless cars out here are making good. In a ditch the other day, after working about an hour and a half cutting away the bank and making a road, we put two on and endeavored to tow her out, nothing doing though. A Peerless came along at the time and offered a helping hand, we seized the offer, took off our two and put him on, out came our —— and off the Peerless started up a hill with her in tow. I appreciated his help, but at the time thought it pretty hard lines on me being in the ——. The majority of the cars here are Peerless."

From Saloniki

"I am hard at work escorting convoys of Peerless lorries, loaded with supplies. They are wonderful machines and overcome apparently impossible conditions on the roads in bad weather."

From America

"I have talked with the drivers who had these trucks in Mexico and they all tell me that the Peerless is the best truck used by the Army. I have learned to drive them and cannot imagine a machine running more smoothly than these. They must be a wonderful machine, as they came from Mexico only a short time ago and are going 'over' the end of this week."

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

The same technical skill that has provided America's steel industry with electric motors of 10,000 horse-power has produced the little motors that make HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES *dependable*

These factory tests insure satisfaction to the Housewife

Look for this—
the mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

"Is it dependable? Will it give just as good service five years from now?"

The practical housekeeper is sure to ask these questions before she invests money in any labor-saving machine.

The motor is the vital organism in an electrical household utility. It will make or break the reputation of the machine it operates. The purchaser of a G-E-Motored electric washer, dishwasher or vacuum cleaner can be sure of efficient, uninterrupted service for years.

Utility and convenience from the housewife's viewpoint are the basis of all laboratory tests of G-E Motors. Tested for speed and silent running; tested under long, continuous operation; tested under an overload of work—no G-E small motor leaves the factory unless it reaches the well-known G-E standard of performance.

Most of America's foremost household appliance manufacturers **build G-E Motors into their machines. Their advertising literature will tell you why. To be sure of the best service—buy electrical household appliances equipped with G-E Motors.**

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

These Manufacturers equip their Household Appliances with G-E Motors

Vacuum Cleaners
Portables
Waukegan, Ill.
Torrington, Conn.

Stationary
Atwood Vacuum Cleaner Co., "Atwood"

Washing Machines
Apex Bros. Co., "Apco" . . . Peoria, Ill.
Boss Washing Mach. Co., "Champion" and "Boss," Cincinnati, O.
Automatic Electric Washer Co. . . . Newton, Iowa
Coffield Motor Washer Co., "Coffield" . . . Dayton, Ohio
Horton Mfg. Co., "Horton Electric" . . .
Hurley Machine Co., "Thor" . . . Chicago, Ill.
Clarinda Lawn Mower Co., "Clarinda Washer," Clarinda, Iowa

Dishwashing Machines
Kitchen Service Company
Walker Bros. Co

(Continued from Page 66)

Larry as though the announcement must have been printed in red ink in letters six inches high. A reporter came round with a request for a picture, which Larry, his face the color of white paper, refused. He had some, taken a year before, which he carefully tore up. When he reached the store that day everyone, from the head of the department down, shook hands and congratulated him. And Moynihan clapped him on the shoulder, with the words "Good work, old man!"

It left Larry confused and flushed. He could not understand it. He had expected them to condole with him. The world had suddenly become chaotic.

That night Michael J. Moran came to Larry's room and departed with two hundred dollars in bills.

"But don't you tank up and talk," warned Larry.

"What do you think?" answered Moran. "My neck is in the same noose."

That night, too, Larry received his third note from mam'selle. He had answered the two others with excuses, waiting until this affair was settled. And now—he was free again. Until Moran was sent away he was as free as before. He could still use his own name; in fact, it was necessary. After that he must leave and choose another name. But one name was as good as another. In the meantime he was free to live the few days or weeks remaining to him here to the fullest.

"To-night—if you can come," mam'selle had written.

That was all. But it was enough. The prospect of seeing her again brought him back to normal. He put everything else out of his mind. He shaved and dressed with extreme care. When he was done he stood in front of the mirror and examined himself critically. As far as he could see he looked exactly as he did when he went out last to meet her. He was glad of this. He was half afraid his face might show some change. In a sense he was no longer himself, but Moran. Supposing Moran had been reflected in the mirror? It was a morbid thought and he turned away quickly.

He had given Moran his draft card and allowed him the use of his name, that was all. Neither of those things was an essential part of him. They were the result of nothing but chance. He was wearing his own clothes over his own body. Within, his own heart was beating and he was thinking his own thoughts. Nothing of Moran was there.

To-night he was on time, but he found her waiting for him. He had never seen her more beautiful. It made him gasp for breath. Yet he did not even notice what she wore; her eyes and lips held him spellbound. She seized his arm with an impulsive movement that brought the blood to his cheeks.

"We must stay out-of-doors to-night!" she exclaimed.

He was willing. He had less than three dollars left in the world.

She guided him toward the park and he walked on silently. They had walked so for a block when she looked up.

"Why—why don't you tell me?" she demanded.

He didn't understand.

"Tell you what?"

"You're afraid it will hurt?"

"I wouldn't want to hurt you," he answered vaguely.

"Oh, you forget that I have lived long in France—that France is part of me. I saw in the papers this morning, and my heart leaped for joy. It stopped my wondering."

Then Larry understood. All that he had wanted to forget she was now bringing home to him with cruel directness.

"I—I thought that until I went ——"

"You could keep it from me?" she cut in. "But your eyes would have told me even if I had not read! When a man goes to fight for France, France leaps to meet him. I am so glad for you, monsieur."

"Only it's going to be hard to leave—you."

She pressed his arm again.

"As much of me as you wish, you—you may take with you, monsieur."

He slid his hot hand down to hers. He grasped her fingers.

"I—I can't take this with me," he cried hoarsely.

"The hand? The hand is such a little part of a woman," she answered.

Yet it was big enough to make him dizzy.

"And I can't take your eyes," he went on.

"Can't you? Look at me!" she ordered.

He obeyed and met them, shining like twin planets.

"Can't you?" she repeated.

"Wherever I go," he breathed.

This was on the Avenue, but it did not seem to matter to either where they were. But in the park, where they found a bench half hidden in the shrubbery, he grew bolder and placed his arm about her. She nestled closer, as confidently as a child. Even in his wildest dreams of the next time Larry had not ventured as far as this. And because she was so earnest and so sincere his emotions went deep. They left him staring into the dark.

"If I had known in time I should have taught you a great deal of French," she whispered.

"But I know more than you think," he answered.

"*Vraiment?*" she asked in surprise.

"I know this," he spoke slowly: "*Je—je t'aime.*"

"Oh, but in France—you must not say that." She hesitated and went on: "You must say one word more; you must say '*Je t'aime, Elaine*'"

"Elaine—you will let me say that?"

"If it is the truth."

"It—it is the truth," he answered.

"Then say '*Je t'adore.*'"

"*Je t'adore.*"

"And you, Larry—*je t'adore, aussi.*"

Her cheeks were crimson, and yet she was not ashamed. She rested her head on his shoulder. A passing patrolman saw them, paused a second and went on.

The man in uniform made Larry start—like the crash of breaking glass.

"What is it, Larry?" she asked anxiously.

He withdrew his arm.

"Nothing," he answered. "Only—only I thought he was going to speak."

She laughed at that.

"It is not permitted to love in the parks?" she questioned.

He smiled, recovering himself.

"I don't know the rules."

"If he spoke to me I should say 'He is my soldier,'" she declared.

Larry rose.

"Let's walk a little," he said.

So they walked down the shaded paths and she talked to him of Paris and the marvel of the great parks there.

"Those gendarmes in Paris—they are discreet," she smiled.

Then, too, she gave him much good advice—as though he were about to start on the morrow.

Larry listened, but he was walking like one on the edge of a precipice—like one on the edge of a precipice in paradise, if that were possible. And the strain of it so told upon him that even in the midst of his great gladness he was relieved when it was time to take her home. It was she who stopped him a moment as they were about to leave the last shadows in the park. She raised her hands to his shoulders and looked up at him.

Then with her soul in her eyes she breathed two words: "*Mon brave!*" with her soul in her eyes and her soul on her lips.

Scarcely knowing what he was about, Larry stooped a little.

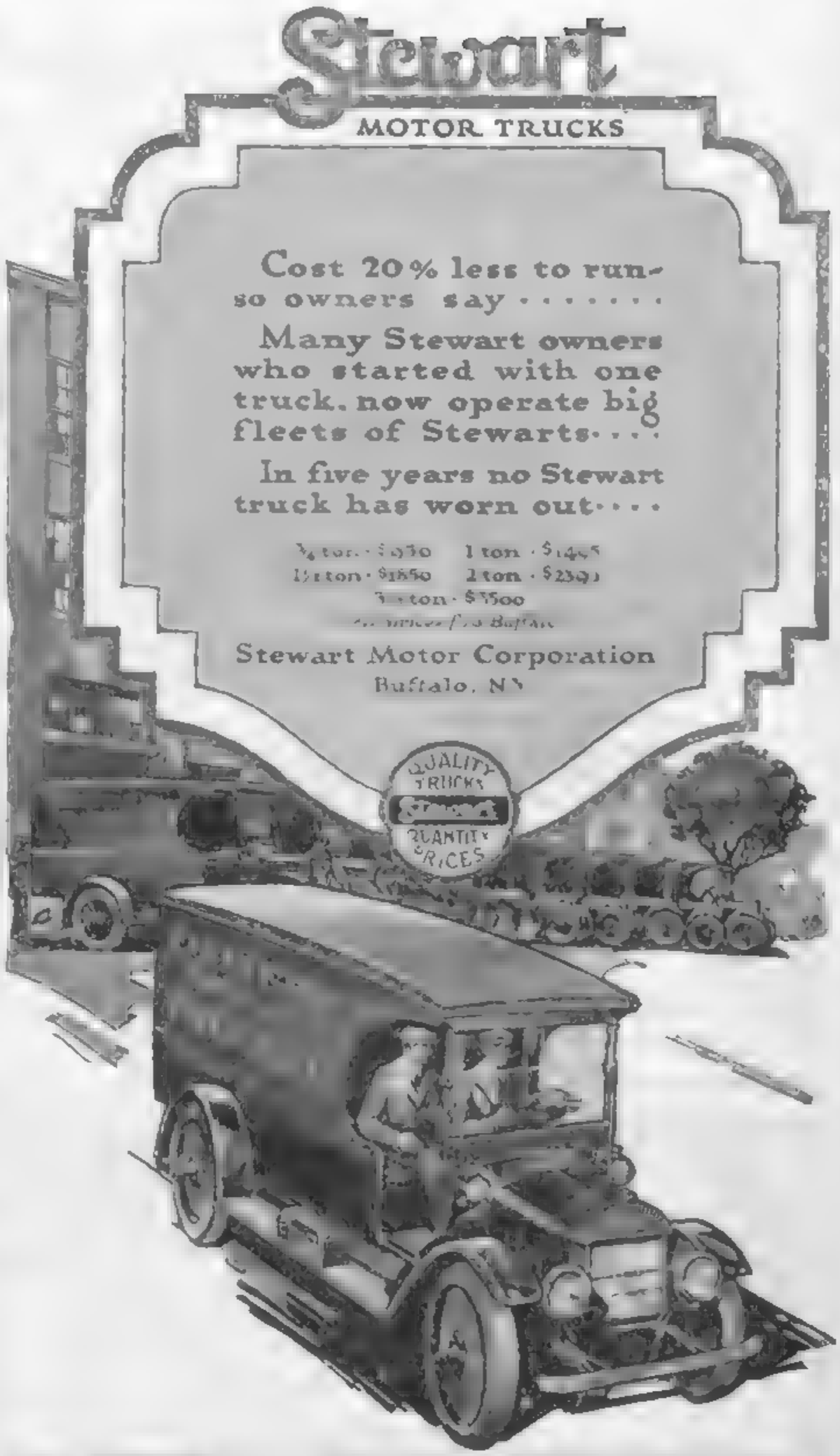
"*Mon brave!*" she breathed.

For one mad, riotous moment he kissed her lips.

III

LARRY found his way back to his room with Elaine's kisses still upon his lips and the perfume of her hair exciting his brain like hashish. For an hour he sat in the dark—it would have been sacrilege to have turned on the light—and gave himself up to his dreams. In the dark he could imagine himself where he would. This might have been one of those big, luxuriously furnished rooms in young Vandecar's house, for all the difference there was in the dark. It might even have been one of the rooms, the library for instance, in their house. They might have gone to the Little Church Around the Corner and married, and she might now be upstairs waiting for him, the light from their chamber shining out upon the Avenue.

Or, for that matter, he might have brought her here. She might have been sitting somewhere in this very room—in the dark. For more and more it seemed as though it was she, she alone, that counted. Out there in the park when she had offered her lips to him she had made him feel like that. The roof over her head had been the star-pricked purple, the four sides of their chamber had been bounded by nothing but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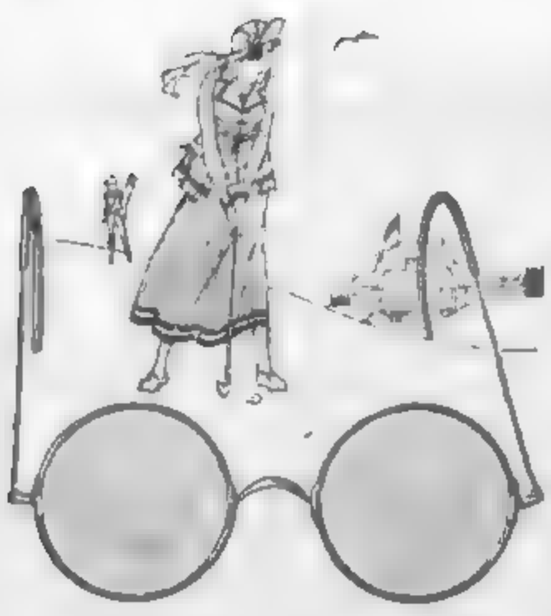

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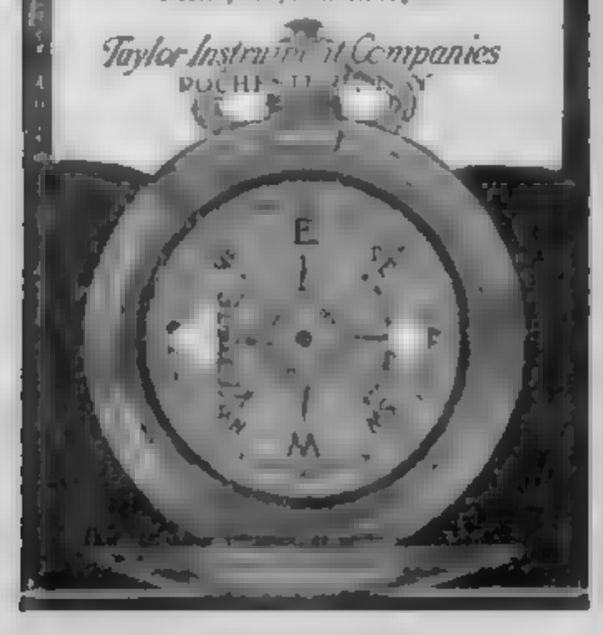

the limits of their vision, yet they had stood there alone—alone with two million people stirring about them. He had been conscious only of her. It had been as though she had no family, no home, only him.

This drove his thoughts back upon himself. Here in the dark he looked at himself as in a mirror—some magic mirror reflecting not his body but his soul. Curiously enough, this took him back to his days in Benton. It was as he was then that he saw himself now in the light of her eyes. He linked himself with his family; with his gentle-eyed mother, who had always hoped great things for him; with his stern, proud father, with the lean face and the big-knuckled hands warped out of shape on the rocks of that New England farm; and with his uncle, whose picture, a tintype taken in the costume he wore as Hamlet in an amateur production, his mother used to show him. They all declared he looked more like his uncle than his own parents. It was upon this that the mother secretly based her hope that Larry might follow the stage. Occasionally he had that idea himself. Once he had committed part of Othello to memory and had appeared in costume at a church sociable. Everyone declared he had talent, and the local paper wrote an appreciation comparing him with his uncle.

Larry had not thought of that episode since he came to New York, but now he recalled it in detail and it roused anew that old idea. It was possible he did have talent—if not for the stage then for the movies. For her, for Elaine, it might be worth testing. The moment he linked her name with the notion it took on new life.

But as usual with all his dreams he skipped the sordid, practical early part of it and leaped at a bound to full success. He saw himself featured as a star. He saw himself the recipient of a fabulous salary. He saw her pride in him, and his mother's pride. He saw himself coming back to Benton with Elaine. He even saw himself the actual master of young Vandecar's house—the latter being conveniently killed by a fall from his horse and the estate having been sold. He saw himself strolling about those very grounds with Elaine by his side.

It was not impossible. In the movies fortunes were made in a few years. Often an unknown sprang to instant fame. And for her—for her he felt as though he could make anything possible. This was a new point of view—a startlingly new point of view. Until now he had considered only what he might do through her. Now it was for her—with her. It was for the others, too, for the mother and the father and the uncle. He was conscious of a new-found strength that flushed his cheeks. He was even aware, dimly, of a new joy that seemed to be part of her lips and yet deeper.

He heard uncertain steps along the hall and a hand fumbling for his doorknob. He sat up stiffly, his breath gone. Someone turned the knob and shoved open the door. A thick voice muttered "Hell!"

Then the steps came nearer. Larry jumped to his feet.

"That you, Moran?" he called.

"Sure. Where's your light?"

"Don't make so much noise!" warned Larry, dry-lipped as the man stumbled in and against the bed. "Stay where you are."

He pulled down all the curtains, felt his way to the door and closed and locked it, then lighted the gas. The figure that flashed into sight was a sorry spectacle. Unshaven, blear-eyed, swaying, he stood there and grinned at the white-faced, immaculate young man before him.

"Well?" demanded Moran.

"What you back here for?" countered Larry.

"Why? 'Cause I got trimmed good and plenty, for one thing," answered Moran. "I'm broke."

"You spent the whole two hundred?"

"Come seven, come eleven," Moran explained briefly. "An' they didn't come. But 'nother thing—you forgot this is my address?"

Yes, he had forgotten. He had forgotten a good deal in this last hour. But it was all back again now. He sank into a chair.

"The bed is yours," he said. "Get into it."

"R ght, pard," nodded Moran.

That was an easy matter. He had only to back up to it and let himself fall. Fully clothed he sprawled his soiled bulk over the bed, and in five minutes was snoring.

It was an ugly sight, but Larry did not turn down the gas. He could not sit in the dark with that thing there. With his hands as cold as ice he stared at the figure which a few days ago he had admitted looked in a vague way like himself—which looked enough like him, as a matter of fact, to answer to his description on the draft blank. It was enough like him to answer the requirements of the Government.

In a flash of crimson rebellion at the truth he felt his arm muscles stiffen. He felt his finger muscles contract. If he could choke this thing where it slept! The man's head was back, exposing a stout, hairy throat. Larry's fingers were long and at this moment strong. He knew he could twine them about that throat and hold on with a grip nothing could shake. He could sit astride of him digging his knees into the man's side and hold on so tightly that a dozen men could not pull him loose. The strength was in him. Stealthily he rose and crept nearer. His face was strained. His lips had grown taut. Then he caught sight of a movement in the mirror and, turning swiftly as though to confront another enemy, confronted himself—in the likeness of him on the bed. Limply he sank back into his chair. He sat there through the long hours of the night, staring at this figure.

In the morning he roused the man, who sat up blinking.

"I'm going to work," announced Larry. "Get out without being seen if you can."

"A'right," answered Moran and sank back into his lethargy.

But as Larry passed through the lower hall he saw a letter on the marble-topped table—a letter addressed to him, bearing the frank of the United States Government. For a moment he saw blank and then tore it open with trembling fingers. It was possible, he thought, that his deception had been detected. The letter ordered him to report that day at a designated station for active training.

He hurried upstairs again and once more roused Moran.

"Get up!" he commanded. "They want you to-day."

"Eh?"

"To-day, I tell you," repeated Larry. "You've got to get shaved and into some decent clothes."

Tugging at the man he dragged him out of bed. Slowly Moran's senses returned to a point where he grasped the meaning of the letter. Then he fumbled in his pockets.

"I'm broke," he muttered.

"You—you can take a bath if you are, can't you?"

Larry had but one idea in mind now; he must make this man presentable and get him to his designation. He had enough pride in his own name to make the first part essential, and he knew that if the man did not report he would be classed as a deserter. He drew back from that possibility in horror. He helped undress him—a valet to himself. He put his bath robe on him, took his own shaving things and, first peering the length of the hall to make sure no one was in sight, helped him into the bathroom. There he remained and supervised the job. Back in the room Moran was already fairly presentable. The bath had revived him to a point where he was able to talk intelligently.

"Look here," he asked. "What you going to do when I go?"

"I'll have to get out," answered Larry.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

Moran's eyes contracted.

"Well, I want to know."

"What the devil is it to you?"

"There's three hundred more dollars coming to me, for one thing."

"I—I forgot that. But honest, I don't know where I'm going. I'll have to get a job somewhere out of town. I'll send you the money as fast as I get it."

"That's all right, but I want to keep next. You'd better use my name 'cause you've got my exemption card. Then if I want to write I'll know how to call you."

"But your name ——"

"Aw, ain't it good enough? I'm all free an' clear, I tell you."

He fumbled in his pocket and brought out some papers.

"Here's my discharge. You'd better keep it handy."

Automatically Larry put the papers in his pocket. They were crumpled and soiled.

Then he turned to his trunk and brought out his blue-serge suit with the Norfolk jacket, and shoes and a shirt and cravat.

"Put on these," he ordered.

Moran obeyed willingly enough. They fitted as though made for him. He stood before the mirror and studied himself admiringly. In this garb he would have passed anywhere for Young.

"Didn't know I was so damned good looking," he complimented himself.

"What about a hat?"

Moran picked up his old derby.

"Don't go with this rig," he decided.

Larry had only his new hats and a cap. He gave the man the latter. "Now," he said, "you'll swear to report?"

He repeated a phrase he had used before: "My neck is in the same noose. If they pinches you they pinches me."

Larry turned away.

"You'll get there about noon. Now I'm going down to the store."

"What about feed?" inquired Moran.

Larry took out of his pocket what change he had and handed it over. The latter counted it and turned back half.

"Don't want to leave you broke, pard."

"Thanks," said Larry.

Then Moran held out his hand. "I'm game," he said. "Don't forget that."

Larry took the hand reluctantly.

"And," added Moran, "don't forget that Michael J. Moran was game too. I don't care what you do with the name—long's you remember that."

Larry met Moran's eyes. It was almost as though this were the first time he had seen them. Back of the red-veined whites, in the center of the blue iris, he saw something that roused him.

"Die game, pard," repeated Moran.

"I'll try," nodded Larry.

He allowed Moran to go out first and watched him until he disappeared down the street. It was a weird sensation to see himself walking off. Then he went down the stairs on tiptoe and out the front door.

Larry notified the manager that he was called to report that day and so must leave at once. He tried to avoid the handshaking with his fellow workers, but the word was passed round and in a few minutes he was holding a reception. The girls from the near-by departments flocked over—some of them girls who had rather affected to scorn him. The air was full of good lucks and good-bys and "Come back a general, Larry," and "Bring me a helmet, Larry." Then under the enthusiasm of the occasion someone started making a collection to buy him a gift, and in no time enough had been raised to present him with a wrist watch. Stetson made the presentation speech, and Larry looking like a ghost tried to reply.

"Thanks," he muttered. "I—I don't deserve it."

He had not expected anything of the sort. If he had he would certainly not have ventured back. But he did need the pay that was due him, and when he came to collect this the firm added a ten-dollar bill. Even on his way out he was greeted by many he had never seen before. Their good lucks followed him to the door. They seared his soul.

He returned to his room as fast as he could, with but one idea now—to get out of the city. He must go as far as his money would carry him. This necessity absorbed his whole attention. The thought of Elaine never entered his head. It was as though she had ceased to exist. The room was permeated with the presence of Moran, and all he stood for. The fellow's old clothes lay upon the floor in a huddled, soiled heap. His hat was on the bed, which bore the imprint of his body. Larry picked up the garments and threw them into his trunk, together with the bath robe Moran had worn that morning. Then he packed what he could of his own belongings into a suit case, tumbled the rest into the trunk and went down to his landlady.

He paid his bill and secured permission to have the trunk left until he sent for it.

"I suppose I'll send any mail in care of the Government," she said.

Larry could make only one answer. "Yes."

She had come from the kitchen. She wiped her big hands upon her apron before venturing to offer one to him. With a man's grip she said: "Good luck, me boy."

Larry took a car to the Grand Central and studied the time tables. His eye caught the name of Bridgeport and he saw that a train left for there in ten minutes. He went to the ticket office and asked the price of the fare to that city. He counted his money and found that he would be left with two dollars. He bought the ticket and got into the smoker. He almost held his breath until the train began to pull out.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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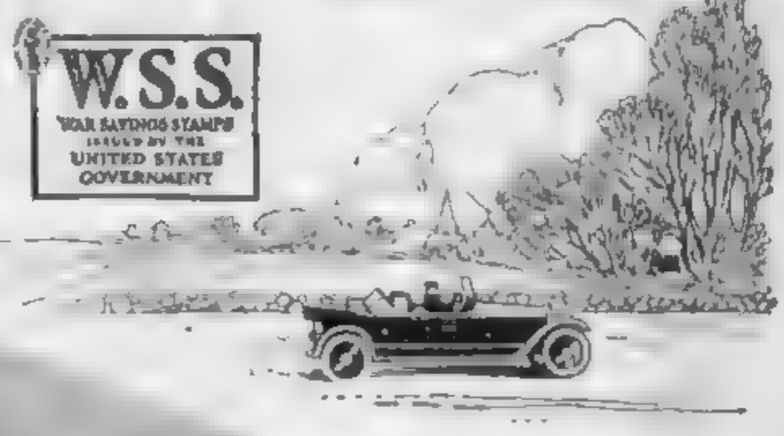

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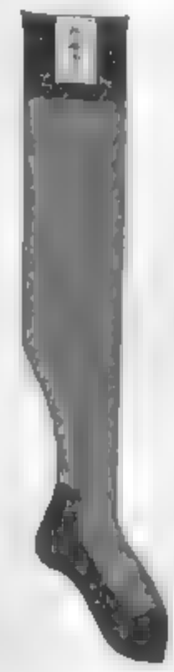

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Price 35c pair

BERLIN DAYS

(Continued from Page 13)

hired everything—china, linen and servants—and had most of the food sent from a caterer, because they themselves lived in the simplicity of really poor people. Except at these dinners practically no one ever crossed their thresholds to take a meal. They have just so many people whom they are obliged to entertain, and they do it in this perfectly artificial way.

One has to get entirely used to the customs of society, which are so different from our own. We behave naturally and according to circumstances; but there, not at all. When we went into a room my husband must step up to each man whom he didn't know and state his name and rank, whereupon the other man answered with his name and rank; then they shook hands and considered themselves presented. A young woman, before she went to the table, had always to ask to be presented to any woman older or of higher rank than herself in the room. If not sure of any of these things you must ask your hostess or else be considered extremely rude. Then if there was any woman of importance—such as *Excellenz* or an admiral's wife—whom you had never met before, you as the stranger must call on her before twelve o'clock the next morning. Then she returns your call and invites you at a later date to a dinner.

I used to feel that you could show no compliments to anyone, for you must seat them according to rank, absolutely, even at most informal affairs. If people of high rank were invited you generally asked the foreign office to tell you how to seat them, for to place people in the wrong order at table was to offend them deeply.

We always found when traveling during the war that we came upon matters of interest that we should never have seen in Berlin. The cases of the severely wounded and the methods of handling them they did not wish people in the capital to see. At one station at which we stopped we saw the men being taken out of box cars, where they were lying in straw and dirt, and put into moving furniture vans to be transported to hospitals; and blood was dripping from the bottoms of the wagons. It may have been a good way to transport them, but I had the feeling that it was simply to hide the horrors from the people of that neighborhood. Later on the Germans had really splendid hospital trains, some of which I saw, where the men must have been comfortable; but there were not nearly enough. In the beginning of the war there certainly were no comforts at all.

The Baron's Rough Time

A young baron whom we knew, whose wife was an American, told me early in the war what happened to him when he was wounded in the first advance on Paris. His helmet was hit by a piece of shrapnel, which partially paralyzed him and made him unconscious; and his description to me of waking many hours afterward on the floor of a church, surrounded by the dead and dying, was most graphic. There were only a few candles burning on the altar, which was being used as an operating table. From the fantastic shadows thrown by the lights about the gloomy vaulted building came groans and cries of pain. When he first awoke he could not quite make up his mind whether he was in this world or the next. After being there some hours the enemy was reported advancing on the village, and he was taken away in some officer's automobile. He had no idea what had become of any of the forty or fifty other men left in this church.

He was then left at a farmhouse some miles distant, where there were already other wounded, and here he remained for twenty-four hours without food or attention of any kind, until the cries for water of the men with fever about him drove him to crawl out of this building into the road and over a dead horse, as he described it, to try to find water. This took him several hours, and while lying there he just remembered hearing some soldier passing in a motor lorry say, "Why, it is the captain," when he again became unconscious, and so remained until he found himself in some fairly decent hospital behind the Front. The others again had been left behind while the enemy advanced.

Yet he was much more fortunate than many of those who traveled four or five days in terrible agony in flat cars with hardly food or assistance enough to keep them alive. This same man told me an amusing tale of an experience he had at the Front one day when he ordered his men to take what the Germans call a "sun bath," as there was no water to take a real bath and it was warm enough for them to sit about without their clothes. Just as they were feeling thoroughly comfortable there was an alarm and they had to go immediately into action. He said anything funnier than these men, with nothing on but their ammunition belts and helmets, and guns in their hands dashing back to their trenches, cannot be imagined. They went into action in that dress; and since then he had given up sun baths for his men.

The first real feeling of horror that I had at having to see the French as prisoners was in passing through Hanover, where there were great crowds of them being unloaded from box cars, many of them wounded, their red trousers hardly distinguishable because of the mud and dirt caked on them. They had been brought directly from the trenches and were on their way to a prison camp. To see armed German guards standing over these poor men, whose expressions showed that they had no idea of what was to become of them and could not understand what was said to them, was a pitiable sight to me. Later on, many French prison soldiers worked in the fields and we got used to seeing them and didn't have the same feeling, for they seemed at least freer while at work.

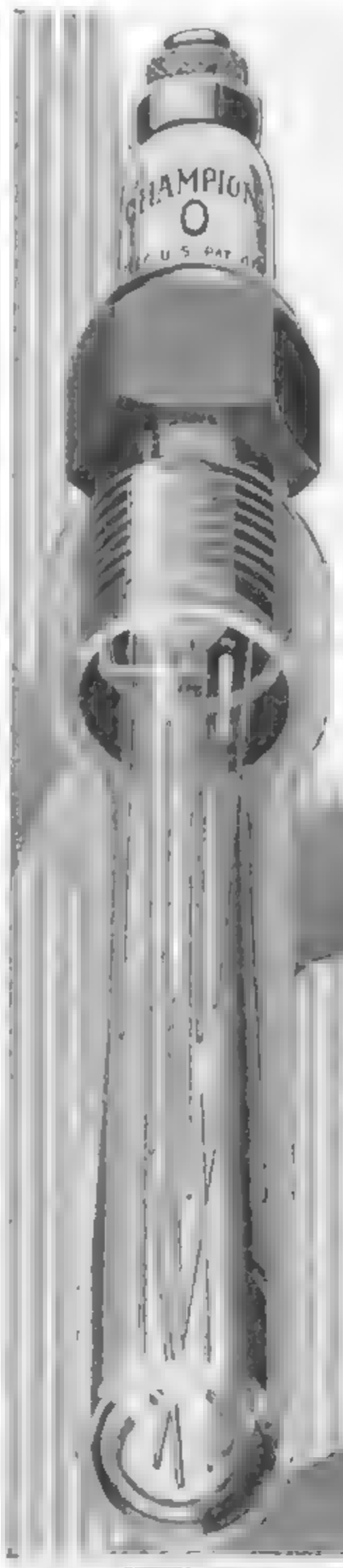
Gray-Souled Soldiers

The railroad stations at the big terminals were the most remarkable places. Coming into Cologne one night about eight o'clock the soldiers were moving about so that they reminded one of ants on an ant hill. It is an enormous station, and troops passed there by the thousands every day. There were wounded limping along, fresh men going out, prisoners coming through, and every few minutes a train arriving or leaving.

One rather thinks of the German troops as we used to see them pictured, the most formal-looking military people with magnificent uniforms in bright colors and with gold or silver helmets, and fur-lined capes over their shoulders. But what one sees to-day is nothing but gray—field-gray as they call it—on both officers and men, and the most ill-fitting and shoddy-looking uniforms and carriage that one can imagine. The Germans in general have poor figures, except when on military parade, for they throw their heads forward from the shoulders, a trick that comes from carrying a knapsack, and with the sixty or seventy pounds that they now carry with them they seem sometimes to be bent almost double. Of course I know all soldiers have a great deal to carry, but it used to seem to me that they were grotesque looking when they were once loaded up, for besides knapsack, blanket, gun, and so on, that a man would naturally carry, they always seemed to have a pair of heavy black boots hanging on behind somewhere; a box like a shoe box, in which they received gifts from home; intrenching tools; everything, it would appear, except a bird cage.

As the materials grew poorer no two uniforms seemed to look alike, and all were usually of the most horrible cut. The officers' are better looking, but not so much nowadays as formerly. It seemed to me that the faces of these men are gray too. Perhaps it is a sort of tan and a considerable amount of dirt, added to fatigue and a certain lack of nourishment.

Anyhow, there never seemed to be a ray of any color or shade except gray. I used to feel that their souls must be sort of gray, too, because their faces looked so stolid and driven. Yet when we went into the near-by Cologne cathedral, before train time, many of these poor souls came hobbling in and went down on their knees in the middle of the aisles as simply and naturally as children. It was almost impossible when sitting quietly in the cathedral, hearing magnificent music with perfect peace and quiet, to think that across the way this station was seething with fighting men, wounded and prisoners. As we stepped out of the peaceful church the sky was lit with many searchlights, while the streets were inky dark, for so near the French border there is great fear of the enemy's aëroplanes, and at Cologne such immense harm could be done



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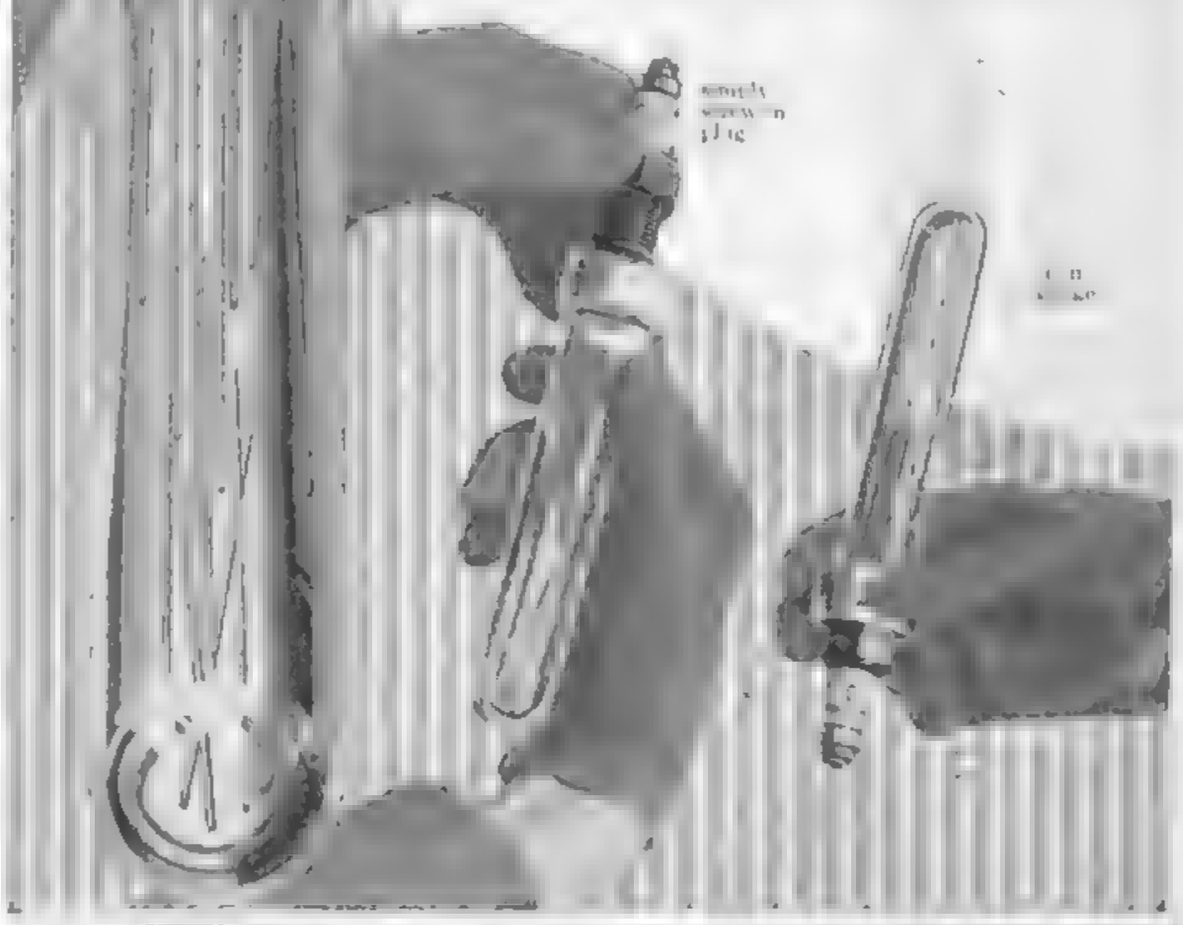

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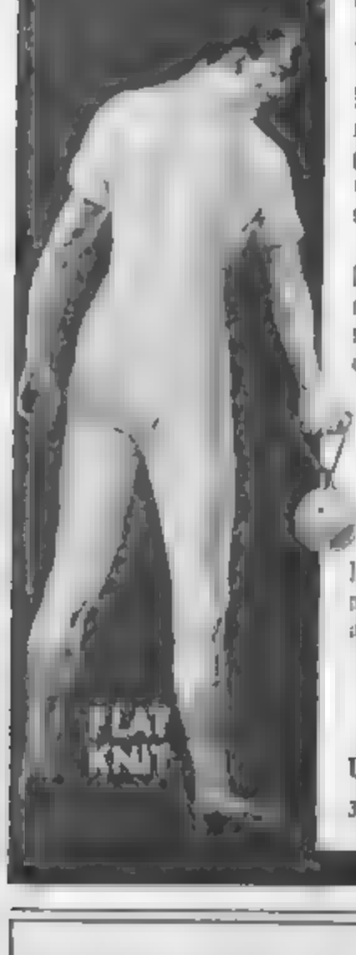

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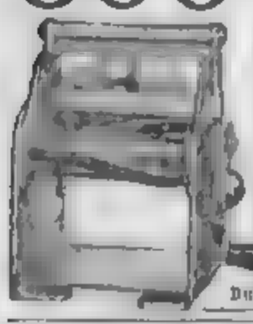

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by destroying one of the most important bridges in Germany.

Officers in Germany are supposed to have a feeling almost of sacredness about their swords, and I think, in point of fact, officers in most countries have. I have been told that if any officer loses his sword by force he loses his commission as an officer. I do not vouch for this statement.

I was told about the penalty for losing a sword many years before the war, in Dresden, to excuse an officer whom I saw behave in the most brutal manner. He was on the back platform of an old-fashioned street car which was going very fast. Some man in the street ran and tried to jump on the car, and in taking hold of the rail got hold of the handle of this officer's sword. Without the slightest feeling as to whether the man would be seriously hurt or not the officer beat and pounded this man's hands until he was forced to let go and drop into the street. But what a German officer does is always considered right, anyway, and no one dares to complain.

Censored Lingerie

One of the things that was surprising to a foreigner was seeing women of high rank covered with magnificent jewelry in old settings, at the same time dressed in worn clothes of a past generation. The old dowagers always had one old dark-red velvet, which I am sure had belonged to their grandmothers, and which with little alteration they kept right on wearing. Their jewels are entailed and a woman with no wealth at all may yet have most costly jewelry. German women have no taste in clothes. Among the old families anyone who tries to be very modern is considered indelicate. The heaviest and simplest underwear is generally worn. It may be of linen with hand embroidery and it may be expensive, but to wear thin undergarments with lace is considered unladylike.

An American girl friend of mine, who married a German count, was carefully told by his family that she must not under any condition have any lace put on her undergarments or she would shock all of her "in-laws" very deeply. This woman, being of a rather Prussian turn of mind though an American, did as she was told. But imagine anyone with us dictating as to how a bride's lingerie should be made, instead of accepting what was customary with her!

We made as many trips as practicable away from Berlin during the war, going to all the near-by neutral countries. To travel in Germany, objects of suspicion and followed by spies, like all foreigners unwelcome, was too disagreeable; besides, it certainly broadened one's outlook to go into other countries and get the different viewpoints about the war. In July of 1915 we traveled through Sweden, visiting Stockholm and the steel town of Eskilstuna, where my husband had business for the Government; and we also visited one of his cousins on her estate in Central Sweden.

At Eskilstuna the director of the steel plant gave us a supper, to which several of the leading men of the firm were invited. One of them started off on a justification of Germany's sinking of the Lusitania, and said that there was, of course, no question but that the ship was fully armed as a cruiser. My husband said: "How can you believe such a palpable German lie? The Lusitania was totally unarmed." The man turned perfectly white and gripped his hands as if he would have liked to assault Commander Gherardi on the spot, but he quickly changed the subject and all became peaceful again. German propaganda had found a ready field in Sweden, where the Russians are the enemy and the Germans are the enemy of the Swedish enemy. The plain people seemed to have their doubts as to which side to take in the war. They were afraid of Russia, pure and simple.

During the first months of the war a Swedish naval attaché was dining with us one night. When I asked him if his country was not very sympathetic to the Germans he answered: "It is not that; we are afraid of Russia." But as the war went on this feeling strengthened into pro-Germanism. Among the high classes and the army officers the feeling was strongly pro-German.

We came back through Denmark, which little country sympathizes with the Allies and hopes in case of their victory to regain the provinces stolen by Germany in their last war; but she is too small a country to take any part. Denmark has a total population of nearly three millions, one-fifth of the population being in the capital city of Copenhagen, which is open to immediate attack both from the air and sea. Copenhagen was brilliantly lighted and gay life was much in evidence. Money was being plentifully spent. It was a relief after the dreariness of Berlin.

Never was there a place so infested with spies as Holland, being on the direct line of communication between England and Germany. The hotel where we always stay was a poorly built old place, but the best there was, and it was well known that people of importance staying there had their effects searched and their papers read in their absence from their rooms. The porter of this hotel, who saw to one's luggage—corresponding to a clerk in our hotels—was reputed to be the brother of Von Wangenheim, at that time German Ambassador to Turkey.

We were in Switzerland several times for short stays, which were the greatest relief; for, though it is a nest of spies, like all those small neutral countries, one felt freer there than anywhere else.

Someone once said to me that it was easy to imagine the strain under which we lived in Germany, when it was realized that we were living under the pressure of the hatred of seventy millions of people. It was quite true, but I had never thought of it in that way before. I had kept my children in Berlin, as I did not want to be separated from them. They spoke perfect German, so that I felt no fear of their attracting attention on the street as being foreigners. But as time went on we grew more nervous about them and worried for fear they were not getting the proper food. Their living among people antagonistic to America and American ideals was not good for them. The schools had begun putting up placards, which read: "Remember that it is American ammunition that kills your fathers and brothers!"

German Treatment of Children

In the little private schools where the children spent their mornings, history was being marvelously reconstructed for the concealing of the truth from the rising generation, as for instance: "Germany asked the Belgians for permission to go through their country before coming in, and received it, and the treacherous Belgians shot at them out of the windows. . . . For this reason Germany was obliged to take strong measures against them."

I expected a German attitude in the schools, but saw no reason for my children, at the impressionable ages of nine to eleven, being taught such lies. The children, from home talk, knew better, but always came to me with these tales for confirmation or denial. Also, lack of companionship made it hard for them. There were practically no American children at school in Berlin, and the German children were unfriendly to them. I remember taking them once to a Christmas tree at the house of a German Army officer, and the whole afternoon the children of the house were yelling at them: "Stop speaking that *verdammte* language!" when they happened to use an English word.

Such things as these made us decide, in the fall of 1915, to put our boys, who were then ten and eleven years old, in a fine old boarding school at Vevey. This school has for eighty years been teaching English and American boys to speak French. Outdoor life, in addition to hard study under favorable conditions, gave the boys one of the happiest winters of their lives.

The Germans have always had the reputation of being kind to children, but the modern Prussian system has banished all that. They are as hard as nails to children. Parents and teachers have the strictest possible rules for child conduct and a perfectly brutal way of speaking to them, no matter how young, if the rules are broken. Both of my children spoke over and over again of how kind everyone was to them as soon as they got out of Germany into another country.

While my boys were in Switzerland I went there several times. It was a joy to me, but each time harder to go back.

Once back over the border, and the barriers closed behind, there was a feeling of being in prison. It seemed to me that each time we left Berlin for a little rest we hurried back before the end of our trip because some new phase suddenly developed which made us think that diplomatic relations might be broken.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Gherardi. The third will appear in an early issue.

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A Message to Workers in Manufacturing Plants

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The ship riveter with his automatic hammer rivets ten times as fast as he used to, with only muscle to propel the blow.

His limit depends upon the machine or tool he works with.

So does yours.

Some workers think anything is good enough for a belt.

But a poor belt will make you slower than the man alongside whose machine has a better belt. No matter what you want to do, he turns out more work and makes more money.

You know that the kind of belt you were brought up on is not as good as it used to be.

You never used to be troubled with crooked running—stretch—lack of uniformity.

Nowadays, these faults are perfectly natural. Selected hides are harder to get every day.

You never used to have continual joint trouble. Laces deteriorate as poorer material is used to make them from. The best cement used to come from abroad. The belt maker isn't getting that kind now.

The worker's desire to "go the limit" is making him more particular in judging the belting that is delivering power to him.

Men who used to be "sore" about what they called "composition belt" now know that if it didn't work it was because it was placed on positions for which it was never intended.

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